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THE NEW YORKER

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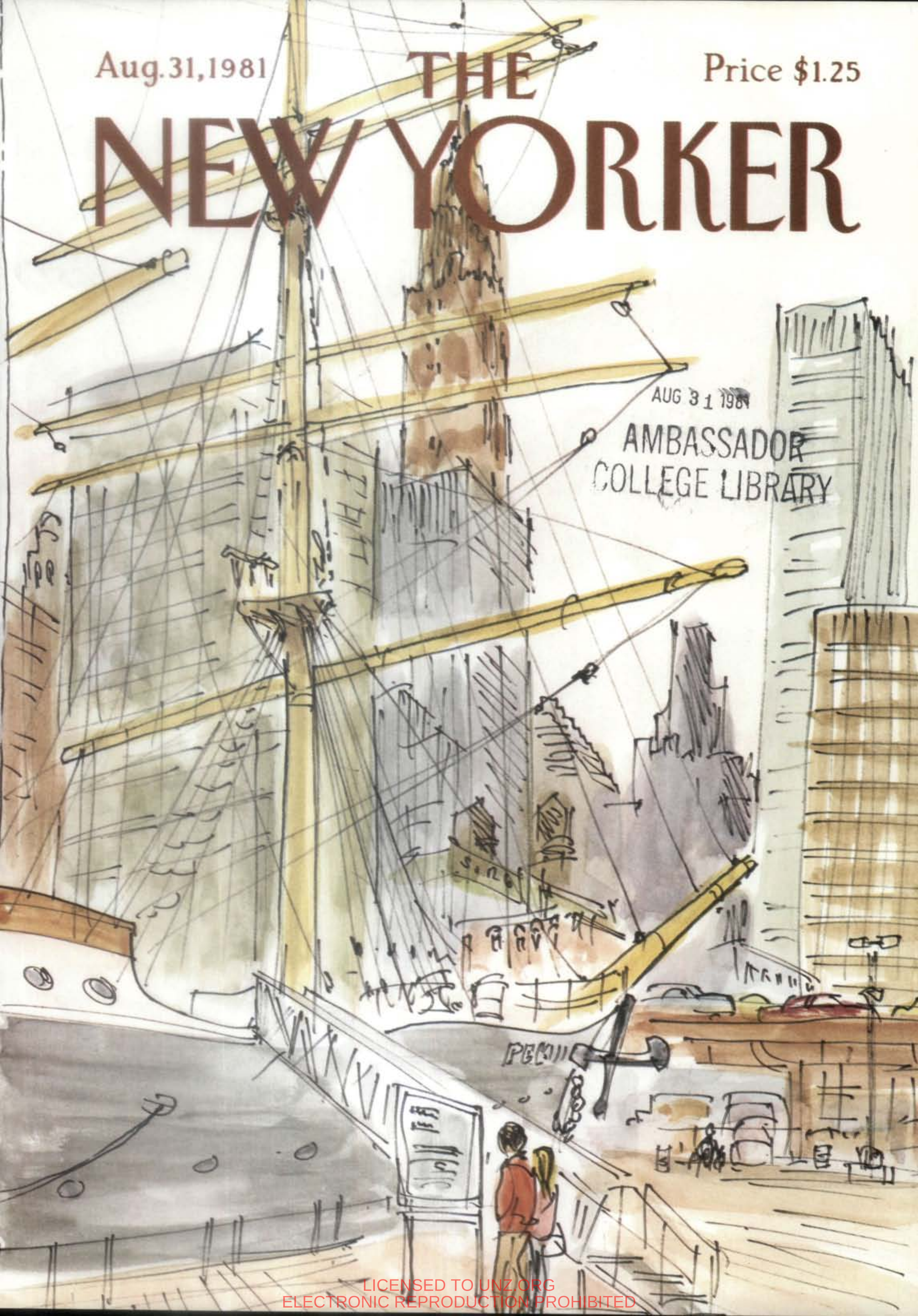

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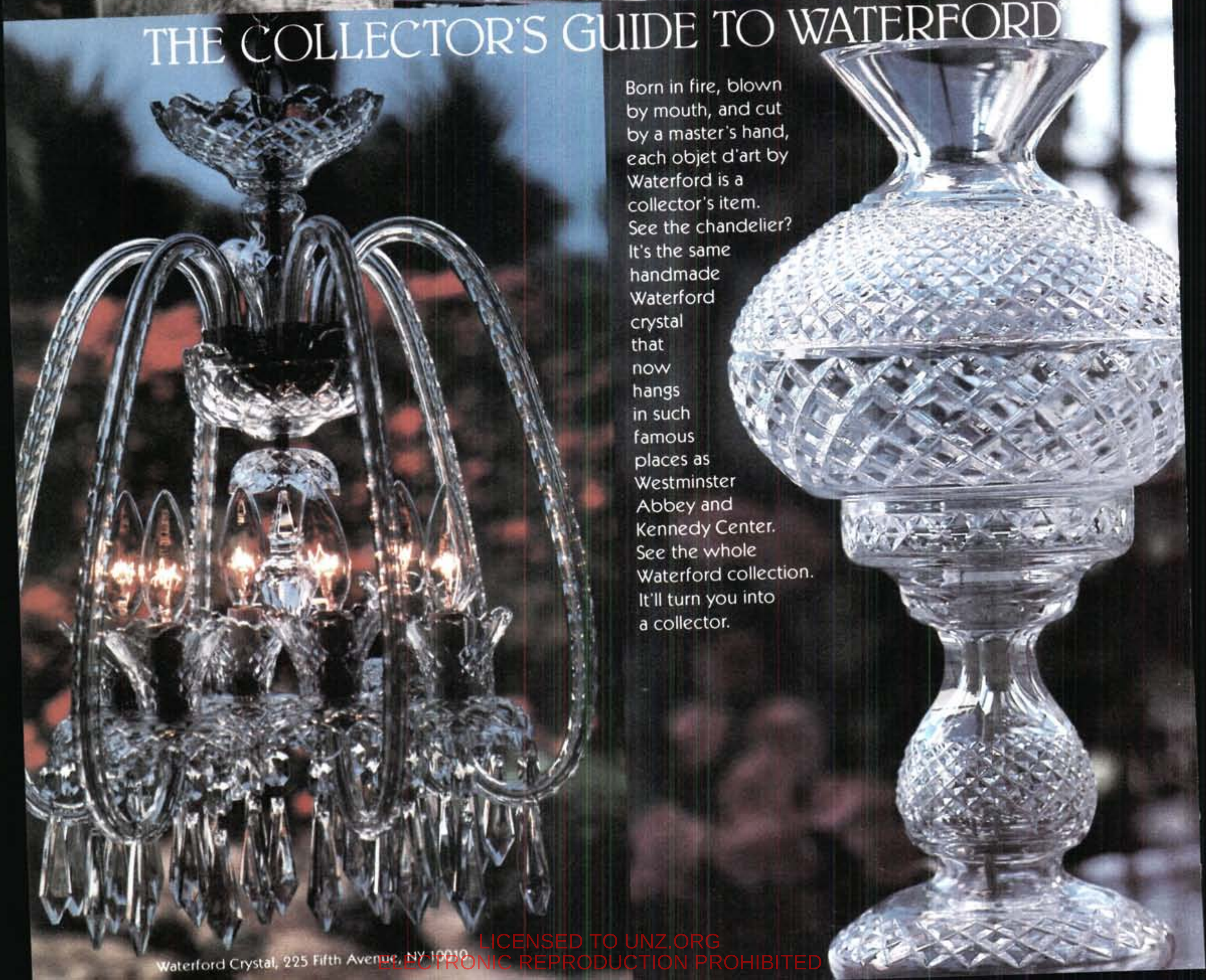

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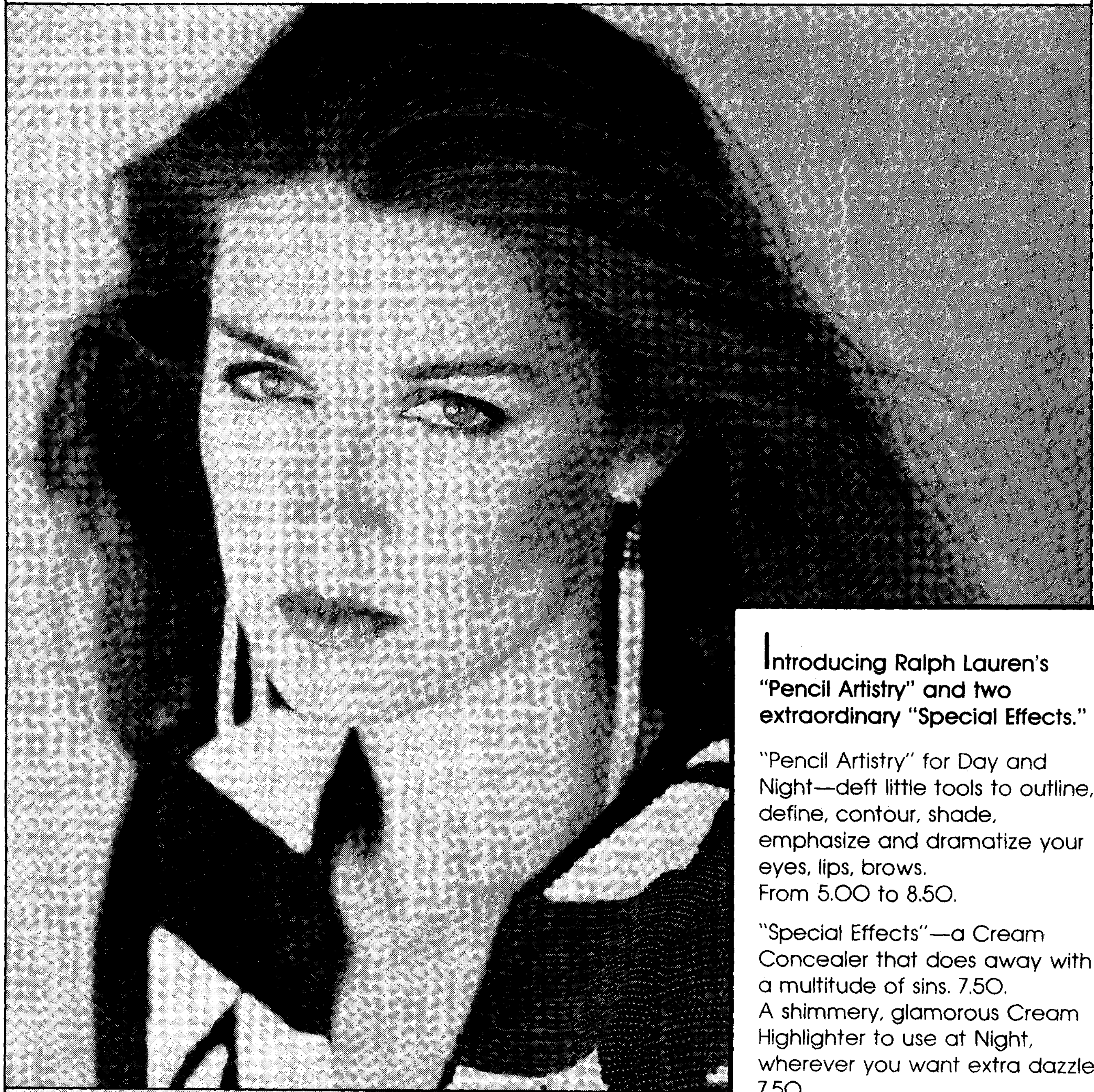

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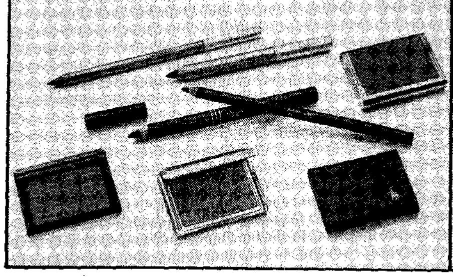

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AMADEUS—We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with Ian McKellen, Peter Firth, and Amy Irving heading the large cast. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/29/80.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

AMERICAN BUFFALO—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime, although he is something of a loner onstage. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (6/15/81) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—A play by Jim Leonard, Jr., THE DIVINERS. Set in a farm community in Indiana during the Depression, it is about the friendship between a thirteen-year-old idiot boy who dowses for water and a young ex-preacher. The action is a matter of small scenes, all of them well done and to the point. (10/27/80) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 6.)

CLOUD 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Željko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE DANCE AND THE RAILROAD—John Lone and Tzi Ma give distinguished performances as a pair of Chinese immigrant railroad builders in nineteenth-century America in this enthralling play by David Henry Hwang. (7/27/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

ENTERTAINING MR. SLOANE—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. Barbara Bryne, Joseph Maher, Maxwell Caulfield, and Gwyllum Evans are the good actors. John Tillinger is the good director. (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HOTEL PLAY—A play by Wallace Shawn, with music by Richard Weinstock. Griffin Dunne, Michael Murphy, Tom Costello, Christopher Durang, James Stevenson, Ann Beattie, and Frank Modell are in the cast of eighty. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 30.)

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I CAN'T KEEP RUNNING IN PLACE—A dismal non-musical musical about a women's "assertiveness workshop." The setting is a loft in SoHo, but "role-playing" and "sharing" and "caring" and other bits of California patois are tossed around with some abandon in both lyrics and dialogue. There are seven actresses in the company, poor souls. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

KEY EXCHANGE—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Brooke Adams as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC—A couple of dozen cherished standards (Porter, Youmans, Rodgers & Hart, etc., etc.) sung to perfection. Miss Horne brings down the house not once but many times. (5/25/81) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Through Sunday, Aug. 30: RUDDIGORE. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 2-6: H.M.S. PINAFORE. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

THE LITTLE FOXES—Lillian Hellman's pitiless melodrama of 1939 has survived to become a stunning vehicle for Elizabeth Taylor. Also on hand are Maureen Stapleton, Tom Aldredge, and Anthony Zerbe. (5/18/81) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Sept. 5.)

MARCH OF THE FALSETTOS—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday, Aug. 26, at 7 and 10; Thursday and Friday, Aug. 27-28, at 8:30; Saturday, Aug. 29, at 7 and 10; Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 1-3, at 8:30; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 4-5, at 7 and 10.)

MISALLIANCE—Bernard Shaw's comedy, with Philip Bosco and Patricia Elliott at the head of the cast. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Satur-

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days at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Extra performance Sunday, Aug. 30, at 7:30.)

My Fair Lady—Rex Harrison is back in the role of Professor Higgins, created by him a quarter of a century ago. The musical is as fresh as ever and a constant delight to the ear. *(Reviewed in this issue.)* (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Pirates of Penzance—Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. (1/19/81) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sophisticated Ladies—A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Gregory Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Supporting Cast—The supporting cast is fine; it's the play that lies inert upon the stage, and no star known could ever bring it to life. (8/17/81) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Taste of Honey—A fine revival of Shelagh Delaney's play set in a Lancashire slum. It's about a brave, cheeky schoolgirl, deserted by her whorish mother, who finds herself pregnant. The play is just as good as it seemed twenty years ago, and the performance, under Tony Tanner's scrupulous direction, is entirely worthy of it. With Valerie French as the mother, Amanda Plummer as the girl, and Keith Reddin as a homosexual art student who moves in to take care of her. (5/11/81) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Woman of the Year—Lauren Bacall carries with ease on her broad shoulders this musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A little musical in which Jim Dale gamely risks almost every circus feat except being shot out of the mouth of a cannon. Not much Barnum, though. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject. Phyllis Frelich and John Rubinstein play the leading roles. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD / A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE:** The wise thing is to drop in after the intermission and catch a parody of the Marx Brothers playing a parody of Chekhov. What a gorgeous scramble it makes! (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A stunning cast, headed by Farley Granger, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Derin Altay, James Stein, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Altay at the matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,872 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIFTH OF JULY:** We are back on the old Talley place, which we encountered last year in "Talley's Folly." Lanford Wilson writes with authority and with exceptional comic verve about the inhabitants of a corner of southern Missouri that may yet become as famous as the not far distant Yoknapatawpha County. Richard Thomas and Swoosie Kurtz dominate the proceedings. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller having a high old time in a musical show that only pretends to be based on the great days of burlesque, if burlesque ever had great days. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A Neil Simon musical different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. With Victor Garber and Marsha Skaggs. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—A show called "America," which includes, if you can believe it, the state songs of all the fifty states, plus fifty corresponding changes of costume and set. The Rockettes turn out for New York, Texas, and Hawaii. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8. *Closes Monday, Sept. 7.*)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** will lead a trio; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 4-5, **JAKI BYARD,** the simultaneously free and stride pianist, will be here with a trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A relaxed upper East Side bar and restaurant with jazz musicians working on a bandstand at the very back of the place. Three former big-band sidemen—drummer **BUTCH MILES,** who came up with Count Basie, bassist **RICK LAIRD,** who worked with Buddy Rich and the Mahavishnu Orchestra, and pianist **HAROLD DANKO,** who played for Thad Jones and Mel Lewis—join forces through Saturday, Aug. 29. Sunday, Aug. 30, will belong to saxophonist Percy France. And on Monday, Aug. 31, pianist **MIKE ABENE,** saxophonist **JERRY DODGION,** and bassist **JAY LEONHART** will move in. Music from nine.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Thursday, Aug. 27, rock keyboardist Brian Auger and his band, Search Party; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, intense, vertiginous pianist **MC COY TYNER;** Sunday, Aug. 30, Rob Grill and the Grass Roots; Monday, Aug. 31, De Danann, an Irish folk group; Tuesday, Sept. 1, Crack the Sky; Friday, Sept. 4, electric violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK** and bassist **TERUO NAKAMURA** & the Rising Sun; and Saturday, Sept. 5, a night of folk music with three young ensembles—Buskin & Batteau, the Song Project, and **MARY MC CASLIN** and **JIM RINGER**—and one veteran soloist, **DAVE VAN RONK.** Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

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famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS** performs with a bassist through Saturday, Aug. 29. Music from nine-forty-five.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**MARIAN MC PARTLAND,** the always lively pianist and the star of a running National Public Radio show in which she interviews and performs with other pianists, leads her trio Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant painted the color of Vienna-roast coffee beans. Pianist and composer **EDDIE HEYWOOD** lives on Martha's Vineyard, but he's summering in New York. He appears nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This place, which has become about as respectable as a navy-blue silk tie with tennis racquets on it, still hasn't had the impact on the neighborhood that it's had on rock-and-roll futures. The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 26, Walking Wounded, the Hedonists, and the Utensils; Thursday, Aug. 27, Bankstir, Tot Rocket & the Twins, and Three Sixty; Friday, Aug. 28, Reverse, Aurora Bora, and the Arthur Monroe Zone; and Saturday, Aug. 29, Nitecaps and Artifax. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** is back, singing "Down Hearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, and "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976, and other tunes, Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Sundays through Tuesdays, **DARDANELLE,** a singer-pianist who has no faults, performs at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, Aug. 26, the Derby Ram and two Norwegian folkies, Lillebjorn Nilsen and Steiner Ofsdal, who'll be playing the tussefloyte, the seljefloyte, and the good old hardingfele; Saturday, Aug. 29, the Traver Hollow Bluegrass Band; Sunday, Aug. 30, guitarists Tucker Smallwood and Andy Polon; Wednesday, Sept. 2, Michael Cooney and the Derby Ram; and Saturday, Sept. 5, mandolin ace **ANDY STATMAN** & Friends. Music from eight-fifteen on Saturdays; from nine on Sundays and Wednesday, Aug. 26; and from eight-thirty on Wednesday, Sept. 2.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, Aug. 30, tenor saxophonist Tad Shull will lead a quintet from about nine-fifteen. On Wednesdays and Fridays other small combos work from six to eight-thirty. Dining.

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Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. Jazz-piano patriarch **EARL HINES** winds up his visit on Sunday, Aug. 30; on Tuesday, Sept. 1, hardbopping tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** will bring in his quartet. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Wednesday, Aug. 26, saxophonist **BILL SAXTON;** Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 27-29, Platinum Hook, an R. & B. outfit; Monday, Aug. 31, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM;** Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 1-2, singer Miles Jaye; and Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 3-5, **JAMES MOODY,** on saxophone, flute, vocals, and one-liners. On Sundays, **CLAUDIO RODITI,** a clean, crisp trumpeter, heads a Brazilian-jazz combo. Music from eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten; on Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** begins at ten; and Sundays, singer Stephanie Nakasian is accompanied by Mr. O'Brien from seven to ten.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A pleasant, spiffy, laid-back restaurant that hangs over Third Avenue—it's one level up. **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA,** a lively piano-bass duo, can be heard through Saturday, Aug. 29. Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 1-3, **PATTI BOWN** will take charge of the keyboard. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, from nine to one on Saturdays. Dining.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. Pianist **ART HODES,** whose sets are less like sets and more like the History of the Jazz Piano 101 as they dip into the blues, Fats Waller, Jelly Roll Morton, and Count Basie's early and late blue periods, performs through Saturday, Aug. 29. On Tuesday, Sept. 1, stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** will return. Sundays and Mondays are given over to pianist **RED RICHARDS.** Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two, and Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. Pianist Chuck Folds leads a trio that plays for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with them after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, top-drawer bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** and his quartet, **TOP SHELF,** will be the visiting musicians. Music from nine, and if you hang around until two in the morning on Fridays and Saturdays you'll hear even more jazz, played by Mike Morgenstern, the saxophonist-proprietor, who jams with a bunch of musical colleagues. On Sundays, there is dancing to recorded jazz from eight until midnight. Closed Friday through Sunday, Sept. 4-6.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Kippy's Pier 44, in the Milford Plaza Hotel, Eighth Ave. at 44th St. (354-4414)—All the nautical trappings in the back-room bar of this seafood restaurant may or may not make you feel seaborne, but **HAZEL SCOTT'S** singing and piano playing can make you feel like you're walking on air. Miss Scott is accompanied by bassist **JOHN DALEY** and drummer **RAY MOSCA** Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven until one.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. The piano-bass duos: **CEDAR WALTON** and **RON CARTER** through Saturday, Aug. 29; and **FRED HERSCH** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS** from Tuesday, Sept. 1. The Sunday and Monday slots are filled by pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY.** Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 26-27, rockabilly singer Robert Gordon; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, Billy Kemp & the Paradise Pickers; Sunday, Aug. 30, Texas Jewish cowboy-folkie Kinky Friedman; Monday, Aug. 31, saxophonist and singer **JUNIOR WALKER** and his band; Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 1-2, **PAUL BUTTERFIELD,** the nonpareil white blues singer and harmonica player; and Thursday, Sept. 3, Stella Parton (Dolly's sister). Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view of a garden. **ASTRUD GILBERTO,** who sings Brazilian-jazz standards and an occasional funky number in her unmistakable soft, low, non-emotional voice, performs Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A vintage rock club that attracts young people in T-shirts, in button-down-collar shirts, and in motorcycle jackets. The lineup: Wednesday, Aug. 26, Afraid of the Dark, Gentz, and the Coolies; Thursday, Aug. 27, Heart Attack, Even Worse, and Kraut; Friday, Aug. 28, Cheap Perfume and

Lisa & the Lost; and Saturday, Aug. 29, B-Girls and Ex-Husbands. Music from well after eleven.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** sings and plays at one piano, and composer **DAVE FRISHBERG,** who is responsible for two of the high points in Miss Dearie's repertory—"Peel Me a Grape" and "I'm Hip"—sings and plays at another piano through Saturday, Aug. 29. After that, Miss Dearie will remain on, and will be joined by singer-pianist **BOB DOROUGH,** for five nights, Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 1-5. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, a sextet, plays Dixieland jazz. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Wednesday, Aug. 26, Mercedes Hall; Thursday, Aug. 27, Roland Vazquez; Thursday, Sept. 3, Grace Testani; and both Fridays and Saturdays, African-funk trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA.** Music from about ten until two.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Thursday, Aug. 27, Teresa Trull & Julie Homi and Hilary Morgan; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, guitarist Ryo Kawasaki and his band, the Golden Dragon. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten. The ten-to-two shift belongs to singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE,** who does songs you remember, songs you forgot, and songs you may have never even heard of.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **PANAMA FRANCIS,** who played drums for Lucky Millinder, Cab Calloway, Dinah Shore, and scores of rock-and-roll performers, is leading his **SAVOY SULTANS,** who make it virtually impossible not to want to Lindy Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 26 (at eight and eleven), **B. B. KING;** Thursday, Aug. 27, the Psychedelic Furs; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, the Go-Go's and Oingo Boingo; Tuesday, Sept. 1, Missing Persons; Wednesday, Sept. 2, Alan Vega, Walter Steding, and Shox Lumania; Thursday and Friday, Sept. 3-4, Classix Nouveaux; and Saturday, Sept. 5, the Rockats. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—Kenneth Kantor, Martin Vidnovic, Laura Waterbury, and Susan Bigelow are singing in the King Cole Room in the tribute of the month, "The Sounds of Rodgers and Hammerstein, Part II." Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The players: Wednesday, Aug. 26, singer Gene Pistilli; Thursday and Friday, Aug. 27-28, R. & B. singer **SYBIL THOMAS;** and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 29-30, Jay Hoggard's band. Music from ten.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in, padded bentwood chairs, and live jazz. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, pianist **KENNY BARRON** will head up a trio, and the following Friday and Saturday (Sept. 4-5), **SONNY FORTUNE,** a driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist, will work with a trio. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave., S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A lineup of good jazz in a knotty-pine room. **JEROME RICHARDSON,** a saxophonist and one of the best flutists in jazz, leads a quintet through Saturday, Aug. 29; on Tuesday, Sept. 1, trumpeter **HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON** will bring in his group. Sundays and Mondays are turned over to a quartet led by pianist Mark Minchello. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Home of blues—rural blues, urban blues, Chicago blues, rhythm and blues, and Kingston blues (a.k.a. reggae). The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 26-27, **CHAMPION JACK DUPREE,** the New Orleans pianist and gravelly-voiced blues singer; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, Chicago-blues singer and guitarist **JIMMY JOHNSON;** Wednesday, Sept. 2, B. Willie Smith; Thursday, Sept. 3, the Nighthawks, a rock and blues band from Washington, D.C.; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 4-5, blues singer **JOHNNY COPELAND.** Tuesdays are lift-off-session nights for an impressive local soul-shake octet called the **UPTOWN HORNS,** which plays some of the bluesiest, raunchiest, and loosest (but not unrehearsed) music around. Shows most nights after nine-thirty.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. The lineup: Wednesday, Aug. 26, Darts; Thursday, Aug. 27, Blotto; Friday, Aug. 28, Marshall Crenshaw; and Saturday, Aug. 29, Poptronics and Fernando Saunders. Music every night but Sunday, usually after eleven. Dancing.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Tuesdays out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio from nine, and on Mondays in the big downstairs room, enthusiastic salsa bands perform at nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE,** whose wonderfully full-but-not-too-filling lush tone is even more startling live than it is on records, leads his quartet through Sunday, Aug. 30. On Tuesday, Sept. 1, trumpeter and sometime vocalist **CHET BAKER** will arrive with his quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue plays piano Mondays through Wednesdays; **SADIK HAKIM,** a wily veteran bebopper who was known in the mid-forties as Argonne Thornton, has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. The mostly swing music: Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 26-29, **BIG NICK NICHOLAS,** a tenor saxophonist and Satchmo-inspired vocalist; Sunday, Aug. 30, an eleven-hour benefit concert (radio station WKCR is the beneficiary) with **SAMMY PRICE, JOE ALBANY, STRING FEVER, BIG NICK NICHOLAS,** and other players; and Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 2-4, **STRING FEVER.** On Mondays, saxophonist Percy France is present with a quartet, and Tuesday nights belong to the great drummer **JO JONES.** Music nightly from about nine.

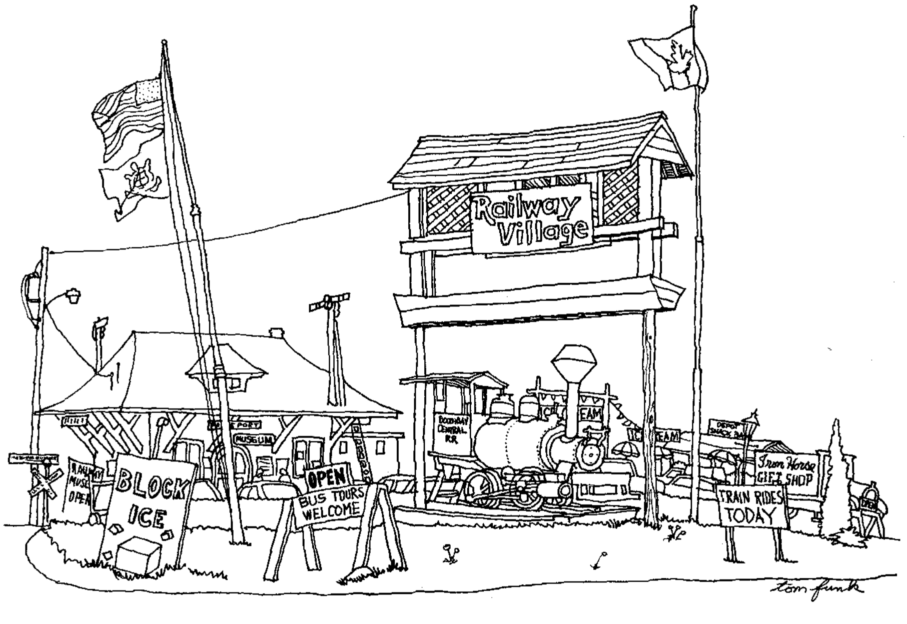
JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

LATIN-AMERICAN JAZZ FESTIVAL—Three benefit concerts. **BEACON THEATRE,** Broadway at 74th St. (874-1717). Thursday, Aug. 27, at 8: Ray Barretto, Max Roach, Mongo Santamaria, and Machito & Patato Valdez. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 28, at 8: Manny Oquendo's Libre & Jackie McLean, Ornette Coleman & Prime Time, Paquito d'Rivera's New York/Havana Jazz Quintet & Chico Freeman. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424). Sunday, Aug. 30, at 8: Willie Bobo, Tito Puente's orchestra, Buddy Rich's orchestra, and Mercer Ellington and the Duke Ellington Orchestra, with guest appearances by Dina Merrill, Chita Rivera, Rita Moreno, and others.

SALSA FESTIVAL—Eddie Palmieri & Friends and Ray Barretto and his orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Thursday, Sept. 3, at 8:30.). . ¶ Celia Cruz, Willie Colon and his orchestra, Hector Lavoe and his orchestra, and others. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Sept. 5, at 8.)

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday, Aug. 26, at 10: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 27, at 10: Bob Rockwell, Art Resnick, Rufus Reid, and Victor Lewis. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, at 10: Ronnie Cuber-Valery Ponomarev quintet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 30, at 8: Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers. . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 9: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

SAVOY—Wednesday, Aug. 26, at 9: Little River Band. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 27, at 9, and Friday, Aug. 28, at 8:30 and 11:30: Chaka



Kahn. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 29, at 8:30 and 11:30: Judy Collins. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 2-3, at 9: Iggy Pop. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Luis Benedit—Drawings and plastic sculptures by an Argentine artist. Through Sunday, Aug. 30. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Art on the Beach—Battery Park is the setting for Creative Time's show of sculptures by twelve artists, among them Gina Wendkos (a painted-concrete pool, benches, umbrellas), Tim Watkins (fabric pinwheels), and Cathey Billian (vertical bundles of rough wood). Through Sept. 13. (Battery Park City, Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

Sculpture—A summer selection of works by eight artists: Tony Berlant, Louise Bourgeois, William Crozier, Willem de Kooning, Raoul Hague, Michael Heizer, Tony Smith, and H. C. Westermann. Through Sept. 11. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Videotapes—Tapes by eight painters, sculptors, photographers, and musicians—Robert Cumming, Brian Eno, Charles Frazier, Donald Lipski, Howardena Pindell, Judy Rifka, Allen Ruppersberg, and Irvin Tepper—shown one after another. Samples of their non-electronic works are also on view. Through Sept. 10. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens at noon; closed Friday, Sept. 4.)

Group Shows—At the **associated american artists,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: More than a hundred and seventy-five prints (Rembrandt, Homer, Feininger, Dine) in a show intended as a visual course for the prudent collector. Forgeries, prints altered by publishers, and a comparison of Cézanne's lithograph "The Bathers" with a photographic reproduction of that same work are among the lessons. Through Oct. 3. . . . **cds gallery,** 13 E. 75th St.: Botero, Marisol, and Robert Indiana are among the eighteen artists represented in a show of drawings. Through Friday, Sept. 4. . . . **city gallery,** second floor, 2 Columbus Circle: "Hispanic Artists in New York," a show of paintings and sculptures by fourteen artists. Through Friday, Sept. 4. . . . **graham,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Alice Neel, Elaine de Kooning, Robert De Niro, and the watercolorist Richard Segalman, who has also been trying his hand at pastels lately (peonies, recumbent cows), are among the gallery regulars in the summer show. Through Tuesday, Sept. 1. . . . **jacobson,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints having to do with flying—i.e., Malcolm Morley's painting of a plane crash, Bryan Hunt's drawing of a Concorde window (interior), and Vito Acconci's twenty-two-foot, twelve-part photoetching of airplane wings. Through Sept. 11.

¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows by gallery artists or others, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St. . . . **pam adler,** 37 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **borgenicht,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 4.) . . . **crispo,** 41 E. 57th St. (Weekdays, 11:30 to 4:30.) . . . **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **gladstone,** 41 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **midtown,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **weintraub,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Frederick Sommer—A review of the artist's career to date, extending from photographs of found-object assemblages, desert scenes, and portraits to *cliché-verre* prints, drawings, and musical scores. Through Sept. 20. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8. A second show consists of forty *cliché-verre* prints by four photographers: John Bloom, Meg Ojala, Jack Sal, and Jaromir Stephany.)

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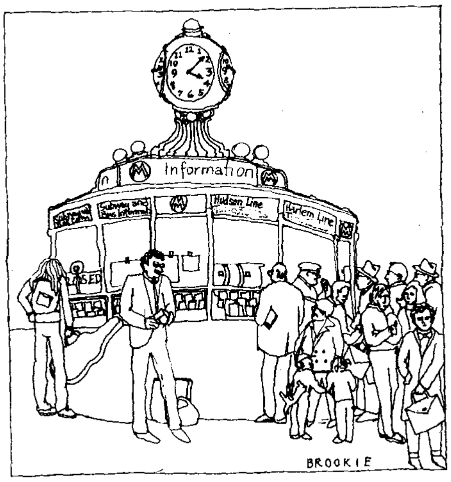
Group Shows—At the **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd St.: A survey show of photographs of the American landscape: Fifty-five prints by Timothy O'Sullivan, Carleton Watkins, Edward Weston, Dorothea Lange, Ansel Adams, Frank Gohlke, others. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . **new-york historical society,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: Three hundred shots taken around Manhattan during the past decade, with an emphasis on architecture: bridges, buildings, subway stations, and the waterfront. Fourteen photographers (Mark Feldstein, Leon Supraner, Philip Trager) provide a variety of perspectives. Through Oct. 1. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **the urban center,** 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: "New York's Historic Districts" and "The Upper East Side Historic District," a pair of photographic exhibits (with maps and other documentation) put together by the Municipal Art Society. Architectural styles found on the East Side are given some attention. Through Sept. 18. . . . **zabriskie,** 29 W. 57th St.: "France Since the War: Photographs 1945-80" is the title of a show of a hundred prints by such French photographers as Brassaï, Cartier-Bresson, and Boubat. Through Sept. 11.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Muriel Kallis Steinberg Newman collection of twentieth-century and primitive art is being exhibited here for the first time. Léger, Ernst, Pollock, Moore, and Lipchitz; work from Africa and Oceania dating from the past hundred years; and pre-Columbian jewelry and artifacts. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ An exhibit of traditional African masks and wood, ivory, and bronze sculptures arranged in geographical rather than chronological or stylistic groupings. The hundred and fifty articles, nearly all of which were created with a specific function in mind, are from the Tishman collection. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Twenty-two mid-nineteenth-century Baltimore album quilts (commemorating local people or events), in a show put together by that city's Museum of Art. Through Sunday, Aug. 30. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. Through Sunday, Aug. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Marcel Breuer: Furniture and Interiors," a retrospective consisting of thirty-seven pieces of furniture (some shown with the working drawings), and photographic enlargements of interiors designed by this architect, who died on July 1. Through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ In a show that deals broadly with the ways artists link words and pictures are illustrations for literary works; drawings that use words as either symbol or image; and artists' books that substitute pictures for words. Charles Demuth, Max Ernst, and Carl Andre are a few of the artists. Through Oct. 6. . . . **photography:** "American Landscapes." Through Oct. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)



Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Jean Dubuffet's show of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper coincides with his eightieth birthday. . . . ¶ Abstract works from the thirties and forties by such Americans and Europeans as Albers, Pereira, Arp, and Kandinsky. Both shows through Sept. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Philip Guston (1913-80): nearly a hundred paintings and drawings, beginning with the realism of the thirties and forties (studies for W.P.A.-commissioned murals), and moving to the Abstract Expressionism of the fifties and sixties, and the figurative style of the seventies. Through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ Lynda Benglis, Scott Burton, Donna Dennis, John Duff, and Alan Saret, showing a total of seventy-three contemporary sculptures. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ "Disney Animations and Animators," a show of drawings and other film artwork. Also, short and full-length Disney films daily, except Mondays, at 1 and 3:30, and Tuesday evenings at 6:15. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Nine works by Georgia O'Keeffe from the museum's collection. Through Oct. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of African furniture and household objects. . . . ¶ Nineteen watercolors by Winslow Homer, twenty by John Singer Sargent, and a single painting each by a number of contemporary Americans, all from the museum's collections. . . . ¶ A survey of recent Korean drawing. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) All three shows through Sept. 7.

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Folger Shakespeare Library has installed a show that does its eponymous hero proud: walk-through re-creations of Elizabethan Stratford, a model of the Globe Theatre, the first collected edition of his plays, as well as evidences of his legacy, extending from language (a list of quotations) to movie productions (Olivier as Hamlet) to T-shirts. An electronic scoreboard flashes up-to-the-minute computations of Shakespeare's popularity in the world. He is popular, it turns out. Through Sept. 20. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by Barbara Adrian, Marcia Marcus, Harry Roseman, and Frank Stout are among works being considered for purchase and donation to museums, through the Henry Ward Ranger Fund. Through Sept. 13. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection's survey of satire begins with the classical poets, moves on to Chaucer, takes in Swift, Pope, and Johnson, and closes with Ogden Nash, James Thurber, E. B. White, and S. J. Perelman. Eighty-six authors, all told; manuscripts, first editions, drawings. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera—The season opens with six performances of Sigmund Romberg's "The Student Prince": Thursday and Friday, Aug. 27-28, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 29, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Aug. 30, at 1 and 7. There will be alternating casts: Elizabeth Hynes, Nadia

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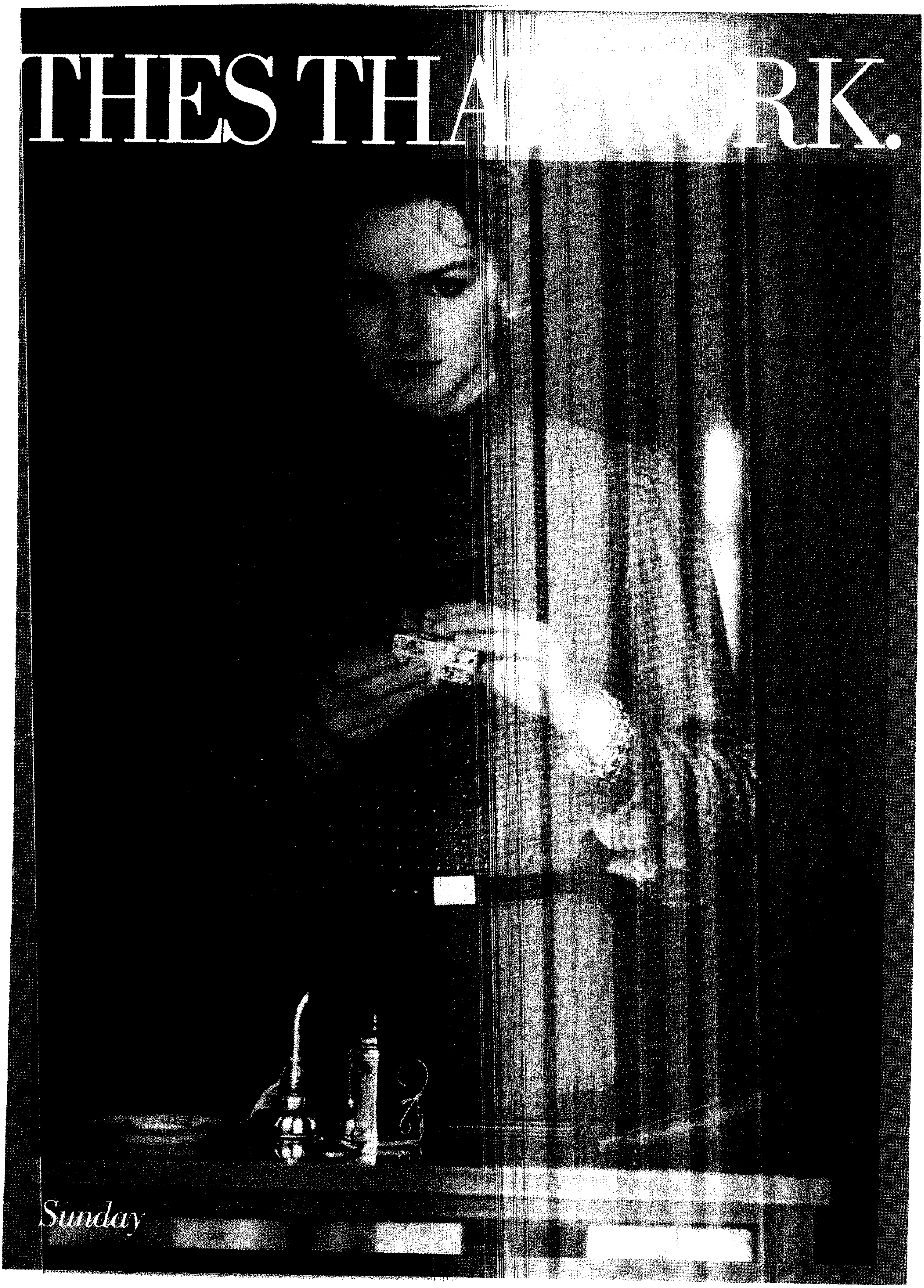
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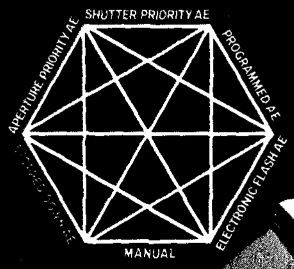

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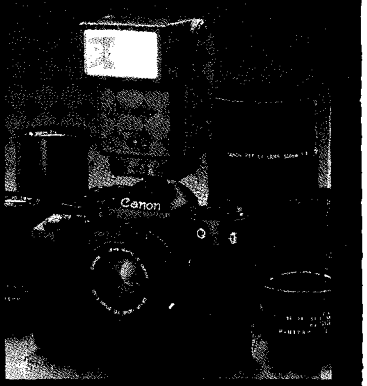

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Pelle, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Henry Price, William Eichorn, Dominic Cossa, and Jack Harrold, or Leigh Munro, the Misses Pelle and Costa-Greenspon, Jacque Trussel, Mr. Eichorn, Richard Fredricks, and James Billings. The conductor for both casts will be Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ The first four performances of a two-week engagement of Wright and Forrest's "Song of Norway" (based on the life and music of Edvard Grieg): Thursday and Friday, Sept. 3-4, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 5, at 2 and 8. Also with alternating casts: Sheryl Woods, Susanne Marsee, David Eisler, Stephen Dickson, David Rae Smith, and the Eliot Feld Ballet, or Claudette Peterson, Janis Eckhart, Joseph Evans, John Brandstetter, Mr. Smith, and the Feld Ballet. Liza Redfield will conduct both casts. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—Final performances of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 26: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra and acting as violin soloist, with Ken Noda, piano. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 27: Pinchas Zukerman and Arnold Steinhardt, violin; Michael Tree and Tony Appel, viola; and Lynn Harrell and Timothy Eddy, cello, in an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the orchestra, with the Messrs. Harrell and Tree. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

Chamber Opera Theatre of New York—Rimski-Korsakov's "Mozart and Salieri" and Salieri's "Prima la Musica," two one-act operas (both in English), conducted by Ainslee Cox and staged by Thaddeus Motyka. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 26-28, at 8. For tickets, call 496-0806.)

Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival—A six-day series of concerts. The participants include Yuuko Shiokawa, Daniel Phillips, James Buswell, Ani Kavafian, and Ida Kavafian, all violin; Walter Trampler and Heiichiro Ohyama, viola; Timothy Eddy and Ralph Kirshbaum, cello; Edward Auer, Alicia Schachter, André-Michel Schub, and Andras Schiff, all piano; Carol Wincenc, flute; Franklin Cohen, clarinet; and Janice Felty, mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday through Thursday, Aug. 29-Sept. 3, at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Aug. 26, at 8:15: Pete Fountain, Woody Herman, and Gerry Mulligan. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 27, at 7: Journey. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 28, at 7: George Jones. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 29, at 7: Three Dog Night. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 30, at 7: R. E. O. Speedwagon. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 31, at 7: Willie Nelson and Family. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 1, at 7: The Beach Boys. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 4, at 7: Charlie Daniels Band and Juice Newton. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 5, at 7: Peter Frampton. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 6, at 7: Kansas. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

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Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will close with a program by the Luis Rivera Spanish Dance Company, with Maria Alba. (Lee, Mass. Fridays, Aug. 28 and Sept. 4, at 8:30; Saturdays and Sundays, Aug. 29-30 and Sept. 5-6, at 3 and 8:30; and Monday, Sept. 7, at 3. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, Wednesday, Aug. 26, at 8. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, Wednesday, Aug. 26, at 8:05, and Thursday, Aug. 27, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Friday, Aug. 28, at 8:05; Saturday, Aug. 29, at 7:05; and Sunday, Aug. 30, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Atlanta, Friday, Sept. 4, at 8:05, and Saturday, Sept. 5, at 2:05.

College Football—Saturday, Sept. 5: Grambling State vs. Florida A. & M., in a benefit game, at Yankee Stadium, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Rutgers, at Syracuse, at 7.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Philadelphia Eagles, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Aug. 29, at 8.)

Racing—At **belmont:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05, from Wednesday, Aug. 26, through Monday, Oct. 12. The Forego Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 26; the Jerome Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 29; the Gazelle Handicap, Sunday, Aug. 30; the Astarita, Thursday, Sept. 3; the Fall Highweight Handicap, Friday, Sept. 4; and the Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 5. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 5. The Longfellow Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 29, and the Choice Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.) . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 12.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Gremio of Brazil, in an exhibition game, Sunday, Aug. 30, at 7:30. . . . ¶ The second game in the North American Soccer League's quarterfinal playoff series, Saturday, Sept. 5, at 7:30. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—AMF Head Cup U.S.A.: Guillermo Vilas, Ilie Nastase, Ivan Lendl, José Luis Clerc, and others. (Stouffer's Inn of Westchester, White Plains. Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 26-28, at 7; semifinals Saturday, Aug. 29, at 1; and finals Sunday, Aug. 30, at 1. For information about tickets, call 1-914 694-3446.) . . . ¶ United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Center, Flushing Meadow. Tuesday, Sept. 1, through Thursday, Sept. 10, at 11 and 7:30, and Friday through Sunday, Sept. 11-13, at noon. For information about tickets, call 271-5100.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 7. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 21.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

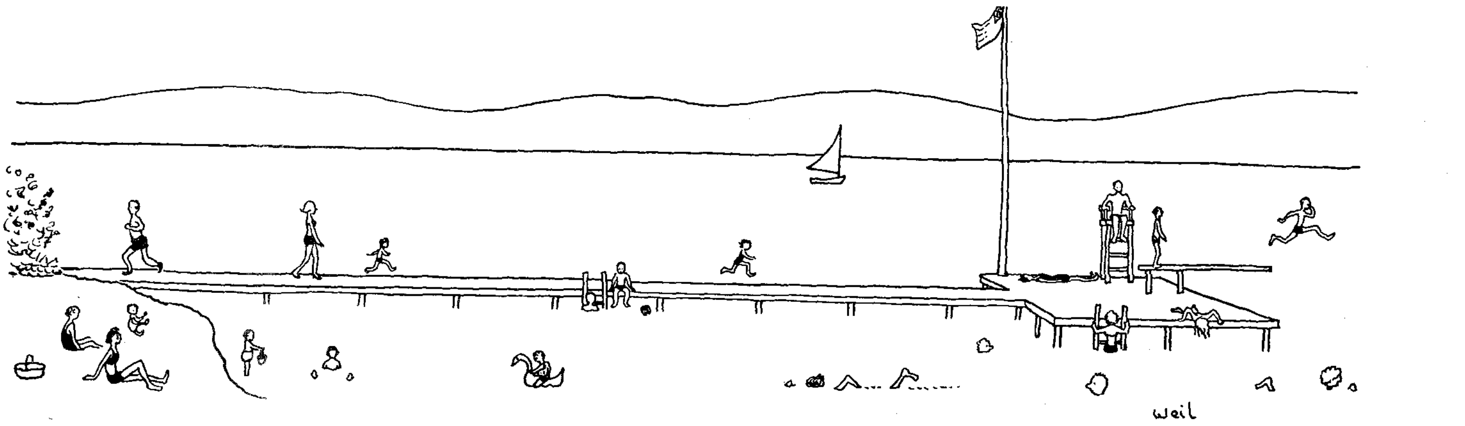
New York Shakespeare Festival—Final free performances of **henry iv, part i.** Under Des McAnuff's direction, the action is swift and clear, and many details are ingenious, but the principal actors are not yet up to the principal roles—an exception being Margaret Whitton, who gives a delightful performance as Hotspur's loving, outspoken wife. The stunning, practical set is by Stuart Wurtzel. The costumes, lighting, and music—all admirable—are by Patricia McGourty, Richard Nelson, and Richard Peaslee, respectively. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 26-30, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Dr Pepper wingding, in a new location this year, Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 46th St. Friday, Aug. 28: Molly Hatchet and Johnny van Zant. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 29: The Ramones. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1: Utopia. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 3: Bonnie Raitt and NRBQ. (Evenings at 6:30; through Saturday, Sept. 12. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

South Street Seaport Museum—Musical offerings on Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. Benefit concert—Wednesday, Aug. 26, at 7:30: Buddy Rich and his Big Band. (For information about tickets, call 766-9066.) . . . ¶ Free concerts—Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, at 8: Melba Liston & Company.

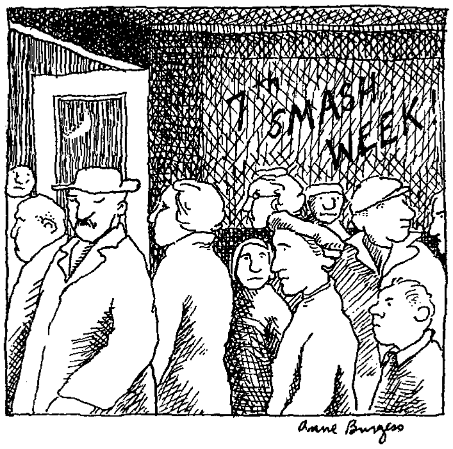
Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—Final performances of a three-week festival that includes music (jazz, classical, and bluegrass), dance, experimental theatre, Hispanic specials, mime, children's theatre, and so on. **lincoln center plaza:** Wednesday, Aug. 26, the Roadside Theatre (for children) at 11, and the Solomons Dance Company at 5:30. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 27, the Amherst Saxophone quartet at 12:15, and the AMAS Repertory Theatre at 5:30. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 29, mimes, clowns, jugglers, and acrobats at noon; a cabaret show entitled "The Family" at 2:30; and the Contemporary Chamber Dance Group at 5:30. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 30, mimes, clowns, jugglers, and acrobats at noon, and the After Dinner Opera Company in a program entitled "A Revolutionary Celebration" at 6. . . . **damrosch park:** Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 26-28, the Unity Cultural Workshop's production of "Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope" at 8:15. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 29-30, "Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris," with Elly Stone, at 8:15. (For daily detailed information, call 877-5224.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **damn yankees,** with Joe Namath and Eddie Bracken, is this summer's production. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 6. For tickets, call 1-516 221-1000.)



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 17.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"All Nudity Shall Be Punished" (1973; directed by Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). No performances on Monday, Aug. 31.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Aug. 27: "The King and I" (†) and "Pal Joey." (†)
Aug. 28-29: "Singin' in the Rain" (†) and "Broadway Melody." (†)
Aug. 30-31: "Gold Diggers of 1933" (†) and "Footlight Parade." (†)
Sept. 1-2: "The Harvey Girls" (†) and "Summer Holiday." (†)
Sept. 3: "Gold Diggers of 1935" (†) and "Wonder Bar." (†)
Sept. 4-5: "The Gang's All Here" (†) and "42nd Street." (†)

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Aug. 27: "Endless Love" (†) and "The Competition." (†)
Aug. 28-Sept. 3: "The Empire Strikes Back" (†) and "Eyewitness." (†)
From Sept. 4: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Aug. 27: "Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.
From Aug. 28: "Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman II." (†)

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Blow Out." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 27: "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (John Derek), with Bo Derek and Richard Harris. From Aug. 28: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 3: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 27: "The Empire Strikes Back." (†)
From Aug. 28: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Night Porter." (†)

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Aug. 27: "Zorro, the Gay Blade." (†)
From Aug. 28: "Chu Chu and the Philly Flash" (David Lowell Rich), with Alan Arkin and Carol Burnett.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"I Hate Blondes" (Giorgio Capitani; in Italian), with Enrico Montesano and Corinne Clery.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.
Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 27: "Victory" (John Huston), with Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine. From Aug. 28: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 2: "First Monday in October" (Ronald Neame), with Walter Matthau and Jill Clayburgh.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Trials of Oscar Wilde" (1960; Ken Hughes), with Peter Finch and James Mason.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 2: "Prince of the City." (†)

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.
Theatre 2: "Comin' at Ya!" (Ferdinando Baldi), with Tony Anthony. In 3-D.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Arthur." (†)

Loews New York 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 27: "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (John Derek), with Bo Derek and Richard Harris. From Aug. 28: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 2: "Blow Out." (†)

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Heavy Metal," an animated film.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Aug. 27: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.
Aug. 28-Sept. 3: "Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.
From Sept. 4 (tentative): "The Empire Strikes Back." (†)

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 27: "An Eye for an Eye" (Steve Carver), with Chuck Norris. From Aug. 28: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Aug. 27: "Deadly Blessing" (Wes Craven), with Ernest Borgnine and Lois Nettleton.
From Aug. 28: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Arthur." (†)
Theatre 2: "Comin' at Ya!" (Ferdinando Baldi), with Tony Anthony. In 3-D.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Heavy Metal," an animated film.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Arthur." (†)
Theatre 2: "Arthur." (†)

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "S.O.B." (†)
Theatre 2: "New York, New York." (†)
Theatre 3: "Blow Out." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 27: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (directed by Vladimir Menshov; in Russian). From Aug. 28: "I Sent a Letter to My Love" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simône Signoret and Jean Rochefort.

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 27: "The Uprising" (Peter Lilienthal; in Spanish).
From Aug. 28: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Aug. 27: "The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios.
From Aug. 28: "Condor Man" (Charles Jarrott), with Michael Crawford and Barbara Carrera; and "Song of the South." (†)

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Honky Tonk Freeway" (John Schlesinger), with Beau Bridges and Hume Cronyn.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Aug. 27: "S.O.B." (†) No 8 p.m. performances on Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 26-27.
From Aug. 28: "Victory" (John Huston), with Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Aug. 27: "Blow Out." (†)
From Aug. 28: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Heartland." (†)

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Prince of the City." (†)

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Aug. 27: "Victory" (John Huston), with Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine.
From Aug. 28: "Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 29: "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (†) and two Buster Keaton shorts—"The Goat" (1921) and "Neighbors" (1922). Aug. 30-Sept. 1: "Go West" (†) and two Buster Keaton shorts—"The Boat" (1921) and "The Frozen North" (1922). Sept. 2-5: "The Navigator" (†) and two Buster Keaton shorts—"Goodnight Nurse" (1918) and "Day Dreams" (1922).
Theatre 2: "Lili Marleen" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.
Theatre 3: "The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Cutter's Way" (Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges and John Heard.
Theatre 2: "Camouflage" (1977; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "S.O.B." (†)
Theatre 2: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 3: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter. From Sept. 4: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 3: "Arthur." (†) From Sept. 4: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 3: "Blow Out." (†) From Sept 4: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 27: "Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher. From Aug. 28: "Take This Job and Shove It" (Gus Trikonis), with Robert Hays and Barbara Hershey.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 27: "For Your Eyes Only." (†) From Aug. 28: "The Empire Strikes Back." (†)
Theatre 2: "Heavy Metal," an animated film.

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 3: "S.O.B." (†) From Sept. 4: "Blow Out." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 27: "Endless Love." (†) From Aug. 28: "I Sent a Letter to My Love" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort.
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 3: "Superman II." (†) From Sept. 4: "Victory" (John Huston), with Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "The Empire Strikes Back." (†)
Theatre 2: "An American Werewolf in London" (directed by John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.
Theatre 3: "Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 27: "History of the World—Part I." (†) From Aug. 28: "Chu Chu and the Philly Flash" (David Lowell Rich), with Alan Arkin and Carol Burnett.
Theatre 5: "Endless Love." (†)
Theatre 6: Through Aug. 27: "Wolfen" (Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines. From Aug. 28: "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (John Derek), with Bo Derek and Richard Harris.

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th, east side. (757-2408)
"Heavy Metal," an animated film.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Blow Out." (†)
Theatre 3: "Stripes." (†)
Theatre 4: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

EMBASSY 5, B'way at 46th, west side. (354-5636)
"Victory" (John Huston), with Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 27: "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (John Derek), with Bo Derek and Richard Harris. From Aug. 28: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 2: "An Eye for an Eye" (Steve Carver), with Chuck Norris.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Arthur." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"First Monday in October" (Ronald Neame), with Walter Matthau and Jill Clayburgh.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Comin' at Ya!" (Ferdinando Baldi), with Tony Anthony. In 3-D.

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 27: "Deadly Blessing" (Wes Craven), with Ernest Borgnine and Lois Nettleton. From Aug. 28: "Take This Job and Shove It" (Gus Trikonis), with Richard Hays and Barbara Hershey.
Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Aug. 26: "Knife in the Water" (1962; directed by Roman Polanski; in Polish); and "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser.
Aug. 27: "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus"; and "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh.
Aug. 28: "Steppenwolf" (1974; Fred Haines), with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda.
Aug. 29: "Take the Money and Run" (1969; Woody Allen), with Allen and Janet Margolin; and "Monty Python Meets Beyond the Fringe" (1979; Roger Graef).
Aug. 30: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.
Aug. 31: "Midnight Cowboy" (†) and "Sunday Bloody Sunday." (†)
Sept. 1: To be announced.
Sept. 2: "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin; in French); and "Immoral Tales" (1976; Walerian Borowczyk; in French).
Sept. 3: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood.
Sept. 4: "Tristana" (†); and "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina.
Sept. 5: "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones" (1974), a concert on film; and "The Kids Are Alright" (1979; Jeff Stein), with The Who.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 26: "The Marquise of O . . ." (1976; Eric Rohmer; in German), with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.
Aug. 27: "Queen Christina" (1934; Rouben Mamoulian), with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert; and "Anna Karenina" (1935; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone.
Aug. 28: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster.
Aug. 29: "Popeye" (1980; Robert Altman), with Robin Williams, Shelley Duvall, and Ray Walston.
Aug. 30: "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (†) and "The Petrified Forest." (†)
Aug. 31: "A Little Romance" (†) and "Sundays and Cybèle." (†)
Sept. 1: "Cul-de-Sac" (†); and "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston.
Sept. 2: "Red Desert" (1965; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris; and "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.
Sept. 3: "Romeo and Juliet" (1968; Franco Zeffirelli), with Leonard Whiting, Olivia Hussey, John McEnery, Michael York, Pat Heywood, and Milo O'Shea; and "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973; Franco Zeffirelli), with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi.
Sept. 4: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood.
Sept. 5: "Life of Brian" (†); and "The Ladykillers" (1956; Alexander Mackendrick), with Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Peter Sellers, and Herbert Lom.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 27: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, Nils Poppe, and Bengt Ekerot; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson.
Aug. 28-29: "Greetings" (1968) and "Hi, Mom!" (1970), both films directed by Brian De Palma, with Robert De Niro.
Aug. 30-Sept. 1: "Our Hitler" (1980; Hans-Jürgen Syberberg; in German), Part 3 "The End of Winter's Tale" and Part 4 "We Children of Hell."
Sept. 2-3: "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970; Russ Meyer); and "Russ Meyer's 'Vixen' " (1969).
Sept. 4-5: "Zardoz" (1974; John Boorman), with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling; and "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda and David Hemmings.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Comin' at Ya!" (Ferdinando Baldi), with Tony Anthony. In 3-D.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Aug. 29: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.
Aug. 30-Sept. 1: "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff; and "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn.
Sept. 2-5: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent; and "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Aug. 29: "Altered States" (1980;

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Ken Russell), with William Hurt, Bob Balaban, Charles Haid, and Blair Brown; and "The Shining" (1980; Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, and Danny Lloyd.

Aug. 30-Sept. 1: "Home Movies" (†); and "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere.

Sept. 2-5: "Blow Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Zabriskie Point" (1970; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Aug. 26: "The Snake Pit" (1948; Anatole Litvak), with Olivia de Havilland and Mark Stevens; and "Anastasia" (1956; Anatole Litvak), with Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner, and Helen Hayes.

Aug. 27-29: "The Band Wagon" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Nanette Fabray, and Jack Buchanan; and "Cabin in the Sky" (1943; Vincente Minnelli), with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John Bubbles.

Aug. 30-Sept. 1: "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "Mad Love" (1935; Karl Freund), with Peter Lorre, Frances Drake, and Colin Clive.

Sept. 2-4: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.

From Sept. 5: "Show Boat" (1951; George Sidney), with Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ava Gardner, and William Warfield; and "Kiss Me Kate" (1953; George Sidney), with Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ann Miller, and Keenan Wynn.

Olympia Quad I, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through Aug. 27: "L'Age d'Or" (1930; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Gaston Modot; and "Viridiana" (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal.

Aug. 28-29: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere.

Aug. 30-Sept. 1: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale.

Sept. 2-3: "Day for Night" (†); and "Girl Friends" (1978; Claudia Weill), with Melanie Mayron and Anita Skinner.

Sept. 4-5: "Cousin, Cousine" (1976; Jean-Charles Tacchella; in French), with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier; and "Madame Rosa" (1978; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Aug. 26: "Way Out West" (1937; James Horne), with Laurel and Hardy; "The Golden Age of Comedy" (1957), a silent-movie anthology compiled by Robert Youngson; and "Sons of the Desert" (1933; William A. Seiter), with Laurel and Hardy.

Aug. 27-29: "Two-Faced Woman" (1941; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Gordon, and Constance Bennett; and "Ninotchka" (1939; Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, and Sig Rumann.

Aug. 30-Sept. 1: "Annie Hall" (1977) and "Bananas" (1971), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

Sept. 2-5: "The Apartment" (†) and "Some Like It Hot." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Aug. 26: "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" 1950; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish); and "Viridiana" (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal.

Aug. 27: "Hard to Handle" (1933; Mervyn LeRoy), with James Cagney and Mary Brian; and "College Coach" (1933; William Wellman), with Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell, and Ann Dvorak.

Aug. 28-29: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "Kansas City Confidential" (1952; Phil Karlson), with John Payne, Coleen Gray, and Preston Foster.

Aug. 30: "The General" (1926; a silent film), directed by, and with, Buster Keaton; and three Keaton shorts—"The Blacksmith" (1922), "The Paleface" (1922), and "The Silent Partner."

Aug. 31: "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (†), and two Buster Keaton shorts—"The Boat" (1921) and "The Balloonatic" (1923).

Sept. 1: "College" (1927; James Horne; a silent film), with Buster Keaton, and three Keaton shorts—"The Haunted House" (1921), "Cops" (1922), and "The Garage" (1919).

Sept. 2: "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" (1931; Edward Sedgwick), with Buster Keaton, and three Keaton shorts—"Fatty at Coney Island" (1917), "One Week" (1920), and "Day Dreams" (1922).

Sept. 3: "The Cameraman" (†); and "Doughboys" (1930; Edward Sedgwick), with Buster Keaton.

Sept. 4-5: "Jules and Jim" (†) and "Willie & Phil." (†)

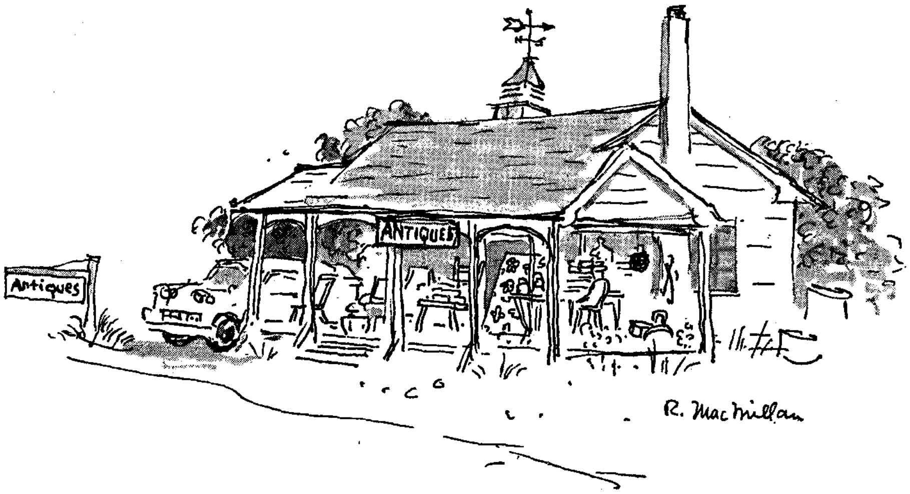
Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 26: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte" (1965; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, and Joseph Cotten.

Aug. 27: "I'm No Angel" (1933; Wesley Ruggles) and "She Done Him Wrong" (1933; Lowell Sherman), both with Mae West and Cary Grant.

Aug. 28-29: "Ministry of Fear" (1945; Fritz Lang), with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (1949; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.

Aug. 30: "Murder Most Foul" (1965) and "Murder She Said" (1962), both films di-



rected by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple.

Aug. 31: "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "Umberto D." (1952; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian).

Sept. 1: "Clash by Night" (†); and "While the City Sleeps" (1956; Fritz Lang), with Dana Andrews, Ida Lupino, and Rhonda Fleming.

Sept. 2: "Satan Met a Lady" (1936; William Dieterle), with Bette Davis, Warren William, and Alison Skipworth; and "June Bride." (†)

Sept. 3: "The Barefoot Contessa" (†); and "The Two Mrs. Carrolls" (1947; Peter Godfrey), with Barbara Stanwyck, Humphrey Bogart, Alexis Smith, and Nigel Bruce.

Sept. 4-5: "Kennel Murder Case" (†); and "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" (1939; Alfred E. Green), with Gracie Allen and Warren William.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of films produced by the National Board of Canada: Aug. 27 at 2:30: "Tale from My Village" (1946), "Referendum: Tempest in Town" (1953; Raymond Garceau), and "The Bird Fancier" (1952; Jean Palardy). . . . Aug. 27 at 6: "Saskatchewan Traveller" (1956; Donald Haldane) and "Drylanders" (1962; Donald Haldane), with Frances Hyland. . . . Aug. 27 at 8: "Mission of Fear" (1965; Fernand Dansereau; in French, no English subtitles). . . . Aug. 28 at 2:30: "The Man on the Assembly Line" (1958; Morton Parker), "The Shop Steward" (1958; Morton Parker), and "Parliamentary Procedure" (1955; Morton Parker). . . . Aug. 28 at 6: Two parts of the "Mental Mechanisms" series (1947-48; Robert Anderson) and three parts of the "What Do You Think?" series (1948-55; Gudrun Parker). . . . Aug. 29 at noon: "Ti-Jean Goes Lumbering" (1953; Jean Palardy), "The Huntsman" (1975; Donald Jackson), and "The Stowaway" (1960; Grant Crabtree). . . . Aug. 29 at 2:30: "Tale from My Village," "Referendum: Tempest in Town," and "The Bird Fancier." . . . Aug. 29 at 5: "O. K. Laliberté!" (1973; Marcel Carrière; in French, with English subtitles). . . . Aug. 30 at noon: "Ti-Jean Goes Lumbering," "The Huntsman," and "The Stowaway." . . . Aug. 30 at 2:30: "Mental Mechanisms" and "What Do You Think?" . . . Aug. 30 at 5: "O. K. Laliberté!" . . . Aug. 31 at 2:30: "Mission of Fear." . . . Aug. 31 at 6: "The Man on the Assembly Line," "The Shop Steward," and "Parliamentary Procedure." . . . Sept. 1 at 6: "Nobody Waved Goodbye" (1964; Don Owen), with Peter Kastner. . . . Sept. 3 at 2:30: "Cold Journey" (1972; Martin DeFalco), with Chief Dan George and Johnny Yesno. . . . Sept. 3 at 6: "Once Upon a Hunt" (1972; Francis Mankiewicz; in French, with English subtitles), with Luce Guilbeault and Marcel Sabourin. . . . Sept. 3 at 8: "Nobody Waved Goodbye." . . . Sept. 4 at 2:30: "Bravery in the Field" (1979; Giles Walker) and "Steel Blues" (1976; Jose Fajardo). . . . Sept. 4 at 6: "Ordinary Tenderness" (1973; Jacques Leduc; in French, with English subtitles), with Luce Guilbeault and Esther Auger. . . . Sept. 5 at 2:30: "Once Upon a Hunt." . . . Sept. 5 at 5: "Mon Oncle Antoine" (1976; Claude Jutra; in French, with English subtitles), with Jacques Gagnon, Monique Mercure, and Jean Duceppe. . . . ¶ Other, non-NFBC, films scheduled during this period: Aug. 31-Sept. 1 at noon: A program of short films by John and Faith Hubley. . . . Sept. 5 at noon: "The Railrodder" (1965; Gerald Potterton), with Buster Keaton; "Ashes of Doom" (1970; Grant Munro); and "The Boy Who Stopped Niagara" (1947; Leslie McFarlane). (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The final programs in a summer-long series of short and full-length animated films from the Disney studios. Through Aug. 30: "Bambi" (1942) is being shown daily at 1, and "Animal Movement," a program of ten short films, is being shown daily at 3:30. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 1: "Dumbo" (1941) will be shown daily at 1 (and Tuesday at 6:15), and "Transfigurations," a program of ten short films, will be shown daily at 3:30. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Apartment (1960)—Billy Wilder directed this acrid story as if it were a comedy, which is a cheat, considering that it involves pimping and a suicide attempt and many shades of craven ethics. Jack Lemmon plays the hero, which is also a cheat, because Lemmon is funny and likable, and the character's behavior is neither. Only Wilder could possibly have got away with it as well as he does. Shirley MacLaine is the co-star. (Regency; Sept. 2-5.)

Arthur—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines and she's electrifying when she only needs to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/81.) (Beekman, R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich Playhouse, and Movieland. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 3.)

The Barefoot Contessa (1954)—This is Joseph L. Mankiewicz's attempt to Tell All about Hollywood; the result is cornball decadence, so ornately awful that it's inadvertently entertaining. Ava Gardner is a flamenco dancer who becomes a glamorous star and marries a castrated count (Rossano Brazzi). Humphrey Bogart is an alcoholic movie director, Edmond O'Brien a gutless press agent, Warren Stevens a vicious millionaire producer, Marius Goring a rich playboy, Valentina Cortese an Italian aristocrat, and so on. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 3.)

Blow Out—It's hallucinatory, and it has a dreamlike clarity and inevitability, but you'll never make the mistake of thinking it's only a dream. John Travolta is Jack, a sound-effects man who happens to record the noise of a car speeding across a bridge, a shot, a blowout, and the crash of the car into the water below. The driver—the governor who is the most popular candidate for the Presidency—is dead, but Jack is able to rescue the governor's passenger, a cuddly blonde (Nancy Allen). On paper, this Watergate movie, written and directed by Brian De Palma, might seem to be just a political thriller, but it has a rapt intensity that makes it unlike any other political film. It's a great movie. With John Lithgow, Dennis Franz, and Deborah Everton as the unlucky hooker. Set in Philadelphia; cinematography by Vilmos Zsigmond. (7/27/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York, Quad Cinema, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 4.)

Broadway Melody (1929)—When talkies were new, this was the musical that everyone went to see. It's the one with "The Wedding of the Painted Doll" and "Broadway Melody," of course, and "You Were Meant for Me," by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown. It's the one with Anita Page and Bessie Love as the sisters from tank-town vaudeville whose hearts are broken in the big city. With Charles King, Jed Prouty, Kenneth Thompson, and Mary Doran. Directed by Harry Beaumont, with ensemble numbers staged by George Cunningham; produced by Harry Rapf. (Some sequences were in an early Technicolor process.) (Art; Aug. 28-29.)

The Cameraman (1928)—Buster Keaton was no longer in control of his productions when he made this late silent film (he wanted to use sound but wasn't allowed to), but his behind-the-scene struggles don't show. It's a film about the making of films, with recollections and echoes of his earlier work. With Marceline Day. (Thalia; Sept. 3.)

Clash by Night (1952)—This Fritz Lang version of a Clifford Odets melodrama about jealousy never quite comes together; the stylized Odets dialogue seems bizarrely out of place in the setting of a fishing village. But it's a handsome black-and-white production, and though Barbara Stanwyck (as the adulteress) and Paul Douglas (as the betrayed husband) suffer rather too strenuously, Robert Ryan (as the wife's lover, a projectionist in a movie theatre) is so intensely sexual that the film momentarily achieves real, even if stagy, power. And as a good-natured girl, full of animal life spirits, Marilyn Monroe is appealing in an unmannered style that's very different from her later acting. With Keith Andes and J. Carrol Naish. Adapted by Alfred Hayes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 1.)

The Competition—Amy Irving and Richard Dreyfuss are two of the six finalists in an international piano competition being held in San Francisco. When they fall in love, will Amy, who is rich, sure of herself, and only twenty-one, throw the contest to Richard, who is poor, distraught because of the financial strain he has caused his dying father, and almost thirty? And if Amy doesn't, and *she* wins, will she lose Richard? The picture doesn't rise above this daytime-soap-opera level. Directed by Joel Oliansky, from his own screenplay (based on a story he conceived with the producer, William Sackheim). (1/19/81) (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 27.)

Cul-de-Sac (1966)—A slapstick comedy of horrors about an ugly, bald, whimpering, middle-aged homosexual (Donald Pleasence) whose beautiful young French wife (Françoise Dorléac) dresses him up in her nighties. This strange form of connubial bliss is interrupted by an American gangster (old gravel-voiced Lionel Stander himself). Roman Polanski directed this freak show. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 1.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately ordinary in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (Olympia Quad 1; Sept. 2-3.)

The Empire Strikes Back (1980)—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor. George Lucas, who is the Wagner of this intergalactic "Götterdämmerung," was the producer and presiding writer this time, and he and director Irvin Kershner have kept things moving at near-Hyper Drive speed, suggesting that the epic may hold us enthralled even through its promised seven further episodes. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Aug. 28-Sept. 3. . . . ¶ New Yorker; starting

Aug. 28. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Sept. 4, tentative.)

Endless Love—A predictable fiasco—still, it's considerably worse than you might have expected. Directed by Franco Zeffirelli, from Judith Rascoe's adaptation of Scott Spencer's novel about the single-minded love of a teenage boy (Martin Hewitt) for his young girlfriend (Brooke Shields), the movie is an icky, shapeless mess. If people's early encounters were this refined, sex wouldn't have got a bad name. Shirley Knight, who acts by smacking her lips, is the girl's mother; Don Murray, who even at first sight seems viciously deranged, is her father; and, as the boy's parents, Beatrice Straight and Richard Kiley are a left-wing Maggie and Jiggs. This may be the silliest-looking movie ever lighted by a first-class cinematographer (David Watkin). (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through Aug. 27.)

Eyewitness—The director Peter Yates and the writer Steve Tesich are trying to make a new, more meaningful version of a forties melodrama, but their Manhattan-set thriller bogs down in a tangle of plot. The hero must be a first for a Hollywood hero; he's a janitor in an office building. William Hurt (who plays him) has an entertaining flirtation with Sigourney Weaver, as a TV reporter who comes to film a news item about a murder in the building. With Christopher Plummer, Irene Worth, Morgan Freeman, Steven Hill, Pamela Reed, and Kenneth McMillan. (3/23/81) (St. Marks Cinema; Aug. 28-Sept. 3.)

Footlight Parade (1933)—One of the more celebrated early Warner Brothers musicals—silly, but from time to time irresistibly wonderful. The young James Cagney dances and shows off his Olivier-like eyes, Joan Blondell is tough and honest, Dick Powell sings some good songs, and Ruby Keeler dances while bending down anxiously to watch her leaden feet. Directed by Lloyd Bacon, choreography by Busby Berkeley. (Art; Aug. 30-31.)

42nd Street (1933)—This big, cheerful Warners musical was an unofficial remake of the 1929 "On with the Show," but it gave new life to the clichés that have kept parodists happy; what's surprising is how organic the clichés once were. The cast includes Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, George Brent, and Ginger Rogers. The songs, by Al Dubin and Harry Warren, include "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" and "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me." Lloyd Bacon directed. (Art; Sept. 4-5.)

For Your Eyes Only—The twelfth James Bond film goes through the motions, but not only are we tired of them, the actors are tired of them—even the machines are tired. Roger Moore, who is Bond again, is a dutiful, passive actor; the heroine (Carole Bouquet) is a lovely tall brunette who photographs like a goddess but has no more animation than the hero. Directed by John Glen; written by Richard Maibaum and Michael Wilson. (New Yorker; through Aug. 27.)

The Gang's All Here (1943)—Busby Berkeley's own special brand of kaleidoscopic fantasy, turned into psychedelic surrealism by the electric reds and greens of 20th Century-Fox's color processing. Those who consider Berkeley a master consider this film his masterpiece. It is his maddest film: chorus girls dissolving into artichokes; a banana xylophone; and, for the song "The Lady in the Tutti-Frutti Hat," Carmen Miranda in platform wedgies on an avenue of giant strawberries. Alice Faye sings the torch song "No Love, No Nothing," and also introduces the "Polka-Dot Polka" ballet, which, as a piece of staging, passes description. With Benny Goodman and his orchestra, and Charlotte Greenwood, James Ellison, and Edward Everett Horton. Leo Robin and Harry Warren supplied the songs, except that polka, which is David Raksin's. (Art; Sept. 4-5.)

Gold Diggers of 1933—A funny, good-natured, innocently crude Depression musical that sums up what is meant by the phrase "pure thirties." Ginger Rogers sings "We're in the Money" in pig Latin, and electrically wired chorus girls, singing "In the shadows let me come and sing to you," merge to form a big illuminated violin. Mervyn LeRoy directed, and Busby Berkeley choreographed; it's Warners, of course, and the cast includes Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Aline MacMahon, Warren William, Ruby Keeler, Ned Sparks, and Etta Moten (singing "Remember My Forgotten Man"). The songs are by Al Dubin and Harry Warren. (Art; Aug. 30-31.)

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Gold Diggers of 1935—Dick Powell is hired by Alice Brady to escort her daughter, Gloria Stuart, while Gloria's fiancé, Hugh Herbert, completes his book on snuffboxes. Guess what happens. The score is good, even though the picture is terrible—in a pleasant sort of way. Busby Berkeley, who usually only choreographed, did the direction, too, and he wasn't very skillful. (Art; Sept. 3.)

Go West (1925)—Unique among the Buster Keaton comedies in that it aims for intense pathos; however, it's sad and funny at the same time—which wasn't true of Chaplin's pathos. Keaton plays Friendless—a lonely, buffeted, uncomplaining drifter without home, country, or dime. Having found the city's heart cold, he hides in a freight train going to Arizona, and there among the cacti he finds his first and only comfort and fellowship in a sad-eyed cow. Together they weather it through storm and sunshine. Keaton is so unembarrassed and so unself-consciously stoic in adversity that the pathos is never offensive—not even when a dog he tries to pat moves away from him. It's a strange, beautiful movie, directed and partly written by Keaton right after the breakup of the team he had been working with since his two-reeler days. There's an extraordinary finale, in which Friendless and Brown Eyes the Cow round up hundreds of steers that are bellowing through the streets of Los Angeles. (Lincoln Plaza; Aug. 30-Sept. 1.)

The Harvey Girls (1946)—In this lavish, high-spirited M-G-M period musical, Judy Garland leads the forces of respectability (the clean, starched waitresses who serve travellers food only), and Angela Lansbury is the wicked, glittering dance-hall queen whose girls provide God-knows-what illicit pleasures. The central conceit of glorifying progress and moral uplift in a musical comedy set in New Mexico in the eighteen-eighties is certainly a strange one, but it worked out surprisingly well—though the charm is mostly heavy. With John Hodiak (an ill-chosen romantic partner for Judy Garland) and Ray Bolger, Cyd Charisse, Marjorie Main, Kenny Baker, Virginia O'Brien, Chill Wills, Selena Royle, and Preston Foster. There is, of course, the deservedly famous classic number "On the Atchison, Tokepa, and the Santa Fe"—it's one of the triumphant sequences in screen-musical history—as well as a batch of other Johnny Mercer and Harry Warren songs, including "The Wild, Wild West" and "It's a Great Big World." George Sidney directed. (Art; Sept. 1-2.)

Heartland (1979)—An account of early-twentieth-century ranching in a bleak Wyoming, with good performances from Conchata Ferrell, as a Denver widow who undertakes keeping house for a beleaguered rancher, and Rip Torn, as the stoic cattleman whom she eventually marries. The film is straightforward and compelling—a real triumph for the director, Richard Pearce, and for the National Endowment for the Humanities, which put up the bulk of the financing. (10/8/79) (Paris.)

History of the World—Part I—An all-out assault on taste and taboo. Mel Brooks is the writer, the director, and the star of this series of bawdy sketches. It's a floating burlesque show that travels from one era to the next, lampooning the particular infamies of each age. Brooks is Moses, a singing and dancing Torquemada, Louis XVI, and Comicus, a standup philosopher who performs for Nero—played by Dom DeLuise, embracing rottenness with blissful abandon. Also with Gregory Hines, Bea Arthur, Madeline Kahn, Paul Mazursky, Ron Carey, Sid Caesar, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, Spike Milligan, and John Hurt. (6/29/81) (Criterion Theatres; through Aug. 27.)

Home Movies (1980)—Brian De Palma (who directed "Carrie" and several other vigorous, hyperbolic films) has enrolled some of his students at a Sarah Lawrence College film workshop in the making of this dopey cut-rate farce about sex, ugly parents, and filmmaking—which may account for its air of self-congratulatory amateurism and its fitful but mostly just irritating charm. With Keith Gordon, Nancy Allen, Vincent Gardenia, and Kirk Douglas (hamming horribly as an egocentric, with-it professor). (5/19/80) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 30-Sept. 1.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—François Truffaut's celebration of bohemian life in France and Germany in the years of artistic ferment between the First World War and the Second. The Austrian, Jules (Oskar Werner), and the Frenchman, Jim (Henri Serre)—the sort of young artists who grow up into something else—have a peaceful friendship. But when they are with Catherine (Jeanne Moreau), they feel alive; anything may happen. She's the catalyst, the troublemaker, the source of despair as well as the source of joy, an enchantress; she's also a fanatic, an absolutist, and a little crazy. Determined to live as fully as a man, she claims equality while using every feminine wile to increase her power position. She's the independent, intellectual modern woman satirized by Strindberg (who also adored her). Catherine marries Jules, who can't hold her, and, in despair, he encourages Jim's interest in her—"that way, she'll still be *ours*." She insists on her freedom to leave men, but if they leave her (as Jim does) she is as devastated and as helpless as any clinging vine (perhaps *more* devastated—she can't even ask for sympathy). Elliptical, full of wit and radiance, this is the best movie ever made about what most of us think of as the Scott Fitzgerald period (though the film begins much earlier); Truffaut doesn't linger—nothing is held too long, nothing is overstated, or even *stated*. He explores the medium and plays with it. He overlaps scenes; uses fast cutting (in the manner of "Breathless") and leaping continuity (in the manner of "Zero for Conduct"); changes the size and shape of the images (as Griffith did); pauses for Jeanne Moreau to sing a song (Boris Bassiak's "Le Tourbillon"). Throughout, Georges Delerue's music is part of the atmosphere. Adapted by Truffaut and Jean Gruault from Henri-Pierre Roché's autobiographical novel; cinematography by Raoul Coutard. With Marie Dubois as Thérèse, who smokes like a steam engine, and Bassiak, as Albert. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 4-5.)

June Bride (1948)—One of those straining-to-be-bright forties comedies in which the supercompetent career woman (in this case Bette Davis, as the editor of a woman's magazine called *Home Life*) behaves like a prison matron and battles with a male (Robert Montgomery, as her assistant and former lover) before succumbing to him and giving up her job. In this one, the wrangling pair are covering a wedding in Indiana. Montgomery wears his hat brim turned up to show he's a reporter and keeps snapping off electric lights to put Davis in a soft, loving mood; one couldn't guess from this performance that a few years earlier he had been the best romantic comedian on the screen. One couldn't guess that Davis had much stature, either. The director, Bretaigne Windust, keeps the dialogue tight and stagy. With Fay Bainter, Betty Lynn, Jerome Cowan, Barbara Bates, Tom

Tully, and, in a small part, Debbie Reynolds. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 2.)

Kennel Murder Case (1933)—One of the pleasanter films in the series starring the suave comedian William Powell as S. S. Van Dine's detective Philo Vance. The plot involves some lively Scotties and a handsome Doberman, as well as that sinister figure the connoisseur of Oriental objects of art; in the thirties, Ming and murder always seemed to go together. Mary Astor, at an in-between stage in her career, has a conventional role that doesn't much suit her; however, most of the other players are cast so inevitably to type that the film is like a demonstration of the principles of running a stock company. The group includes snake-hipped Helen Vinson, wicked Jack La Rue, tedious Ralph Morgan, and Paul Cavanaugh, Etienne Girardot, Robert Barrat, Eugene Pallette, Frank Conroy, Arthur Hohl, Henry O'Neill, and Robert McWade. Directed by Michael Curtiz. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 4-5.)

The King and I (1956)—Dopey but musically invigorating film version of the dopey musical about a king of Siam and a prissy English widow who finds the number of his wives and children amazing. Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr play the dopes. The music is by Rodgers and Hammerstein, as if you didn't know. (Art; through Aug. 27.)

Life of Brian (1979)—And now for something completely Biblical, from the troupe who did "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975). Brian—played by the unhinged Graham Chapman—is an uncharismatic person who was born in Bethlehem and is unaccountably mistaken for the Messiah. The comic acting—by Chapman and by John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin as centurions, members of the People's Liberation Front of Judea, rambling prophets, listeners who cannot quite hear the Sermon on the Mount, etc.—is superb, as always. But the movie will seem a bit oversustained if you like the Python TV shows for their libertine discontinuities and perverse sense of scale. Written by the whole troupe, in Python style—intellectual but not above a blind-man sight gag. Directed by Terry Jones. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 5.)

A Little Romance (1979)—A very, very little film about very, very little people (played by Diane Lane and Thelonious Bernard), enacting a latter-day Romeo and Juliet, to whom they are poetically knee-high. Arthur Hill plays a wise-looking mogul, with not many wise lines to say; Laurence Olivier lightens the general mediocrity with a performance as a debonair and blithe Frenchman who befriends the children. One might almost be watching him in Restoration comedy; he saves his part with the peculiar daintiness that he brings to mischievously trivial roles. Directed by George Roy Hill. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 31.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner (1942)—In the thirties, the unctuous, sentimental Alexander Woollcott was loved by millions of radio listeners; Woollcott the outrageous master of euphonious insults was loved and hated by a small circle. Two members of this circle, George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, made him the hero and the target of their 1939 Broadway hit—a cheerful spoof on celebrity in that period. In this film version, the devastatingly adroit Monty Woolley (a former professor of drama at Yale) plays the arrogant, infantile Sheridan Whiteside, who goes on a lecture tour and breaks his hip while attending a dinner in his honor at the home of solid, boring fans. Stuck in that home until his hip mends, he takes it over and orders the adoring residents around. Woolley has a wonderful way of looking at these hick fans with compassionate contempt—he feels sorry for them because they're too obtuse to appreciate how brilliant he is. The play, however, was built on topical jokes and a series of vaudeville turns, and in this version the jokes are flat and the turns seemed forced and not very funny. With Bette Davis as Whiteside's secretary, Reginald Gardiner impersonating Noël Coward, Jimmy Durante in the role based on Harpo Marx, Ann Sheridan as the sexpot actress, and Billie Burke, Richard Travis, George Barbier, and Grant Mitchell. Directed by William Keighley; the script, by the Epstein brothers, changed only a few lines. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 30.)

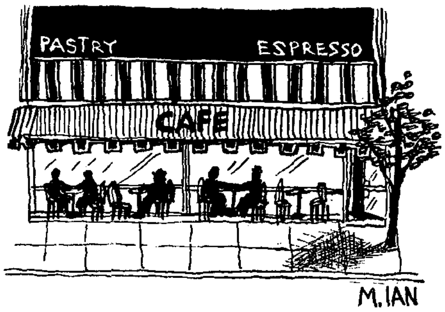
Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as Joe Buck, the cowboy, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo—two lost, lonely men who find friendship. The John Schlesinger film is a brutal, superficial satire of America, but the actors take hold of one's emotions and one's imagination. From James Leo Herlihy's novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 31.)

The Navigator (1924)—Arguably, Keaton's finest—but amongst the Keaton riches can one be sure? What isn't subject to debate is that this movie about a useless young millionaire (Keaton) who can't even shave himself, and his rich, dizzy girlfriend (Kathryn McGuire) adrift on an enormous, deserted ocean liner without lights or steam is one of the greatest comedies ever made. It was also his biggest box-office success. Keaton and Donald Crisp directed. According to Keaton, Crisp was to take care of the dramatic scenes but lost interest in them and "turned into a gagman. Well, that we didn't want, but we did manage to pull the picture through." Noble Johnson plays the cannibal chief; Crisp's face appears at a porthole in a portrait that petrifies the hero. (Lincoln Plaza; Sept. 2-5.)

New York, New York (1977)—An honest failure. This United Artists big-budget musical film, directed by Martin Scorsese, suffers from too many conflicting intentions. Scorsese works within the artifices of forties movie-musical romances and stylizes the sets in order to emphasize the shot-on-a-soundstage look. Evoking the movie past, he's trying to get at the dark side that was left out of the old cliché plots. But the improvisational, Cassavetes-like psychodrama that develops between the stars (Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli) seems hollow and makes us uneasy, and sequences go on covering the same uncertain ground. De Niro plays a restless hipster, a tenor-sax player who's frustrated in the big-band era—he's already into the progressive bop that's not yet accepted. Minnelli is a big-band singer who becomes popular with a wide audience through records and in musical movies. The story is about their meeting at a VJ Day celebration, their marriage, its dissolution, and their diverging musical paths. With Diahnne Abbot as the Harlem Club singer, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, Mary Kay Place, Lenny Gaines, George Memmoli, and George Auld, who gives a good, sour performance as the jaundiced bandleader and also dubs De Niro's sax. In addition to some mellow big-band standards, there are new songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb. The screenplay started with Earl Mac Rauch, then Mardik Martin, the cast, and others worked on it. The cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs; Irving Lerner and Marcia Lucas were the editors. (The film is dedicated to Lerner, who died during the final editing stages.) (Quad Cinema.)

The Night Porter (1974)—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s.-m. Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something important is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (Sutton.)

Pal Joey (1957)—Blighted Hollywoodization of the musical by John O'Hara, Richard Rodgers, and Lorenz Hart, with the score purified along with Joey's character. The heel-hero has been changed from a hoofer to a crooner—in line with the talents of Frank Sinatra. His singing helps things along, and he also does the only acting, though Kim Novak's vacuity is rather touching and is certainly not as laborious as Rita Hayworth's misconceived performance. This sad botch was directed by George Sidney. (Art; through Aug. 27.)



The Petrified Forest (1936)—Leslie Howard is all forehead as a world-weary, desiccated intellectual who arrives on foot at a gas station and Bar-B-Q in the Arizona desert; Bette Davis is an ardent, fresh American girl, eager for experience, who lives there with her grandfather (Charley Grapewin). For a guy who's supposed to be burnt out, Howard sure has a lot of talk in him, and it's fancy and poetic as all getout. ("All this evening I've had the feeling of destiny closing in," and so on.) There's no way to say this stuff without sounding affected, and every now and then Howard hits really embarrassing false notes—but who else could embody this Robert E. Sherwood literary conceit and do it as well? Davis, surprisingly, plays her part very simply and doesn't overdo it. In a jumper with a white blouse, wearing bobbysox and a ribbon in her hair, she's very appealing, and she says her lines as if for the first time—she's almost the only one in the cast (except for Grapewin) who does. The movie is famous for Humphrey Bogart's "dangerous" performance as Duke Mantee, the gangster who is using the Bar-B-Q to rendezvous with his moll and the members of his mob, and who, out of mercy, gives the exhausted, idealistic intellectual the peace of death that he seeks. Bogart does look great, but you feel that his performance was worked out for the stage (he had played the part on Broadway). His moves are almost stylized from repetition, and he gives some of his lines overstated, overscaled readings—particularly his laugh lines, when this public enemy expresses conventional moral sentiments by reprimanding the intellectual for talking to an old man without sufficient respect. As moviemaking, this is a pedestrian piece of work; the director, Archie Mayo, gives you the feeling that he has even retained the stage blocking. Every move seems rehearsed, and the Sherwood play loses its stage vitality without losing its talkiness. But the actors in minor roles are a considerable asset, and there's a tense exchange between a black mobster and a black chauffeur. The cast includes Genevieve Tobin, Joe Sawyer, Porter Hall, Dick Foran, Slim Thompson, Eddie Acuff, Paul Harvey, John Alexander, Adrian Morris, and Nina Campana. Adapted by Charles Kenyon and Delmer Daves. This melodrama spawned a whole genre of imitations (such as "When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder") and was also remade in 1945 as "Escape in the Desert." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 30.)

Prince of the City—Treat Williams has a very closed face—the kind of opaque face that is like a brick wall in front of the camera. And that may be why Williams, as a New York police officer who agrees to be wired and to obtain evidence about corruption in his unit, plays each scene as an acting exercise—going through so much teary, spiritual agony that you want to throw something at him. He acts all over the place, yet the movie—two hours and forty-seven minutes of pseudodocumentary seriousness—is so poorly structured that you keep wondering what's going on and why he has agreed to inform on his friends. Things don't begin to come together until you're heading into the third hour, when the cross suspended from Williams' neck lights up, like a balloon above his head, announcing "Penance! Absolution!" There's one remarkable performance, mostly in the last section: Jerry Orbach, as the tough-minded cop Gus Levy, acts with such sureness and economy that while Williams is flailing about, Orbach magnetizes the camera. Directed by Sidney Lumet, the film has a superrealistic over-all gloom, and the people are so "ethnic" and yell so much that you begin to long for the sight of a cool blonde in bright sunshine. Lumet and Jay Presson Allen wrote the screenplay, based on the book by Robert Daley about the New York City police officer Bob Leuci. With Lindsay Crouse, who's stuck with one of those speeches about how we're all guilty, Bob Balaban, and Ron Maccone, as Nick. The cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak; the music, by Paul Chihara, suggests an existentialist fugue by Schubert. (Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about

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the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Art; Aug. 28-29.)

S.O.B.—A sour mixture of slapstick, cynicism, and sentimentality. Robert Preston covers his thick head of graying hair with glory in the role of a hearty, imperturbable Dr. Feelgood, who gives all-purpose injections; Larry Storch has a bright scene as a guru; and Robert Mulligan is involved in a few funny sight gags as a producer who cracks up after his hugely expensive film starring his wife (Julie Andrews) opens and closes practically simultaneously. Blake Edwards wrote and directed this broadside against Hollywood, which is acknowledged to be based on his own experiences when his picture "Darling Lili" was a colossal flop. With Shelley Winters, With William Holden, Marisa Berenson, Larry Hagman, Stuart Margolin, Robert Loggia, Loretta Swit, Benson Fong, Robert Vaughn, Robert Webber, and John Pleshette, and the director's daughter, Jennifer Edwards, as Lila. (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Festival; through Aug. 27. No 8 P.M. performances on Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 26-27. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Sept. 3.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—A comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent, though always on the brink of really disastrous double-entendre. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the musicians who witness the St. Valentine's Day Massacre and then hide out from the mobsters by disguising themselves as women and joining an all-girl band. Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. Curtis demonstrates a parodistic gift with an imitation of Cary Grant (which he went on doing for years afterward), and Lemmon is demoniacally funny—he really gives in to women's clothes, and begins to think of himself as a sexy girl. Monroe gives perhaps her most characteristic performance, which means that she's both charming and embarrassing; Brown is inspired, the way he was years before in Max Reinhardt's movie of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," when he made some of us weep from laughter. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, Nehemiah Persoff, Mike Mazurki, Tom Kennedy, George E. Stone, and, on the sound track, Matty Malneck's orchestra, with Art Pepper, Shelly Manne, Barney Kessel, and Leroy Vinegar. Directed (unevenly) by Billy Wilder, who also collaborated on the screenplay with I. A. L. Diamond. For collectors of useless movie memorabilia: in one of the earlier versions of this material, a German musical film, the orchestra girls were called The Alpine Violets. (Regency; Sept. 2-5.)

Song of the South (1946)—Musical version of Joel Chandler Harris's stories—sentimental, and offensive to some, but often effective. From the Disney studios, and employing both animation and live actors (James Baskette, Hattie McDaniel, Bobby Driscoll, Lucille Watson, Ruth Warrick, Luana Patten). (Guild; starting Aug. 28.)

Steamboat Bill, Jr. (1927)—One of the least known of the Buster Keaton features, yet it possibly ranks right at the top. It is certainly the most bizarrely Freudian of his adventures, dealing with a tiny son's attempt to prove himself to his huge, burly, rejecting father. Ernest Torrence is the father—a tough Mississippi-steamboat captain, who does not conceal his disgust when Junior (Keaton) arrives to join him, nattily dressed in bell-bottoms, a polka-dot tie, and a beret. When the father is in jail, Keaton tries to hand him a gigantic loaf of bread containing tools for breaking out, but the father doesn't understand what's in it and refuses the bread; Keaton mutters, "My father's ashamed of my baking." The film features a memorable comic cyclone and a peerless (and much imitated) sequence in which Keaton tries on hats and changes personality with each, becoming a series of movie stars of the period. Directed by Charles Riesner. (Lincoln Plaza; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Thalia; Aug. 31.)

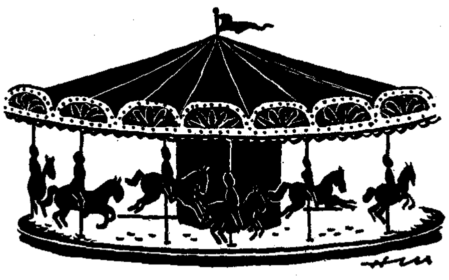
Stripes—Bill Murray as a wreck of a hipster who has screwed up his life and is in terrible physical condition. Having nothing better to do, he enlists in the Army to get back in shape, and he cons his buddy, played by Harold Ramis, into joining up, too. The picture is just a flimsy, thrown-together service comedy about smart misfits trying to do things their own way in the Army. But it has a lot of snappy lines (the script is by Len Blum, Dan Goldberg, and Ramis), the director, Ivan Reitman, keeps things hopping (it's untidy but it doesn't lag), and the performers are a wily bunch of professional flakes. With John Candy (the big-blob charmer from the Second City revue), Warren Oates as the drill sergeant, Sean Young, and P. J. Soles. (7/13/81) (Embassy.)

Summer Holiday (1948)—Rouben Mamoulian directed this essentially ghastly musical version of "Ah Wilderness!," Eugene O'Neill's nostalgic comedy about adolescence, set in a small town at the turn of the century. The play unfortunately lends itself to the whole-some-Americana-good-clean-dances approach. Mamoulian has a heavy touch, and perhaps because of that Mickey Rooney, in the lead, mugs offensively. The cast includes Walter Huston, Gloria De Haven, Agnes Moorehead, Marilyn Maxwell, Frank Morgan, Selena Royle, Anne Francis, Virginia Brissac, and Butch Jenkins, in the role Rooney had played in the 1935 "Ah Wilderness!" The disastrous script was adapted from the 1935 script by Irving Brecher and Jean Holloway; the undistinguished music is by Harry Warren. Shot in 1946, this film spent a couple of years in the editing room and on the shelf. (Art; Sept. 1-2.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 31.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A moist, romantic pastiche about a brain-damaged young man (Hardy Krüger) and a girl of twelve (Patricia Gozzi, who has the eyes of a Keane painting). Directed by Serge Bourguignon. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 31.)

Superman II—It has charm and a lot of entertaining kinkiness, too. Richard Lester, who directed this sequel to "Superman," brings it one light touch after another, and pretty soon the movie has a real spirit—what you wished the first had had. Christopher Reeve, who brings emotional depth to Superman, has become a smoothie; his transitions from Clark Kent to Superman and back are now polished comedy routines. Gene Hackman gives a juicy performance as the bald, shyster clown Lex Luthor, who tries to make a deal with the three arch-fiend Kryptonians in their black high-punk jumpsuits—Terence Stamp as General Zod, Jack O'Halloran as Non, and Sarah Douglas as the sadistic tease Ursa. With Margot Kidder as Lois Lane. (7/13/81) (Murray Hill, Manhattan, and R.K.O. Cinerama. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Sept. 3.)

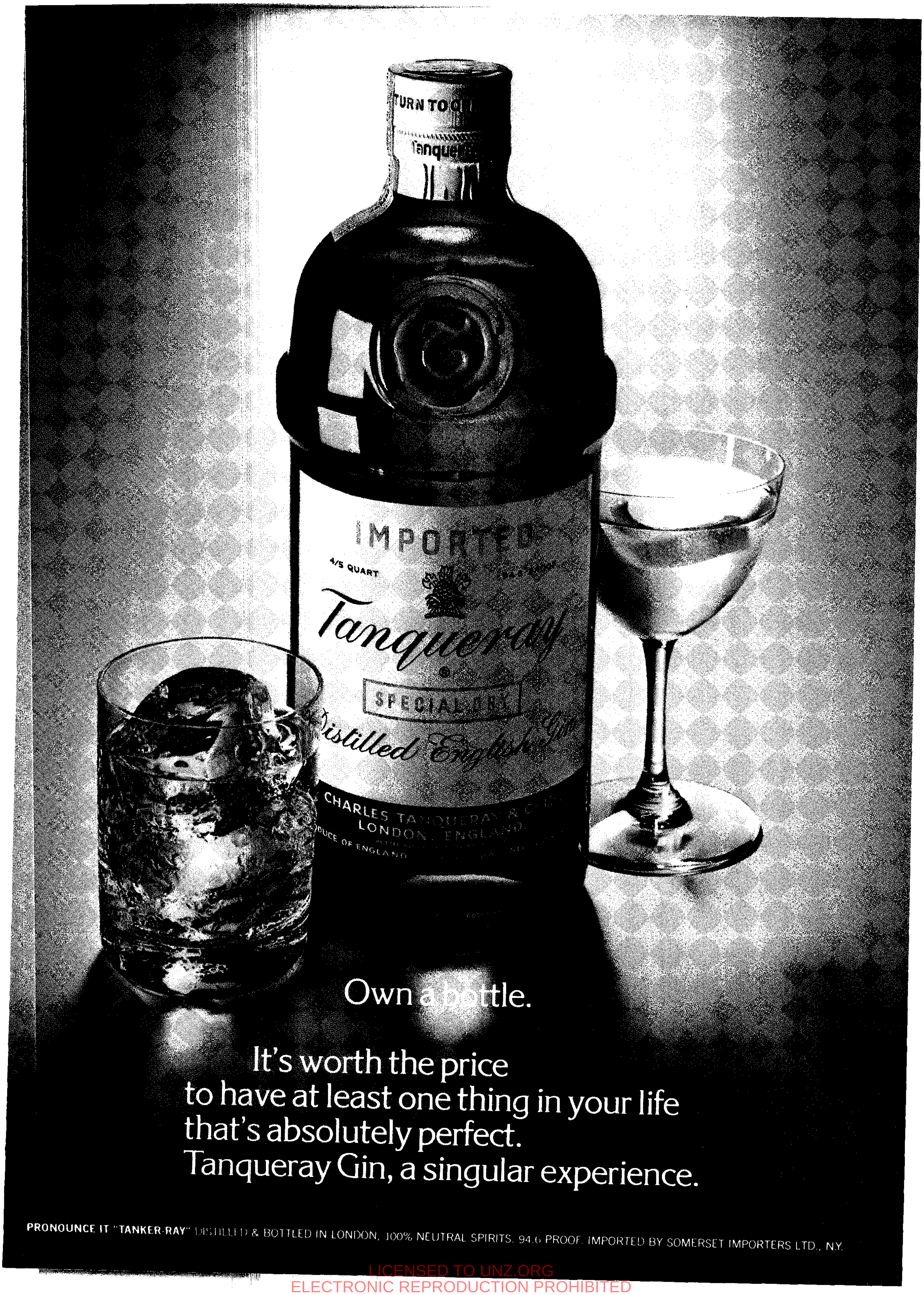


Tristana (1970)—Luis Buñuel's study of a Spanish grandee who is the guardian of a ward played by Catherine Deneuve. Her chill beauty is used by Buñuel to add to the mood of the story, which is like the damp air of the crypt. The film is rich in physical detail and, in Buñuel's special sort of Surrealism, bold and witty. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 4.)

Willie & Phil—Writer-director Paul Mazursky's homage to "Jules and Jim" is also an overview of the psychosocial fashions of the seventies, but there's no texture to the lives of the characters. We have no idea why Willie, a high-school teacher (Michael Ontkean), and Phil, a go-getting fashion photographer (Ray Sharkey), who meet at a revival showing of "Jules and Jim" in Greenwich Village, become inseparable friends, or why they both fall in love with Jeannette (Margot Kidder), rather than with any other stray pretty girl in Washington Square. Jeannette doesn't live up to what Willie and Phil say about her, and they don't live up to what the narrator (Mazursky) says about them. In Mazursky's best films, everyone is satirized, and the characters' foolishness makes them more likable. Mazursky brings people to life only when he makes fun of them. But he presents everything that Jeannette does at face value, and, having held back his feelings about her (or not having sorted them out), he muffles his satiric feelings about the men and the triangular situation. The whole movie becomes neutral. These three are so burdened by what Mazursky thinks they should be that they have none of the spontaneity of the people in "Jules and Jim." Apparently looking for an escape from his principal characters, Mazursky drags in ethnic humor and never lets up on it—Willie's Jewish parents, Phil's Italian-Catholic parents, and Jeannette's Protestant mother in Kentucky. The liveliest, funniest performance—it's just a small one—is by Kaki Hunter as Jeannette's cutie younger sister. With Helen Hanft as a used-car saleswoman, Julie Bovasso as Phil's mother, Jan Miner as Willie's mother, Kathleen Maguire as Jeannette's mother, Laurence Fishburne III as the student who recites "To Be or Not to Be," and Kristine DeBell as Rena. (9/1/80) (Thalia; Sept. 4-5.)

Wonder Bar (1934)—A huge Warner Brothers musical with Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, and everybody else on the lot. Busby Berkeley did the choreography, and Harry Warren and Al Dubin wrote the songs, which include "Why Do I Dream Those Dreams?" and "Going to Heaven on a Mule." (Art; Sept. 3.)

Zorro, the Gay Blade—A wonderful giddy farce. If you could combine the screen images of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and Peter Sellers, the result might be pretty close to the slinky, self-mocking George Hamilton as Zorro. This gleaming-eyed Zorro, with his idiotic leering grin and his idiosyncratic Spanish accent, and Paco (Donovan Scott), his plump, Teddy-bear servant, set out to help the people of old Los Angeles, who are being taxed to death by the villainous Esteban (that actory actor Ron Leibman, sporting a thick head of hair and a full beard, and giving a rambunctious, likable performance). Directed by Peter Medak, from Hal Dresner's script, this is the kind of farce at which you laugh so hard that when something misfires it's just a little rest. With Brenda Vaccaro (doing a Madeline Kahn), Lauren Hutton, James Booth, and Clive Revill. (7/27/81) (Gotham Cinema; through Aug. 27.)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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

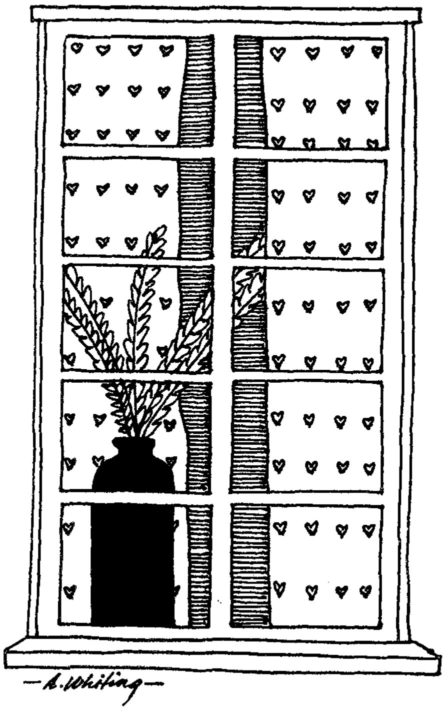
Notes and Comment

A FRIEND who lives in lower Manhattan writes:

I woke up an hour before dawn last Monday. The weather had turned. A brisk wind had blown during most of the night, and when the sun rose the damp orange haze that had been hanging around for weeks was gone. As the dawn came on, I went outdoors. The air was silver and cooling, the way it gets these days in upper New England. The sky slipped from pearl to purple-gray to a rare glassy blue. The blue took hold and brightened. In midmorning, I happened to be in a tall building overlooking the East River. Actually, I didn't just happen to be there; it was a hospital, and my wife was giving birth to our first child, our son. The instant that he was born, I looked out a large window, which had a view to the north and the east. On the river: a tug and a tanker together, going north; a tanker alone, heading south. The river itself: hustling, deep green, some of the blue from the sky. Background: the Queensboro Bridge, three red-and-white smokestacks, a highway, high-speed everything. From a heliport at the riverside, a chrome-red copter leapt into the air. No clouds. For an eternal moment: dazzling clarity.

AND a friend who lives in the country writes:

Stapled to telephone poles near salt marshes and beaches in Connecticut are white posters—usually wind-torn and tattered by this time in August—that say "DANGER! TAKING OF OYSTERS, CLAMS AND MUSSELS PROHIBITED." The posters explain that "the following described area has been surveyed and does not meet standards of purity." Each of these posters identifies the nearest impure area, which in my neighborhood turns out to be "that area enclosed by a straight line extending from Joshua Point . . . in a southwesterly direction to the bell buoy at Goose Rock Shoals, then in an easterly direction to the buoy at Chimney Corner Reef, then in a northeasterly direction to the bell buoy at Half Acre Rock, thence in a northerly direction to Hogshead Point." When I go to the beach, I pass several of these broadsides, and they're a welcome sight. For one thing, they're handsome: they look like "WANTED" posters from Dodge City. In addition, it's refreshing to be given directions that specify rocks, shoals, and bell buoys instead of stoplights, Exxon stations, and Burger Kings. Furthermore, the message is straightforward: "DANGER" is printed in bold, black, alarming three-inch type with an exclamation point. "PROHIBITED" is equally vivid. You know where you stand. (None of that tentative "may be hazardous to your health" nonsense. Presumably, there is no powerful bivalve lobby in Hartford.) Finally, there is the good news. "NO SANITARY HAZARD TO BATHING," the posters say; and they say it in smaller type, but good news is almost always in smaller type, anyway. "No sanitary hazard to bathing!" is a perfectly good thing to yell as one bounds across the hot sand and dives into the cool, delightful, impure water.



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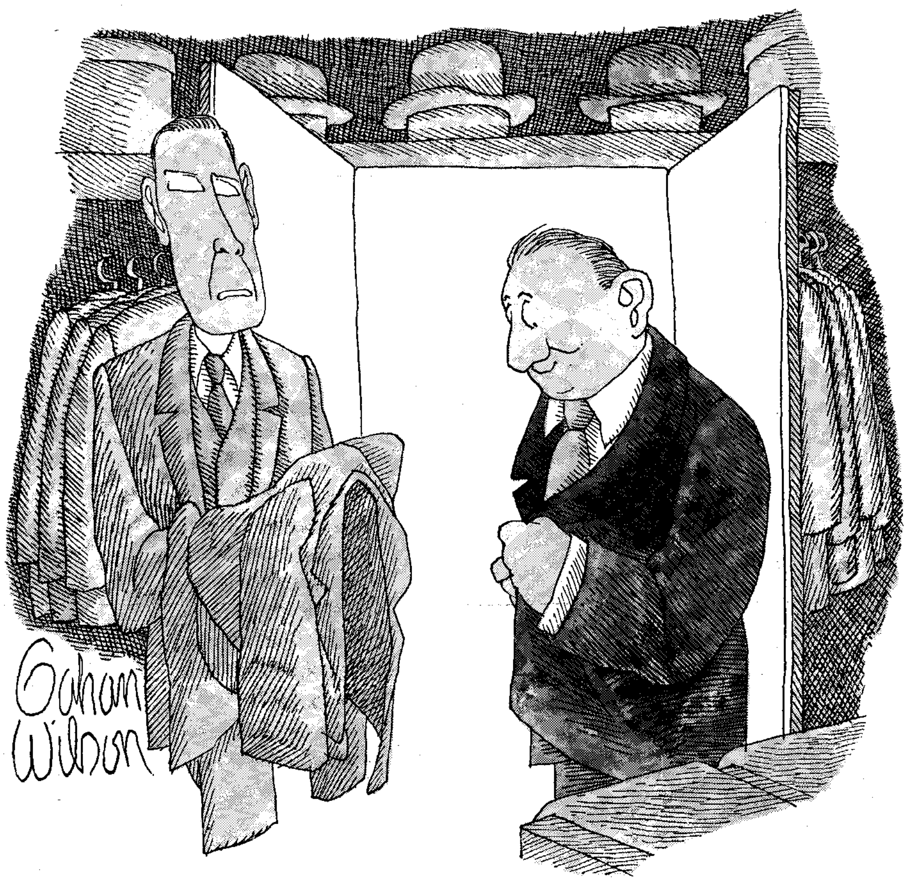
Time Running Out

A VOLUMINOUS and much heralded report on South Africa and the relationship of that troubled and troubling land to the United States—a five-hundred-and-forty-nine-page book entitled "South Africa: Time Running Out"—has recently been issued by a nongovernmental group called the Study Commission on U.S. Policy Toward Southern Africa. The Commission has recommended, *inter alia*, that our government try to persuade the South African government to share political power with its non-white population; that we back groups over there working for political and social change; and that we increase our stockpiles of critical minerals imported from South Africa, so that the United States can become less dependent than it now is on that source.

Right after the report came out, we paid a call on the Commission's chairman, Franklin A. Thomas, over at the Ford Foundation, of which he's been president since early 1979. "I first visited South Africa five years ago," Mr. Thomas said. "I went over there with Vernon Jordan after the Soweto riots. Once you've been to that country, you can't shake it out of your mind. It both repels you and fascinates you. But I had no further direct involvement with it until August, 1977. I was practicing law then, and running the John Hay Whitney Foundation. Dr. John Knowles, the president of the Rockefeller Foundation, asked me to stop by. He said he and his trustees wanted to know what I thought about the idea of their sponsoring an in-depth look at the area. I didn't think the moment was auspicious—I was afraid any such project might prove counterproductive to what Andy Young was trying to accomplish at the United Nations—but that December, after further reflection, I agreed to undertake a feasibility study.

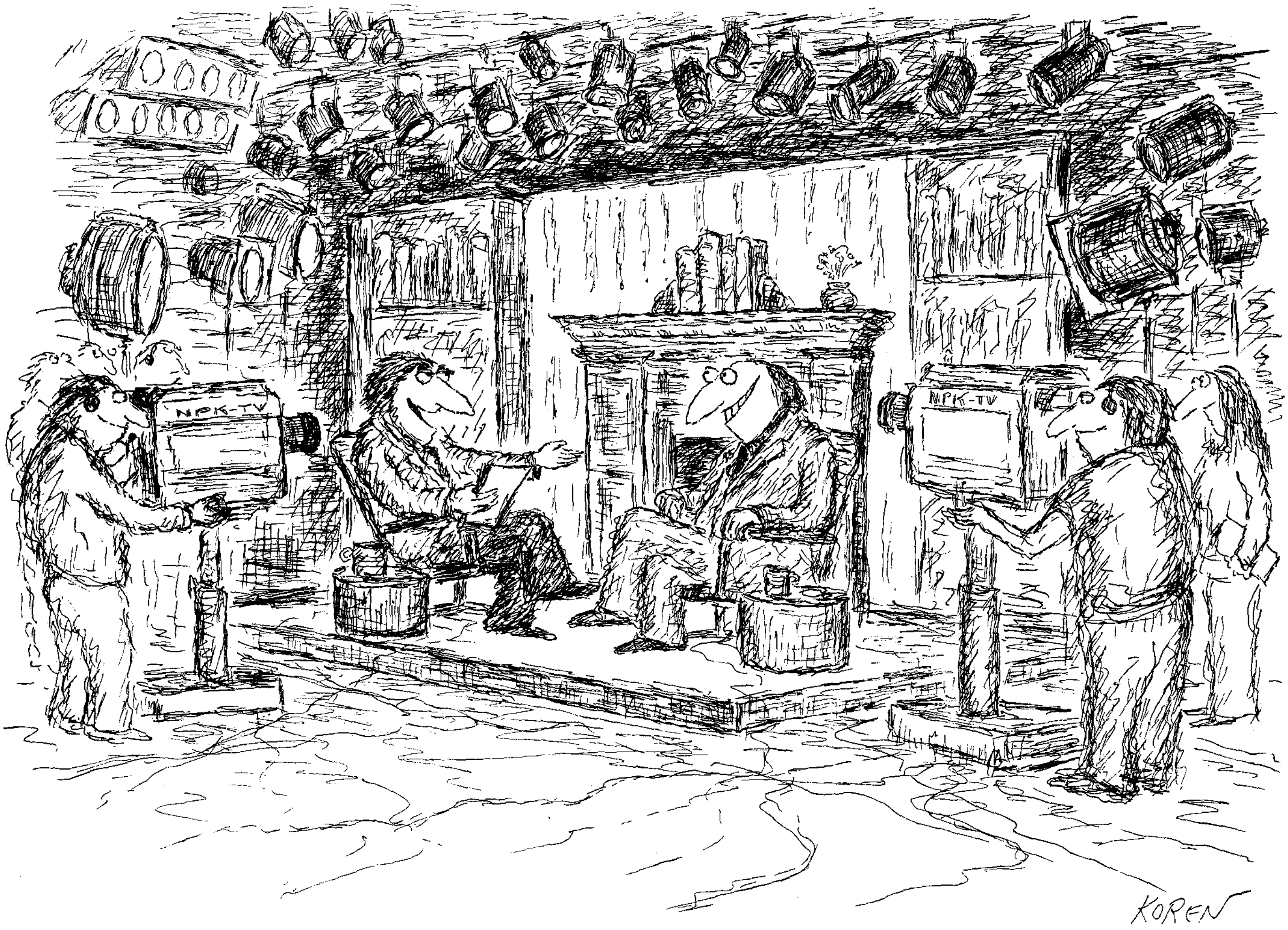
"The upshot was that by the end of the following year I'd concluded that the proposition had merit, provided the study was carried out by a commission wholly independent of, even if sustained by, the Rockefeller Foundation. The only inbuilt bias I could foresee on the part of the investigating group would be that apartheid is wrong, and constitutes a unique violation of human rights. But the members of the commission, I declared, would have to agree at the outset to cleanse their minds of what ought to be done about that. They would have to be sponges for at least a year of inquiry, trying to absorb all the relevant facts, and only after that should they begin to think in terms of policy recommendations. In December of 1978, the Rockefeller trustees gave me the go-ahead. I insisted, incidentally, that the two-million-dollar budget they authorized should include three hundred thousand dollars for disseminating our eventual report. I didn't want whatever we produced to wind up unnoticed and unread. I'm happy to be able to say that the other day I saw our book—the University of California Press has published it in both hard- and softcover—on a best-seller shelf at a Doubleday bookstore.

"Well, I thought we were all set that second December. Then, the very next month, the Ford Foundation offered me my present job. I explained to *its* trustees that I'd just made another serious commitment and would have to discuss my plans with the Rockefeller people. Dr. Knowles, who was very sick and was at the Massachusetts General Hospital, phoned and urged me to take on both responsibilities, and the Ford trustees concurred. So while I was getting settled here I went ahead and recruited eleven other commission members and organized a staff, and we got to work. I guess I've devoted about twenty-five per cent of my time to South Africa ever since. The Commission—along with eight of our staff—flew over there for two and a half weeks early in 1980, and we made a second trip, which lasted two weeks, toward the end of the year. We talked to Cabinet ministers and businessmen, to gold miners and black opposition leaders, to exiles in neighboring countries, and to just about anybody who seemed to have something worth listening to. We asked to go to Robben Island, off Cape Town, where Nelson Mandela, a leader of the African National Congress, has been imprisoned for so long, but we never got an answer from the government. There was no 'yes' and there was no 'no.' We asked to see Prime Minister P. W. Botha, too, but we got the same lack of response. We did get to talk with the other big Botha, Foreign Minister Pik. He spent five or six minutes telling us that he hadn't much wanted to meet us and didn't care what we ultimately said, because he knew in advance what that would be. Then for an hour and a half he made an impassioned speech indicating how deeply he cared."



"Will you be taking the suit you came in with, sir, or shall I have it destroyed?"

Mr. Thomas, a onetime basketball star at Columbia, later a New York City deputy police commissioner, and for a decade president of the Bedford Stuyvesant Restoration Corporation, is black, but he said he didn't think that had particularly affected his reception in South Africa. "There were no obvious problems insofar as where we went or what we saw, but the fact that we were an integrated group must have had some impact on the Afrikaners we met," he said. "They must have been aware that our physical appearance was a demonstration of what has been done in the United States—pointing out to them what is, of course, the core of their own problem. We came away with a clear sense that, despite all the rhetoric to the contrary, all sides in South Africa are concerned about what the United States thinks of them. It was eye-opening to most of us, moreover, to discover that the



"Bob, we've asked you to join us today because you have no personality, no ideas, and you're a bit of a wimp."

• •

Africans and the Afrikaners, by and large, regard each other as legitimate residents of the region. They both said that their problem was how to live together and share power. Related to that is the awareness of many Afrikaners that they fought a war of liberation from the British at the turn of the century, that they were second-class citizens in their country until they took over the government, in 1948, and that even today, although they control the government, they control only about one-third of the economy. They are also aware that their current apartheid policy can't ever win acceptance from the rest of the world, and won't work much longer internally, either. But when it comes to the crux of the matter—genuine political power sharing—the Afrikaners are frightened of the concept of one man, one vote. They see their opposition to that concept as non-negotiable. At the same time, the Africans—who are the majority—want *some* political power. That is *their* non-negotiable. Somewhere between those two non-negotiables is where the debate will have to take place in the next few years. The alternatives, as our group came to see them, are not either slow, gradual, peaceful change or violent revolution; they are slow, sporadically violent, evolutionary change or slow descent into civil war. Of these last two, the first seems to us infinitely preferable; the second would, among other things, lead to a divisive debate here on an appropriate response, which would have racial overtones that could not help eroding our perception of a functioning integrated society. We've sent copies of our report to the White House and every member of Congress; to every Ambassador to the United States and the United Nations; to most businessmen with South African connections; and to just about everybody else worried about the situation over there. I hope that the book will influence United States policy in terms of giving our government a better understanding of what are our appropriate interests and objectives vis-à-vis South Africa. I think we may have some effect."

We asked Mr. Thomas if he expects to go back to South Africa soon again.

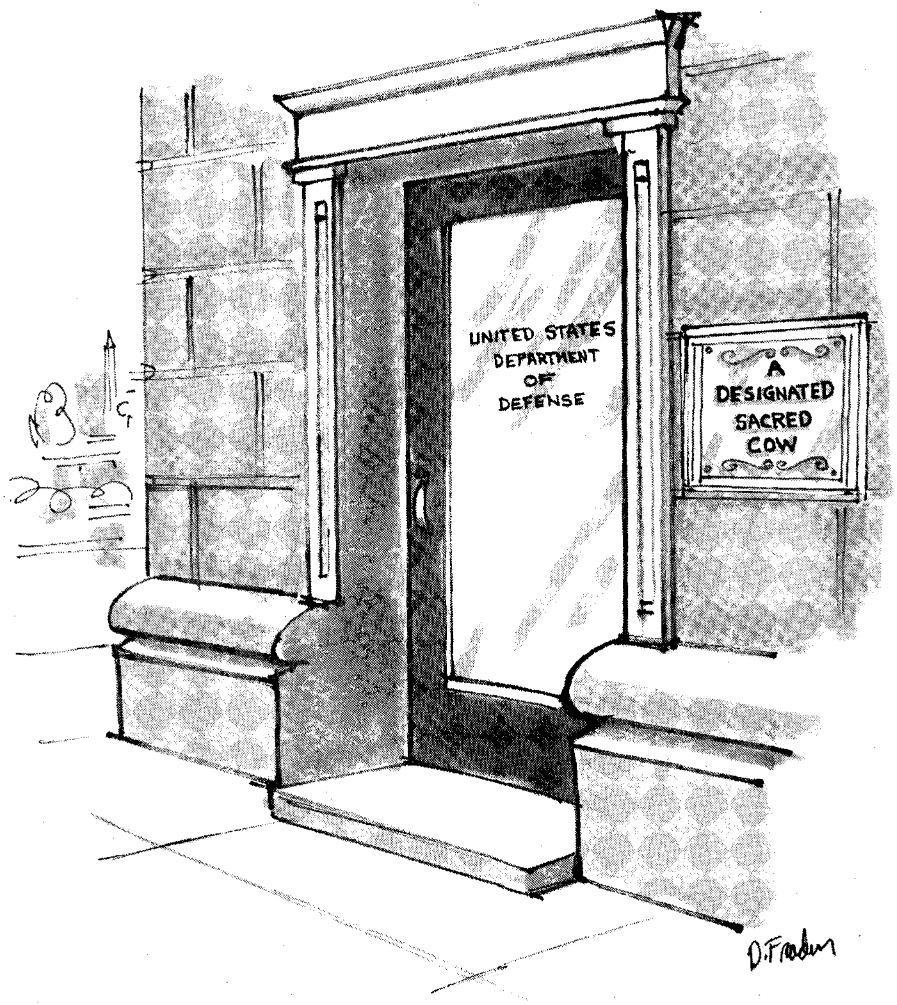
"I'd really like to," he said, "but I don't know if they'll let me in."

Tunnel

WESTWAY may be a question mark, the Brooklyn Bridge may be in dangerous shape, the East River Drive may be caving in from time to time, but the new Danskin-Eton's Luggage Tunnel on the east side of Sixth Avenue just north of Forty-second Street is doing very well, funnelling—one recent morning, for example—fifty-one fast-paced pedestrians between 8:26 A.M. and 8:27 A.M. (The volume goes up sharply when a subway train arrives down below, and its passengers emerge from the subway entrance around the corner.) The Danskin is toll-free and temporary, twenty yards long and six feet wide, and it forms a shallow U to make room for a construction hoist that goes up fifteen stories, to the roof of 55 West Forty-second Street, a doomed office building that once housed, on the street level, a Danskin store, an Eton's Luggage, an ice-cream place, a health-food store, and an entrance to the IND subway, among other things. "We're taking everything out of the building except the steel and the floors," said a tall, genial carpenter who was standing near the Tunnel. He gestured upward with a folding rule. "Then we'll rebuild," he added. He had a wise Irish face and a bit of an accent. Most of the people passing through the Tunnel seemed oblivious to its many interesting features: the blue plywood walls with the large, dramatic, hand-drawn white arrows and "WET PAINT," and the pasted-up ads for Yoga, the Ramones, the Peppermint Lounge, and "LEARN A JOB SKILL," as well as one small graffito ("Chris 217"); sections of metal caging (protecting a couple of fuse boxes); a bit of brown game-room panelling with simulated wood grain; the corrugated metal roof at the north and south entrances (giving way to heavy wooden planks in the central portion); and the variegated pavement that includes Standard Sidewalk, hand-laid ceramic tile, wide wooden boards, narrow wooden boards, linoleum tile, and some dabs of macadam. "Those plywood walls are what I call Fuller blue," the carpenter told us. "That's what the Fuller construction company often paints their stuff." We asked him his opinion of the Tunnel. He studied it for a moment. "As these things go," he said thoughtfully, "I'd call it straightforward."

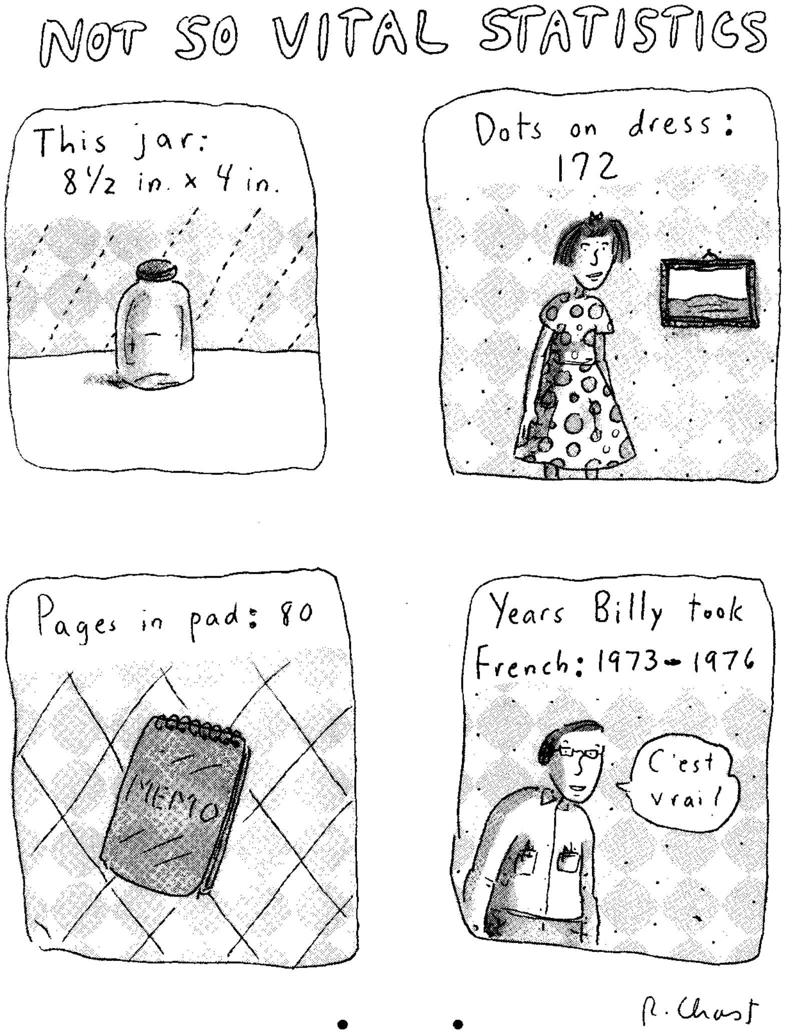
Building Boats

WE were in South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, last week, and early one morning we went to visit Leo Telesmanick, who for the last fifty-one years has been building small, gaff-rigged sailboats known as Beetle Cats. The Beetle, as it's called, is an unfashionably plain, boxy little boat—it's almost dowdy, in fact—that has nevertheless proved over the years to be remarkably durable and popular. It's also, in this age of fibre glass, one of the very few small boats that are still built of wood. So it seemed only fitting that when we found Mr. Telesmanick, outside the Beetle boat works, on Smith Neck, he was busy opening a shed stacked high with lumber. The sweet smell of pine and cedar hung lightly on the air.


UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE
A DESIGNATED SACRED COW
D. Fradon

Mr. Telesmanick is a spare, reserved man of medium height, with forceful eyes, fine white hair, and a trim white mustache. He looks like the senior partner in an old Yankee law firm. He was wearing khaki pants, a striped cotton shirt, and a long-billed fisherman's cap, and he spoke briskly—in a broad New England accent—but carefully, pausing every now and then as if to examine a word for flaws. "Well, here's the raw material," he said after greeting us. "We air-dry all our own wood. Cedar for the planking, Douglas fir for the spars, oak for the transom. The frame stock is native oak, and it doesn't have to dry as much, because it gets steamed before we bend it. White oak or yellow-bark oak for the coaming. The white oak is a little better, but it's harder to get. It's harder and harder to get good material now. We have to do more drying than we used to, and more milling—because we can't get the proper sizes. And there's an awful lot of waste. When a lumberyard cuts up a log now, they expect you to take the whole thing, but a lot of it may not be usable."

Mr. Telesmanick took us into the shop, where he works with three assistants. It's long, narrow, and surprisingly austere, with none of the cheerful clutter one associates with boatbuilding: no pinups on the walls, no shavings curled on the floor. There's a wooden desk at one end—where Mr. Telesmanick does his paperwork—and at the other are milling and planing saws. Wooden patterns and templates are hung on one wall, and on the opposite side a small hatch opens to a steam box, used to make wood pliable. In the center of the floor there's an intricate, lattice-like construction of worn gray wood which suggests either the thorax of some giant insect or else the wreck of a boat turning slowly into driftwood.



"That's the framing mold," Mr. Telesmanick explained. "We built that in 1947, and I hate to think how much time it's saved. We build the boats upside down now, instead of right side up, and it makes things much simpler. The frames are steamed and bent directly over the mold, and then the planking goes over the frames, starting at the keel and working down. That way, every hull is exactly the same, which is more efficient, and also more democratic when it comes to racing. We build forty or forty-five a year, and it's been that figure all along, except for the hurricane year—1954, I guess it was—when we must have built close to a hundred. I had extra help then, because a lot of people had lost their boats and needed them replaced. The demand has always been there, but I'd say that they may be even more popular now than they were a few years ago. People seem to be coming back to the wood hull. They like good workmanship, I guess, or maybe they just like the warmth of wood."

We asked Mr. Telesmanick how he had got started building Beetles, and he frowned for an instant—as if to say that he would rather talk about his boats than about himself. Then he explained that as a junior-high-school student in New Bedford he had liked to hang around a boatyard owned by John Beetle and his family. The Beetles were famous builders of whaleboats, but in 1920, with the whaling industry in decline, they had begun to make a small recreational sailboat, the Beetle Cat, which was modelled after some larger fishing boats of the late nineteenth century. The Beetle family took a liking to him, Mr. Telesmanick went on, and in 1930, when he was fifteen, they hired him as an apprentice. In 1936, he was made foreman in charge of Beetle production, and in 1946, when the Beetles sold the rights to the boat to the Concordia Company—another well-known boatyard, in nearby South Dartmouth—Mr. Telesmanick went with it, and he has been head of Concordia's Beetle Cat division ever since. He lives now with his wife, Alma, in a small gray shingled house about a hundred yards away from the shop.

Mr. Telesmanick frowned again when we asked him whether, after all these years, he ever thought of retiring. "Let's just say I'm taking it day by day," he said with a trace of impatience. "I'll work on these boats as long as I'm able." After a pause, he added that it was difficult to find young people who seemed committed to boatbuilding. "I've had some young fellows who stay a year or two and then go on to something better," he said. "No, not better, but to greener fields, let's say. Today, anyone can take a hammer, a saw, and a square and call himself a carpenter, and 'carpentry' pays pretty well. Boatbuilding just hasn't kept up. You can't learn it in a year or two or three, either, and I think that discourages young people. It's not like learning to drive a car. When I started, my job was chopping wood and looking after the boiler. It was three years before they even let me touch a boat, and then I had to beg."

Mr. Telesmanick excused himself to answer the phone—it turned out to be a man who wanted to order an additional bow chock for his Beetle—and after he came back he said, "I sometimes think people today are more demanding than I was. They want new cars and so on. In my day, we didn't have all that stuff, and so it took less to satisfy us, I guess. For me, building these boats has always been more than just a living. It's demanding—or maybe *I'm* demanding; I expect perfection, and I get it from my workers—but it's just something I like doing. Every evening when I leave here, I have my work for the next day all planned out. What more can you ask than that? And then there's the customers—we have wonderful customers, like that man I was just talking to. We're in the third generation now. I get a lot of joy from seeing the children of fathers I sold boats to now buying boats for their own kids. Or maybe they're still sailing the same boat. We have some forty, forty-five years old, at least, and they're still as good as ever."

Nearby were a couple of brand-new boats, with gleaming white hulls and bright bronze fittings, awaiting delivery. Away from the water like that, they looked both out of place and surprisingly graceful. We were struck by the delicate little hollow formed where forefoot met sides and bottom, and we couldn't resist running our hand along a gunwale, following the gentle arc of the sheer line. We looked over at Mr. Telesmanick, to see if he minded, but he nodded approvingly.

AMERICAN LIGHT

"BUT our vintner recommends it," Martha says, placing the Gallo on the kitchen table with exaggerated care.

"All right," Charles says, "but did you pick up Chuckie?"

"I thought he was here with you," Martha says.

One of them is going to have to drive the eight miles back to Stilson to get their son, though there's hardly time to get ready for the company. Their best country pals are coming tonight—the Larsons and the Saddlers—and Charles is going to do his specialty, deerburgers over charcoal.

"You go," Martha says. "I don't want to get in a yelling match with him." They know Chuckie's at the bowling alley. But not bowling.

On the way, Charles promises himself not to argue. It won't be easy watching quarters squandered. It's Chuckie's money earned at after-school jobs. He works for it one day and spends it the next. Then, what can they expect from a twelve-year-old boy?

Chuckie is with his buddies in front of the largest space video game, the hardest to play, the one with the eeriest sounds. Charles thinks the boy's got pale from all the hours spent with lasers and phasers, coming in and out of cloak, blasting the enemy, row by row. For another quarter, here they come again.

Charles played once, but he was squashed by descending phalanxes, and he'd destroyed his own battlements before killing the first rank of enemy. Yet he's seen children—Chuckie included—play it through miraculously to the end, victorious.

"Just a minute," Chuckie says, looking over his shoulder. "Look out! Left! Dammit! Why'd ya have to rush me?"

On the way home, Chuckie asks Charles, "Are we always going to be poor?" And Charles tells him for the umpteenth time that they aren't poor, that a lot of people envy the way they live.

Soon as they're back, Chuckie goes into the parlor and connects his home version of the game to the family TV. "Why can't you do something normal," Martha asks, "like watch a 'M*A*S*H' rerun? Don't you know Alan Alda has been heavily decorated by the television industry? Outside it, too, by people with taste."

"Can't hear you," Chuckie says. "I'm in cloak."

Martha would like to slap him. Instead, she orders him out to the yard to start the charcoal. It's just too weird, seeing these green men forever falling from the sky, coming after Chuckie at the controls. Besides, she's heard they can permanently scar the screen.

AT dinner, Charles goes into his theory of a new American class, people like himself and Martha—present company included—who live on almost nothing. "There's a kind of prosperous poverty in this country," he says. "Not welfare and food stamps. Getting by, but not on cash flow. Cash trickle. No taxes. Ten years ago we didn't know we could do it. Now there are thousands of us in northern Virginia alone. A country cadre who use chain saws and deer rifles, but save their best hours for their real work." The way he sees it, Chuckie's life in the video parlors is just an adolescent aberration.

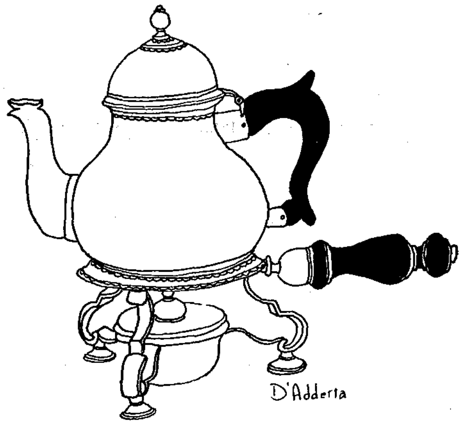
Having been included among the prosperous poor, Arthur Saddler wants to hear more.

"Well, look at you," Charles says. "I bet you and Susan don't make six thousand. But you feed and clothe three children. People don't ask, 'Is this from your garden?' anymore. They know it is."

"I always wondered how you did it," Susan says. "And never stopped to think we were doing pretty much the same thing."

The Larsons, too. Both of them have spent most of their time this year doing sand paintings, though they've taken an occasional job hanging Sheetrock. Sam does the heavy stuff and Bettina is a whiz at taping and plastering the joints.

"It's what keeps us at it," Charles says. By "at it" he means his sculpture; for Martha it's her various media, the latest a kind of bas-relief in porcelain that has a following at a Washington gallery.



They get four deer a year now that Martha has her license, and it could be six if Chuckie decided to learn how to shoot a *real* gun. Sounds of space violence are no longer coming from the living room. Chuckie must be upstairs doing homework. In this relaxing part of the evening Martha doesn't want to think about financial struggle.

But Bettina is telling how the admissions people couldn't believe the figures on her daughter's scholarship application, so Sam sent them two pages, single-spaced, all about the wood stove and the number of quarts they put up.

"Listen," Martha says, "Charles can keep coating the roof with that black gook, but next season it's going to leak again." The guests' eyes follow hers to the damp circle on the kitchen ceiling. "Anyway, what about the stocks you get from your mother?"

"You know we asked her to stop sending them," Bettina says. "We never touch them."

"Everyone has parents," Charles says. "That's our inheritance." He's pointing to the picture hanging over the table—a large seascape with a shipwreck in the foreground. "It's been passed down from my great-grandfather. My mother says it always goes to the one in the family with the worst taste. Last time her, now me."

"Too romantic for them," Martha says.

The focal point of the painting is a rusting nail on a broken timber. On the horizon a healthy ship sails past under scudding clouds.

"Nineteenth-century American," Charles says, standing to take a better look at the signature, refreshing his memory. "F. A. Silva 1875."

Martha has brought out a bowl of ceramic fortune cookies she's been making in her studio. Charles has stuffed them with typed messages for tonight.

"Wonderful," Susan says, holding her message up to the lamp. "Listen to this: 'If you drive the Taconic Parkway this summer, you'll see the northern lights.' But we aren't taking a vacation this year."

In a circle around the table they read their fortunes—messages that seem full of starlight and celestial promise. "I didn't know Charles had

"I'll be working late this evening, so if you could clean my office tomorrow night instead I'd appreciate it."

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such an astral vision," Bettina says.

Appropriate enough, Martha thinks, for a man who can't afford turnpike travel.

Everyone has read his except Arthur. "What's the matter?" Susan asks. "Come on. You must have drawn the clinker."

Arthur reads, " 'If money's your suit, bring it out of the closet.' " No one applauds. The telephone rings while they wait for him to deny his fortune.

"This is ridiculous," Martha says.

Charles starts in again on his new-class theory, and she goes for the phone. He's not ashamed, he says, of the three hundred dollars he got back from the government this year—something called earned-income credit. At the heart of Charles' family's financial structure is their inflation-fighter mortgage—one hundred and ten dollars a month. "And look what we have for it." A stone cottage on two acres, and two studios converted from old outbuildings.

"But that's because you do it all," Bettina says. "Plumbing, electrical stuff, welding."

"Just a jackleg," Charles says, "but I'm doing what I want."

"It was your mother," Martha says, returning to the table. "She's cleaning out her basement and wants us to come down this week and take what's ours."

"Boodle!" Bettina says.

Charles says his mother's memory is bad, that they went over it all the last time she cleaned house. He doesn't want to interrupt his schedule.

NEXT day, Martha drives down alone in the pickup to see what her mother-in-law was talking about. And Charles was right. It had just been an excuse to get them to come visiting.

Charles has told Martha he believes their lives are in perfect balance now—studios in the morning, outdoor jobs in the afternoon. Martha usually cooks dinner while he walks to the top of the road and watches the shadows shift across the hills as the sun slips behind the Blue Ridge. If he starts back when the mountain cuts the sun in half, he's home before dark.

Tonight, he's back before Martha, and getting things started for her when she enters the kitchen. "You were right," she says, coming through the door. "No heirlooms. Just some junk that wasn't worth hauling."

Thanks to Chuckie, Charles has an idea for his next piece—an arcade computer game, finished in chrome and glass, with mirrors to create a sense of infinite distance within the machine. Viewers standing in front of the piece will see multiple images of their own faces—faces opposed to each other across space.

TWO weeks later, coming home from his evening walk, Charles sees the Saddlers standing with Martha in the yard. Seeing him, they wave, signalling him to hurry. They're coming to meet him.

"Your man Silva is a luminist," Arthur says. "He's got three pictures in that show."

Susan and Arthur are just back from Washington, where they saw the "American Light" exhibition at the National Gallery.

When the four of them go inside and study the seascape again, they agree they were wrong to dismiss it as rank sentimentalism. Arthur thinks, rather, that it's "transcendental in its treatment of atmosphere as a kind of halo over nature." Charles admits he's struck by the hidden brushwork, the exact rendering of sea and surf, the photographic realism of the broken ship's hull.

Susan is going to call a friend who works in American paintings at the National and ask for an appraisal. And Martha wants to do some research on Silva. "Meanwhile," Charles says, "does anyone want to see what's happening in my studio?"

"FOUR, maybe five thousand," Susan reports to Martha.

Martha says, "Charles feels we should sell right away and spend the money on a new roof. Chuckie wants to know if he's going to start getting an allowance."

Silva's initials, Martha has learned, stand for Francis Augustus. The son of a barber, he started his career as a sign painter, and fought in the Union Army. That's all the local library has, but Martha is sending for the catalogue of the luminist exhibition.

Things are going so well for Charles he doesn't want any distractions. The arcade piece works, he says, though not as first conceived. He's arranged the mirrors so that images of your face shoot into the machine's interior space, producing a strobe effect as you move from side to side.

When the Larsons call to ask Martha if they can come and look at the painting again, Charles says,

THE QUARRY

Fishes swam here through the Eocene
too many fathoms up
to think of without suffocation. Light-years
of ooze, foreshortened into limestone,
swarm with starfish
remoter than the antiquated
pinpoints of astronomy
beneath the stagecoach laboring,
when the thaws came, through mud
up to the hubs. Midsummer's welling bluestem
rose so high the wagons—prairie schooners
under unmasted coifs of canvas—
dragged belly-deep in grass
across the sloughs.
No roads,
no landmarks to tell where you are,
or who, or whether you will ever find a place
to feel at home in: no alpine
fastness, no tree-profiled pook's hill,
the habitat of magic: only waves
of chlorophyll in motion, the darkened jetsam
of bur oaks, a serpentine of willows
along the hollows—a flux
that waterlogs the mind, draining southeastward
by osmosis to the Mississippi,
where by night the body of de Soto,
ballasted with sand—or was it armor?—
sank into the ooze, nudged by the barbels,
as it decomposed, of giant catfish. Others,
in a terrain as barren
as the dust of bones, kept the corrupt
obsession going: gold—greed for the metal
most prized because by nature it's
least corruptible. Flushed finally
out of the heartland drainpipe,
the soft parts of de Soto's body filtered
into the capillaries of the delta. Will
some shard of skull or jawbone, undecomposed,
outlast his name, as the unquarried starfish
outlast the seas that inundated them?
Think back,
a little, to what would have been
without this festering of lights at night,
this grid of homesteads, this hardening
lymph of haste foreshortened into highways:
the lilt and ripple of the dark,
birdsong at dusk augmented by frog choirs
already old before the Eocene, the wickiups
now here, now there, edged westward
year by year, hemmed in or undermined,
done in finally by treaties. The year
the first land office in the territory opened,
when there were still no roads
other than wagon tracks, one Lyman Dillon,
starting at Dubuque, drove a plow southwestward
a hundred miles—the longest furrow
ever, straight into the belly of the future,
where the broken loam would soon
be mounted, as on a howdah, by
a marble capitol, the glister
of whose dome still overtops
the frittered sprawl of who we are,
of where we came from,
with its stilted El Dorado.

—Amy Clampitt

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"That's just the sort of thing I was afraid of." The Larsons come and stand around for an hour, offering a lot of advice. "Does it have a name?" Sam wants to know. "Do you know where it was painted?"

Martha says, "How about 'Wreck of the Santa Maria at Plymouth Rock'?" She's already sent a color photo of the picture to a New York auction house for another estimate.

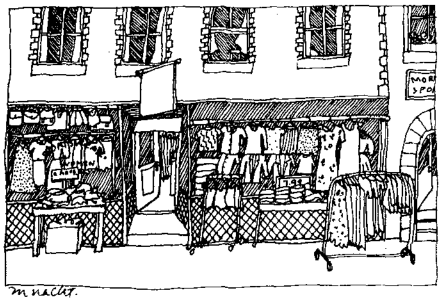
WHEN the Larsons leave, Charles, who has a theory about Chuckie's habit, says, "Come on. My treat." They stop first at the bank.

"Wow," Chuckie says, when Charles shows him the roll of coins. He's never seen a hundred quarters.

An hour later, at the bowling alley, Charles is still taking hits in space, shouting "Whammo!" Instead of laughing, Chuckie's friends are yelling encouragement for a really dynamite dad. "What we're going to do is get pizzas and keep on playing," Chuckie says. "If it looks like the place is going to close before we can get through the rest of the quarters, I'll start passing them around."

If Charles can spend twenty-five dollars trying to make Chuckie O.D. on space video, Martha doesn't think he's got any complaint coming about the twenty she spent on the luminist catalogue. Besides, a friend of Martha's parents is buying Charles' new piece—his biggest sale ever. Charles tells her he told the guy four thousand because that was the freshest figure in his head.

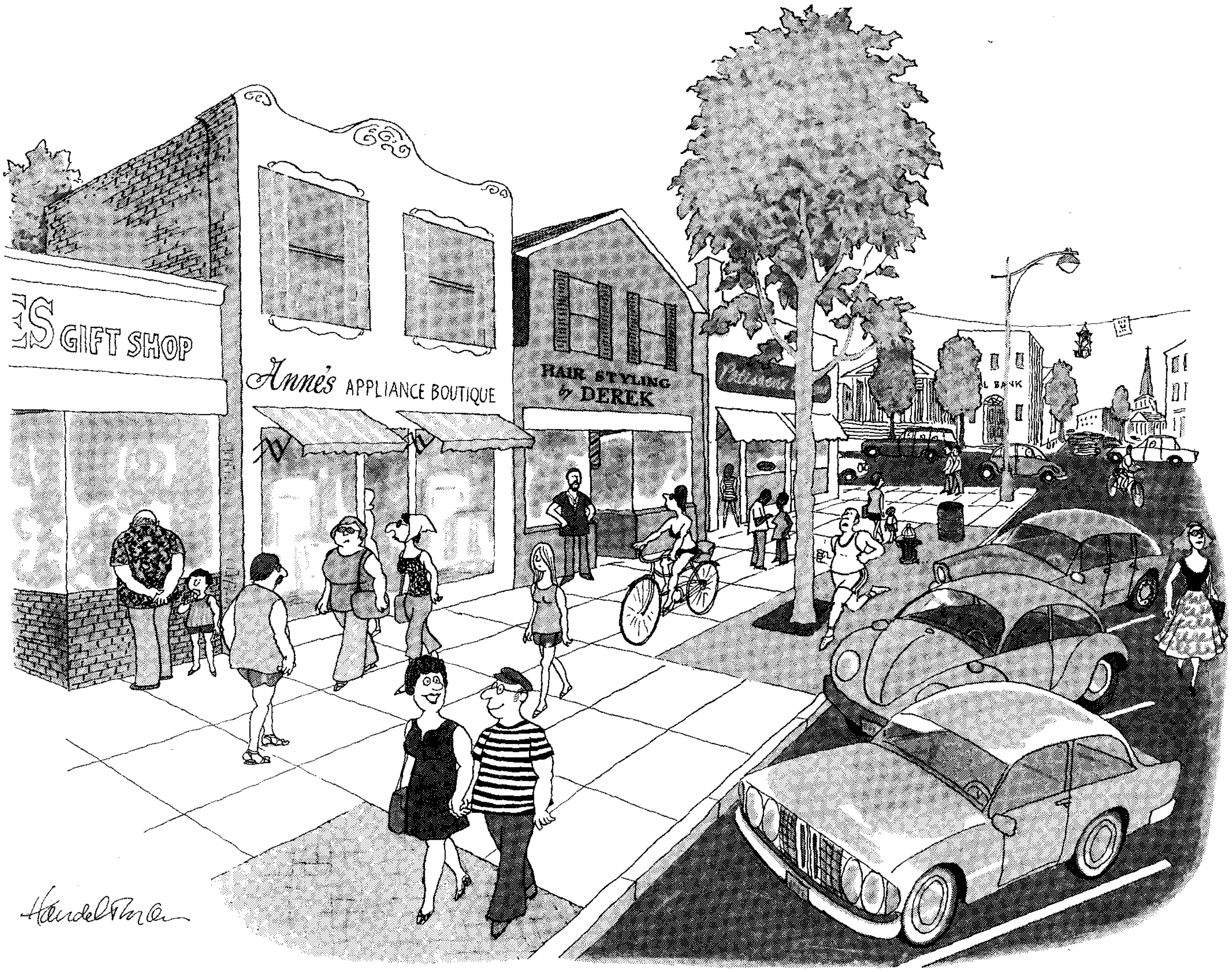
With this money as a cushion he's going back to his studio full time. A man from one of the Washington papers is coming out to interview him, and he's bringing a photographer. With his cutting torch, Charles has made thirty-two legs—enough for eight more video machines.



MARTHA tells Arthur Saddler she thinks his comment about supply-side economics in metal sculpture was uncalled for. She says she phoned only because she couldn't keep the new estimate on their painting to herself—ten to twenty thousand. There's another Silva being auctioned next month. They'll have a better idea after that.

Instead of just redoing the roof, Martha says, she wants to add a gable on the back side to make room for a half-bathroom upstairs. It's normal for a man Charles' age to get up once a night, and why should he have to walk all the way downstairs?

Charles has finished a second arcade machine. This one uses enlarged, wide-angle color transparencies set up in series to achieve its stereoscopic effect. Farm buildings, fields, and trees recede to a final mountain backdrop. A



"Oh, Vic, is it true? Am I dreaming? Have we really come to the Hamptons?"

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high-intensity lamp in the frame provides "sunlight" that pierces the layers of film, thickening, as it retreats, to a palpable haze—the kind of haze Martha has seen and read about in the luminist catalogue.

Charles tells her that this week his mind's eye has glimpsed a whole room of a museum transformed into an arcade in which his machines carry American light from landscape to spacescape. He agrees a second bathroom would be nice. But how can she expect him to steal studio time for that large a remodelling job?

"WE'RE *not* sifting the bones of a dead painter," Martha says when Charles asks her to stop making trips to the Library of Congress and get back to her studio.

"Everybody in the kitchen for a meeting," Charles calls. "You too, Chuckie. Turn that damn thing off and get in here." He says he just wants them to realize that the painting they're all staring at isn't going to change their lives. They still have to get plastic over the windows before the weather snaps, and turn the garden. But later that same afternoon Martha phones New York and learns that the other Silva, a marine subject the same size as their own, has just been auctioned for seventy-seven thousand five hundred dollars, and right after the sale someone offered over eighty thousand for it.

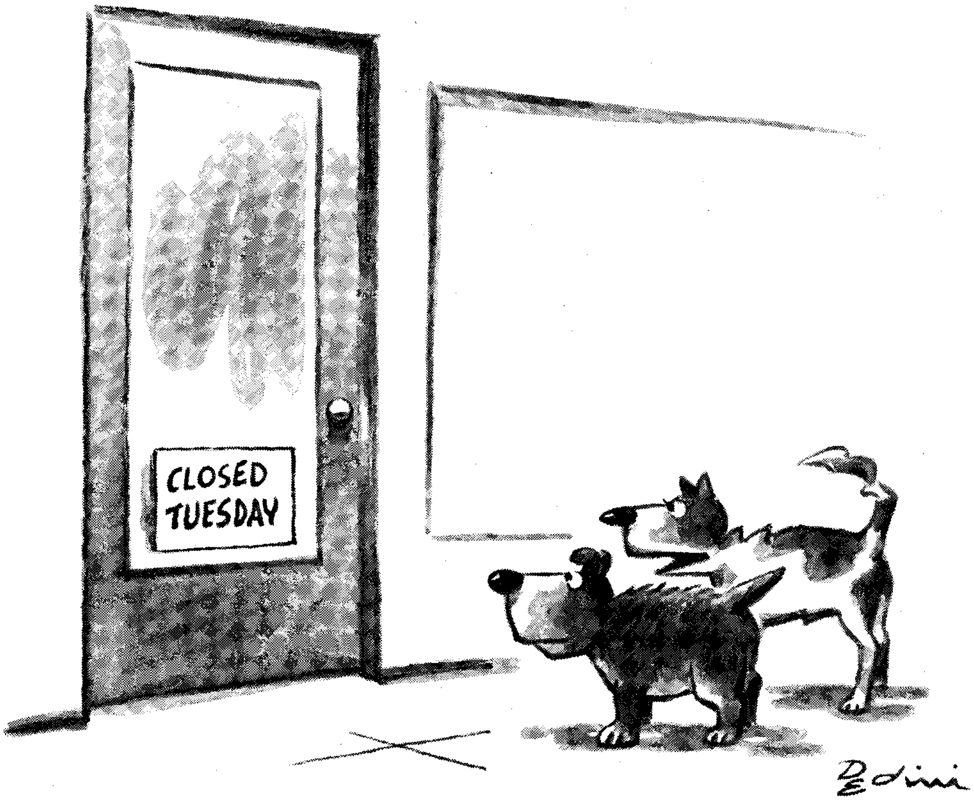
Then she hears about the article in *Antiques*—fourteen pages, all of them devoted to the life and work of their man F. A. Silva.

That does it. Charles wraps the painting in two dark-green garbage bags in case of rain, and two blankets in case of bumps, loads it in the back of the pickup, and drives it to the New York auctioneer's Washington office for shipment. Doesn't make sense, he says, for it to be hanging, uninsured, on the wall of a house worth less than *it* is.

THE real trouble with the house, Martha believes, is the scarcity of rooms—the way the kitchen doubles as dining room, and the unnatural division of the garret into two bedrooms. The solution, Charles agrees, would be a two-story addition off the back. But he wants Chuckie to stop talking about his own private staircase. And he wants Martha to stop saying "provenance."

Charles' mother thinks the picture was bought from the painter by her grandfather, who, she says, hung it over his mantel at Mastic, Long Island, because it reminded him of another shipwreck he'd seen once off the beach there.

"But provenance is origin, too,"



"It says what they all say—'No dogs allowed.'"

Martha says, "not just who owned it."

"All those painters set their easels up on the same beach," Charles says. "Narragansett or someplace."

But Martha *has* turned up something interesting. Silva and Charles' great-grandfather were members of the same New York Volunteer Infantry. In May, 1862, they were camped together in Newport News. Both officers, they must have known each other and were probably friends.

Chuckie says he can't wait for April, when they're all going to drive up to the auction together in the Saddlers' van—the Larsons, too—with picnic lunches and sleeping bags for the floor of Aunt Grace's apartment.

CHARLES is experimenting again with color transparencies. He's achieved gradations of light across his landscapes that trick the eye into perception of a single surface, suffused. In the article he envisions, a critic says, "Using artificial light, he has invented sunlight and atmosphere that glow on new frequencies."

When all this is over, Charles will have his story and Martha hers. After all, he has stuck by his routine, made another good sale, come a step closer to his own fame, while she has retreated into the past, seduced by the crackle twilight of century-old canvas.

Late February, during the week that Charles decides to cut the legs off his machines and "go with just 'light boxes,'" Martha is at the Peabody Museum in Salem, looking through Silva's sketchbooks. The auction house will have everything it needs for its sale catalogue now. Riding Trailways home from Massachusetts, Martha stops in New York and hands them the Xeroxed evidence.

Then, as a favor for all the help she got with Interlibrary Loan, Martha agrees to speak about their seascape to their local library's Thursday Morning Club. Chuckie is at school and Charles is in his studio when she gives her speech to the assembly.

"We *have* a painting," she says, "that slept for a century and woke up this year." She tells about a schooner foundering in a storm and breaking up, its cargo of lumber floating off toward Bermuda. She explains how the artist in his studio on East Broadway had been watching the Maritime Miscellany columns for seaside action. July 11, 1874, he was on the beach with watercolors and sketchbook, doing studies for "The Wreck of the Schooner Progress at Coney Island."

NOW that Martha has identified their ship and brought it to beach, Charles says it's not unreasonable to think in terms of a hundred thousand or more, and with that much you have to change your whole thinking—maybe go for income off the capital. And there's the tax thing: whether they'll be taking this as a capital gain or do income-averaging.

TO make sure the ride to the auction is a celebration, there's a thermos of Whiskey Sours in the picnic basket. Everyone is having a good time except Charles, who keeps interrupting their game of Twenty Questions to remind them what a really dangerous place an American turnpike is.

"Animal, mineral, or vegetable?" Chuckie asks when it's his father's turn to make them guess what he's thinking of.

"None of the above," Charles says.

"Come on," Martha says. "Don't be a grump."

"Well, I'm thinking of police radar," Charles tells them. "And how much it's going to cost if Arthur keeps driving this fast."

For a while Charles just broods, then suddenly says, "Behind every great fortune there's a great crime."

He's shouted down in favor of Sam Larson's "An ill wind blows nobody good." From which Arthur improvises the trip theme song, "The Storm That Tossed the Progress Made a Rich Man Out of Me."

Later, when they're safely in New York and settled in their seats waiting for the auction to commence, Charles thinks, Thank heaven we didn't all go out and hire suits for the occasion. The auction room is just as he'd imagined—full of pin-stripes and basic black. Bright shafts of window light fall over Martha's and Susan's shoulders as they glance forward and back, looking for the silent signal of finger or eyebrow.

Chuckie has been told if he can't keep his hands still to sit on them. But a trace of goose down is rising from his vest and he can't take his eyes from it. Charles sees it, too, and reaches to catch it before it joins the illuminated particles of dust that might float free or settle on someone's dark suit or on some terribly valuable painting.

—JOHN ROLFE GARDINER

A PROTEST AGAINST THE SUN

IT was an absolutely perfect day. Her father at once objected to the word, looking at her over the tops of his glasses and nodding morosely in the direction of a loud red radio two blankets away. Elizabeth laughed, but she knew exactly what she meant. She meant the day was so clear that you could see all the way across the Sound to a tiny cluster of three white smokestacks on blue-green Long Island. She meant the far-off barge, moving so slowly it was barely moving. It was the rich dark color of semisweet chocolate. She meant the water, dark blue and crinkled out there, smooth and greenish brown between the sandbar and the beach. She meant that yellow helicopter, flying high over the water toward the Sikorsky plant. She meant that orange-and-white beach ball, that grape-stained Popsicle stick, that brilliant-green Coke bottle half-buried in the sand. A white straw was still in it. She meant that precise smell: suntan lotion, hot sand, and seaweed. She meant the loud red radio. She meant all of it.

"Still," she added, shading her eyes at the helicopter, "I suppose it would be even more perfect with a blimp. Do you remember that incredible blimp? Nanny from heaven? What in the world ever happened to blimps? At least we still have barges."

It was her mother who took it up. "Oh yes: Nanny from heaven. I'll never forget the look on your face as long as I live." Her own face glowed with it; drowsy in sunlight, Elizabeth smiled. She was just exactly in the mood to be drawn into the circle of family reminiscence. But it really had been incredible: mythical. It was a summer day in her childhood. They had been on this same beach. She remembered nothing except the blimp. There it suddenly was, filling all the sky like a friendly whale—like a great silver cigar—like nothing on earth. It was better than balloons, it was better than a walrus. She had looked up, everyone had looked up, because really there was nothing you could do when a blimp appeared except look up. They always frightened her a little but they were so terribly funny: strange and funny as their name, which of course was the wrong name as her father patiently explained. But still. And so the blimp appeared. And suddenly, it was so wonderful, the sky was full of falling things. Swiftly they came slanting down out of the sky, and all at once the little parachutes opened up, green ones and red ones and yellow ones and blue ones: and slowly slanting down they fell far out in the deep water, and then close by in the shallow water, and then on the sand. People shouted, jumped up to catch them, ran into the water. Elizabeth wanted one so badly that she felt she couldn't stand it; she wanted to cry, or die. But she stayed very still, she was in awe. And then one landed near her, the little colored cloth at the end of the strings came fluttering down, and she pounced. And it was hers. And it was bread. Two slices of white bread in a little package. And her father said, "Nanny from heaven." And so she said, "Nanny from heaven."

"Have you seriously failed to deduce the connection?" said Dr. Halstrom.

Elizabeth turned in amazement. "What in the world are you talking about?"

Her father raised his eyebrows in surprise. "You asked what happened to the blimps."

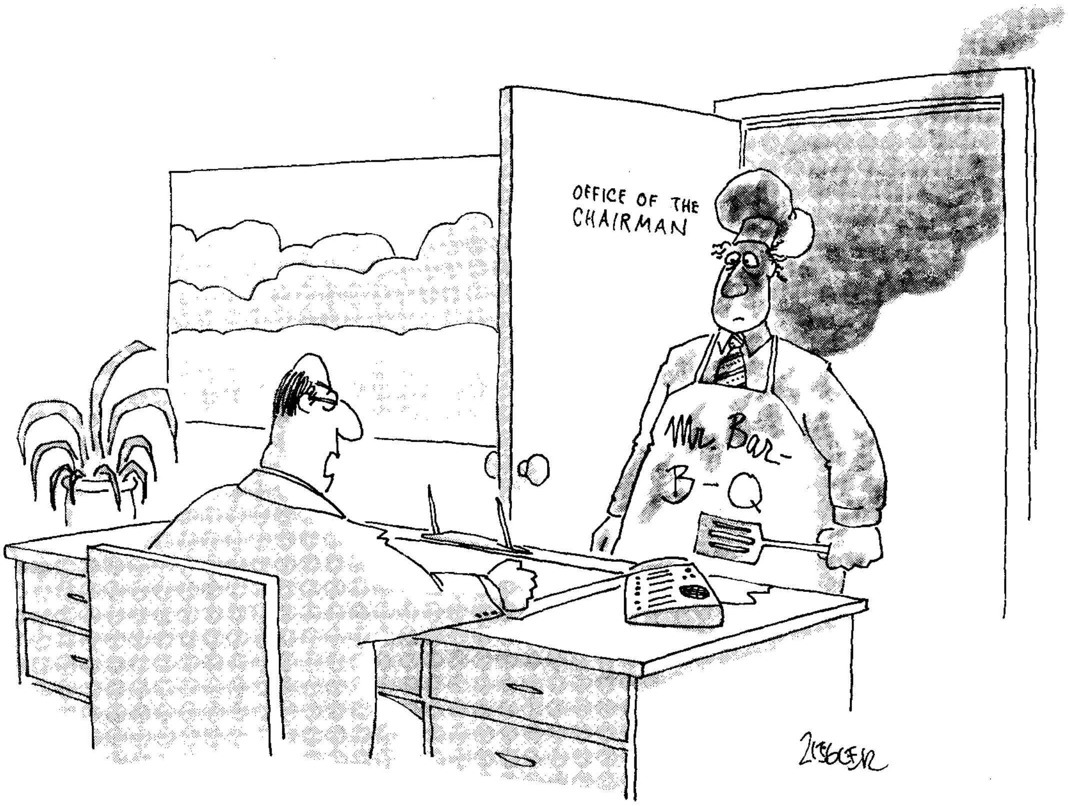
"Yes? You know what happened to them? What happened to them?"

"Did something happen to the blimps?" said Mrs. Halstrom.

"You noted the absence of blimps," said Dr. Halstrom, "and you noted the presence of barges. It occurred to me, in the best manner of contemporary thought, to draw the inevitable conclusion. Consider," he continued, lowering his voice and leaning toward Elizabeth, "the shape of barges. Carrying off the blimps: you can bet your bottom dollar."

"What?" said Mrs. Halstrom. "I couldn't hear you. Bess! What did he say? Tell me what's so funny! Did something happen to the blimps?" Then she too was laughing, because there was laughter; but they wouldn't tell her what he had said.

It was a lovely day. The sun burned down. Elizabeth pressed her back and shoulders into the army blanket. Sand was wonderful: it was soft and hard at the same time. It was such a good idea to come to the beach. With momentary irritation she recalled how the trip



"Damn it, Jacobson, why can't you go out and have yourself a three-Martini lunch, like everyone else?"

had very nearly failed to come off. She was suddenly furious. The day had been on the point of foundering because Dr. Halstrom had a paper to finish. She had fretted away the whole morning, exasperated by the unexpected change of plan. It was unfair. He sat shut up in his study on a Saturday in August. It was outrageous. She had set her heart on it. He had been sharp at breakfast, sharp and withdrawn. By noon she no longer cared. She said she no longer cared, but she was desolate. But then he emerged at ten of one, apologetic and triumphant. They had thrown things in the car and left. The tide was out, but that was nothing. They had the whole afternoon.

Elizabeth lay on her own blanket but she had carefully made the edge overlap the edge of her parents' blanket. She liked to lie down in the sun and they liked to sit on low beach chairs on their blanket while they read. The chairs were so low that her parents could stretch their legs straight out. But the books! It was absurd. Her mother had brought "Persuasion." But she was afraid to get sand in it, because it was a present from Elizabeth, and so she had brought a library novel with a vase of red roses on the cover; she said it was awful. Her father had dragged along a fat seventeenth-century anthology, two collections of Milton criticism, and a library novel showing an airplane with a dagger going through it. She herself was no better: "Théâtre de Molière," Volume II, and a paperback Larousse, really a ridiculous choice for the beach, and, because she had secretly known it was a ridiculous choice, a science-fiction thing called "Dune," which Marcia had recommended, and which was even more ridiculous since she hated science fiction with a passion. But she liked Marcia. So she had brought "Dune." It was all ridiculous. Her father had made a joke about carrying coals to Newcastle and "Dune" to the dunes. He had asked her how she was dune. I'm dune fine, she had said. Her three books lay in a neat pile near her straw beach bag and her father's books lay scattered on the other side of her. It was ridiculous; absurd. She was lying on a sunny blanket in the middle of a library. Her mother had read for a while and then put aside her awful book, taking off her white beach hat with the broad brim and throwing back her head. Her beautiful hair in sunlight was the color of mahogany: but soft. And finally she had folded up her chair and lain down in the sun. Dr. Halstrom had continued reading, but at last he too had put his book aside, and sat with half-closed eyes looking out at the water. Elizabeth thought he was a dear to have come. He looked almost boyish with his little carefully groomed blond beard so lightly streaked with gray that you could scarcely tell. He had the fine smooth skin of a man not much exposed to weather. His face and forearms had color but his broad chest and upper arms were pale.

"You'd better put your shirt on, Dad. You don't want to burn."

"Oh, no. Thanks, Bess. I'm all right. I never burn, except with moral indignation. Plato was right: in a properly ordered republic, that radio would not be tolerated. The lack of consideration of that woman."

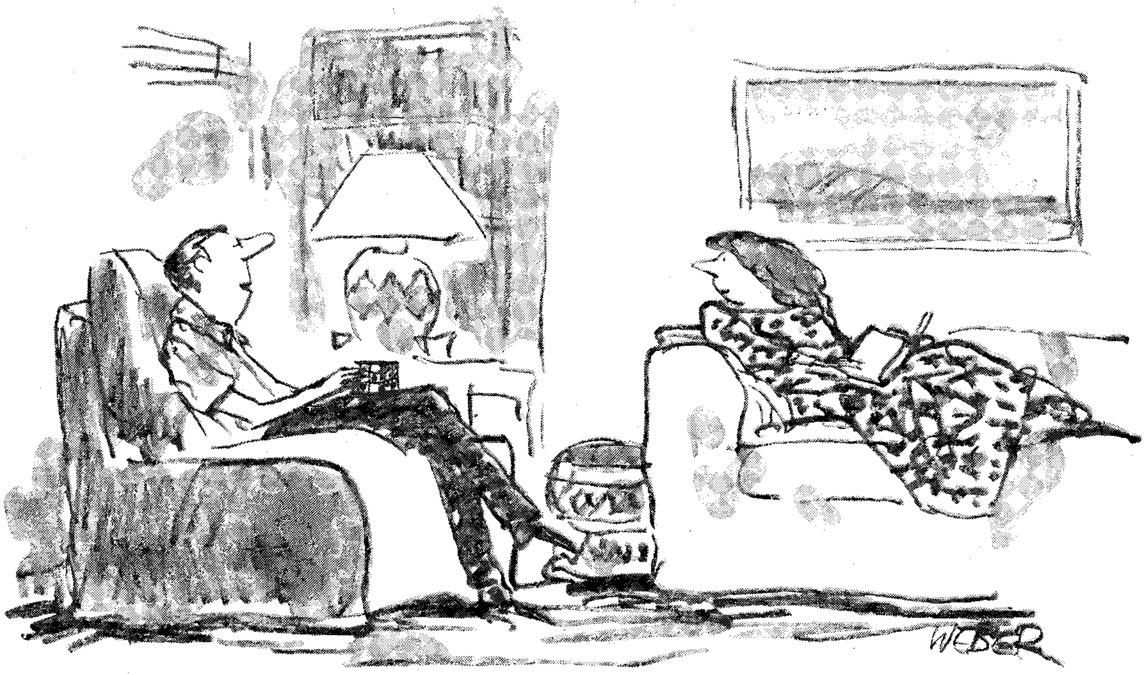
"I can ask her to turn it down."

"Unfortunately I believe in her God-given right to torment me. I was thinking, though, that your book looks rather forlorn. It ought to be called 'Forlorna Dune.' "

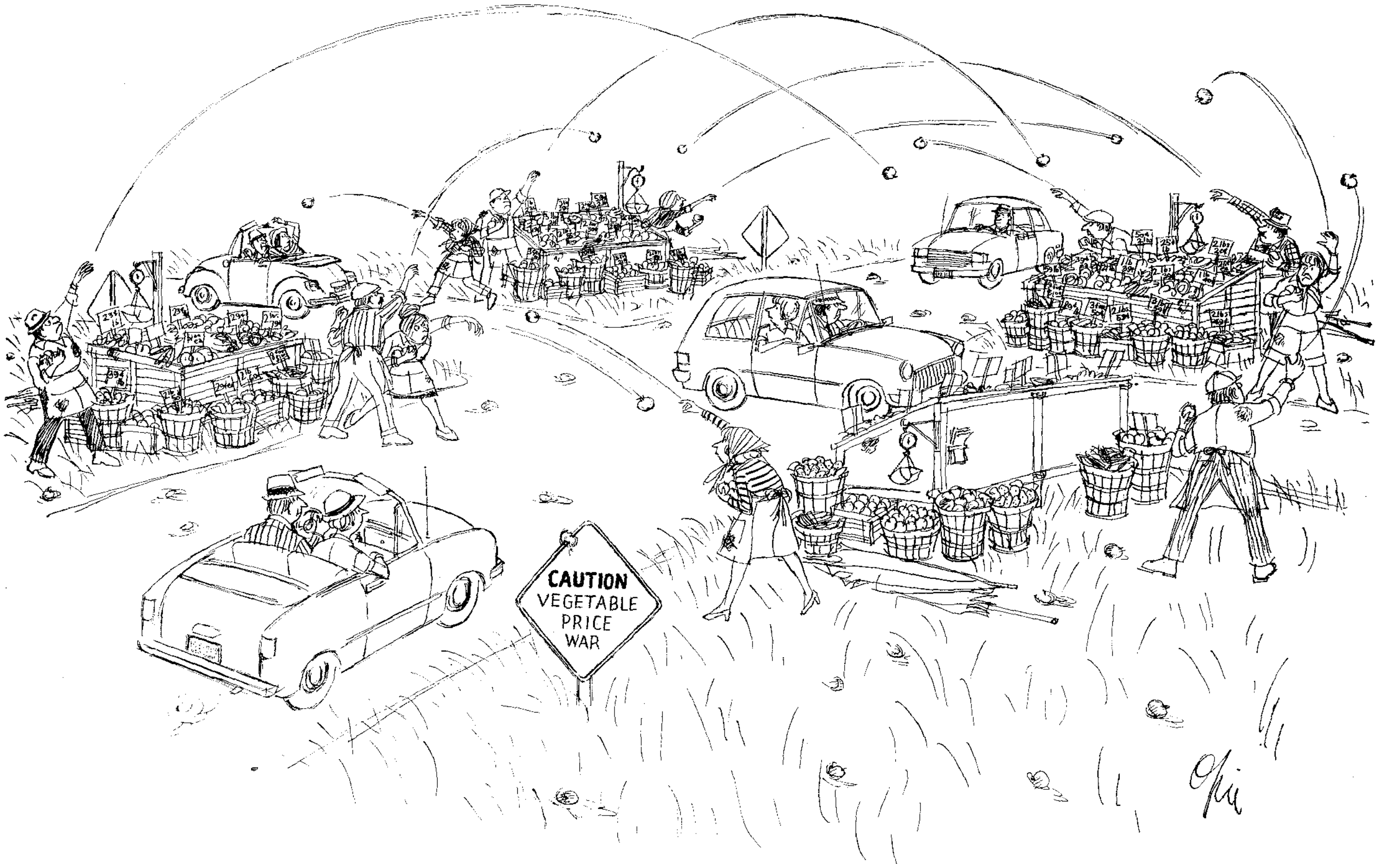
"If you keep mocking my book I won't tell her to turn it dune."

And her father laughed, showing his boyish smile with the two handsome hollows in his cheeks like elongated dimples.

It was a lovely drowsy day. Elizabeth felt that her pleasure was probably excessive; her father said she shared with her mother a tendency toward the excessive. Even to Elizabeth the morning's anger and desolation seemed a little excessive. After all, she was no longer a child. It wasn't as if they couldn't have gone to the beach the next day, or even the next. But it was already late in August; she would soon be away at school again; somehow these little family outings had a way of being too casually proposed and too easily abandoned. If she hadn't fought for it, the day would have been lost. Lately, for no particular reason, Elizabeth had felt the absence of family occasions. Nothing whatever had changed at home: the treasured closeness was there. But she felt there was a carelessness, a danger, in just going on thoughtlessly from day to day. There were only a certain number of days in a lifetime, after all. She really didn't know how to express it, but she felt that just by



"I chuckle acceptingly over my inability to solve Rubik's Cube. That's the kind of person I am."



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existing, just by letting the days flow by, they were all threatened in some way: as if deterioration were bound to set in. She couldn't account for it. Maybe she was growing morbid. But there were times she felt like saying, as if she were old and they careless and young: Don't you realize that nothing lasts? That one day it will be too late? She had no idea what it would be too late for; she barely knew what it all meant. But she did know there were times when she needed to assert her family feeling.

Dark thoughts for a sunny day: she hoped she wasn't growing morbid. It was so nice to lie all lazy in the sun. The blanket warmed by the sun made her think of pajamas fresh out of the dryer: she liked to press them to her cheek. Elizabeth felt porous: penetrated by warmth. She wanted to lie there all afternoon. She wanted to lie there forever, under the blue sky of August, filling up with sunlight.

But it grew too hot, and Elizabeth sat up, a little restless.

"I don't know about you people, but I'm going down for a swim."

Her father seemed to come awake. For a moment he had a dazed look before his dark-blue eyes sharpened to alertness. "You go right ahead. I'm content to sit here in lizardly contentment. Lil? Bess is going for a swim."

Her mother murmured something, half asleep, and Elizabeth, placing her hand on her father's arm, shook her head: Don't disturb her.

"You be careful," Mrs. Halstrom anyway said, half sitting up with a worried look and shaking back her hair. They were none of them good swimmers. Elizabeth smiled. "I'm just going in for a wade. The tide's out anyway."

She stood up, feeling heavy with sun. Conscious for a moment of eyes on her, she strolled down toward the shallow greenish water. The sand was silky and scalding hot. He had said "content" and "contentment": not a good sentence. He had not been fully awake. A man with a little mustache looked hard at her as she passed and Elizabeth felt pleased to draw his gaze. Then she felt angry at herself for feeling pleased. Who cared what some nasty little man thought of her? Let him rot. Let him die. But she was pleased anyway. The woman beside the man was thin and wore a red bikini. Elizabeth had a grudge against thin women in bikinis. She was a little heavier than you were supposed to be. She even knew the word for herself: buxom. She had known it at twelve. Skinniness was in fashion, so what could she do? She had big bones; she took after her mother. Her wrists were big. If she starved herself she would look awful. Flesh was no longer allowed, except in discreet doses. If your hipbones didn't stick out you were through. You might as well lay down and die. Of course there were exceptions. Elizabeth knew she had a good figure. She wore a two-piece suit but not a bikini. Those were her phrases: good figure, and buxom. Another was: a woman with a little flesh on her. Her father had once said to her in Howland's, "I like a woman with a little flesh on her." And he had looked at her admiringly. One of the two boys she had slept with, before renouncing promiscuity, had said to her, "You do that well." She hadn't done anything at all, but suddenly she was a girl who did that well. But he had looked pleased with himself, saying it. She had decided not to believe him, except slightly. She wondered if all women carried around their little phrases. Handsome, though not beautiful. Small breasts, but nice legs. A really warm person. A good cook. She does it well. She certainly wasn't fat, or even plump: just plain buxom. And she had a good figure. Men looked at her. And she was not a virgin. On her bad days she could look herself in the eye and say: Well, at least you're not a virgin. It didn't help at all: but still. She supposed it was some sort of accomplishment. But she was fussy about falling in love. Men without charm, brilliance, and spiritual perfection need not apply.

Suddenly she thought: Not lay down, but lie down.

The green-brown water between the beach and the sandbar was warm. Elizabeth turned and waved at her parents, who were watching her from the blanket. The nasty little man was also watching. Her mother was sitting in the chair again. Yes, watch me. Watch over me. Because one day it will be too late.

She waded up to her waist and stood for a while, turning her shoulders from side to side and dragging her fingertips along the top of the water. She half-remembered a game of her childhood, and cupping a hand she held it just under the surface. You tried to trap a little spot of sun. It was called a fisheye. She couldn't remember how to do it. It didn't matter, really. Maybe you needed a bit of seaweed. But even the seaweed didn't seem to help. No: there it was. A spot of yellow floating in her palm: a yellow eye. The man had stared at her behind. She hoped he enjoyed it: she had a good one. Men staring at women's behinds. She wished she had an eye back there: then she could wink at them. Just fine, thanks. And you? People standing around half-naked on beaches, looking each other over. Or pretending not to look, to be above it all. Boys looking over girls, girls looking over boys. But the real killer: girls looking at girls, women at women. It was the cruellest look she knew. A look of hungry, harsh appraisal. Her this is too that. Mine is bigger. Hers is better. One day she and Marcia had invented a wonderful new bathing suit. It would cover all the parts of the body left uncovered by old-fashioned bikinis, and expose all parts now covered. They called it the Negative Bikini. It was revolutionary. It was worth a fortune. It cracked her up.

Elizabeth waded out to the sandbar and walked along the wet dark shine to the firmer sand in the middle. A fat little girl was sitting in the mud, spreading it carefully over her arms. Even she was wearing a bikini. Two boys raced; the sound of their feet on the solid wet sand was beautiful. It sounded like softly clapping hands. Beyond the sandbar people were swimming; the water was breast-high. Elizabeth waded out and went for a little swim. She swam poorly, but at least she knew how to swim. She had never been much of a beach person. She wanted to get her hair wet, she wanted to be wet all over. She wanted to dry out in the sun.

She came back up the beach toward the blanket, glancing at the woman in the red bikini as she passed. The man lay on his stomach, his face turned away.

The Burden of Self-Consciousness

ELIZABETH stood dripping on the blanket; water streamed from her hair. She rubbed her head hard with the towel.

"Here, Dad," she said, and flicked waterdrops at him, laughing.

"Don't do that," he said sharply, jerking his face away.

"Did you have a good swim?" said her mother. "It's such a lovely day."

Elizabeth lay down in the sun. Farther up the beach, where a few scraggly trees grew in the sand, some boys were throwing a baseball back and forth. The smack of the baseball in the leather gloves, the shouts of children, the low waves breaking slowly in uneven lines and drawing back along the sand, soothed her like soft music. A faint tang of salt water rose from her skin. She smelled delicious to herself. Her father had wounded her for no reason. A sharp word was a knife. She lay grieving in the sun.

Dr. Halstrom said, "The tide seems to be coming in now, if I'm not mistaken. It's a good thing we didn't lay our blankets down by the water. We saw you bending over in the water, Bess. Were you looking for something?"

Then it was nothing. She was too emotional. Excessive.

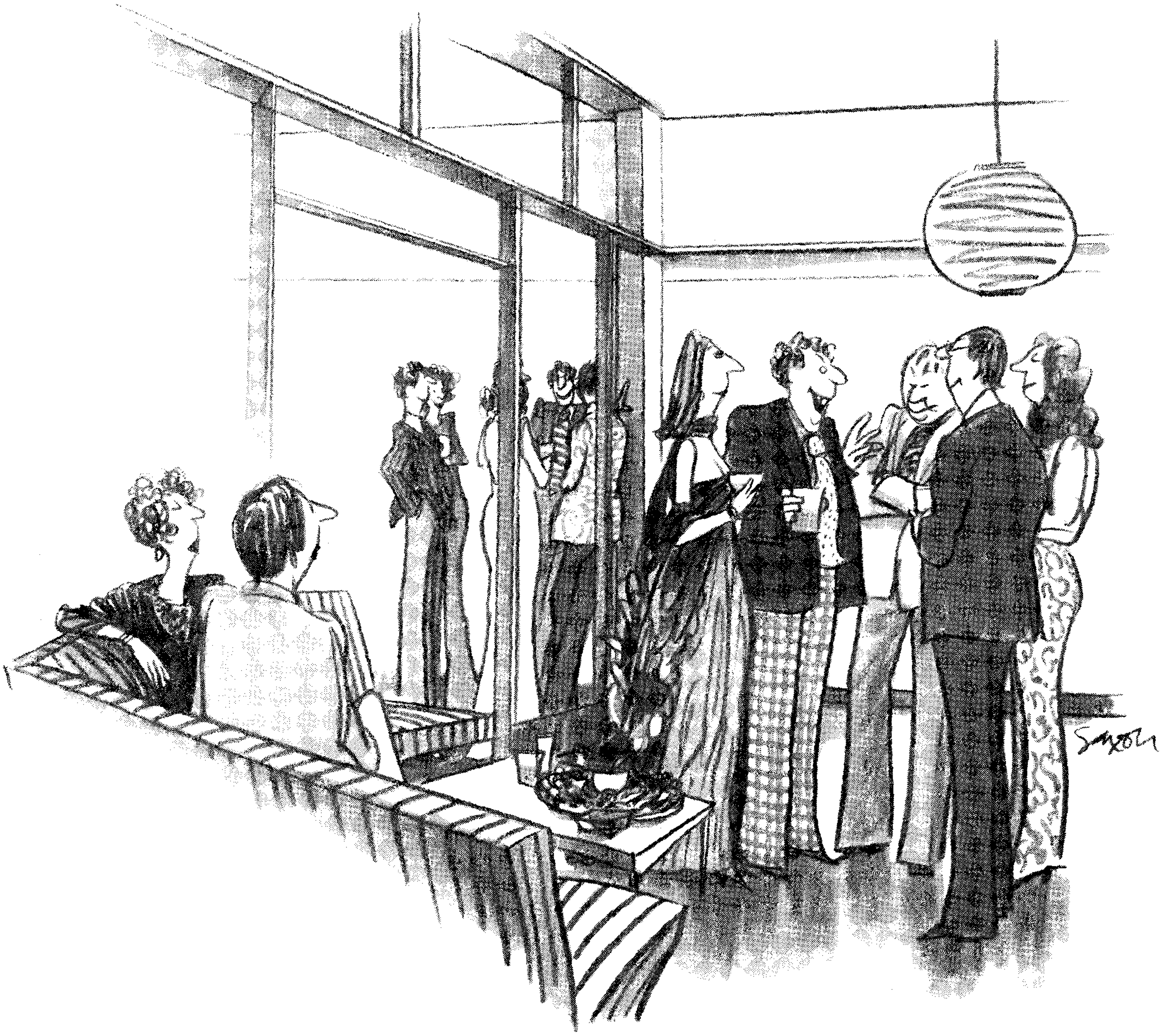
"No. Yes, in a way. I was trying to make fisheyes: you know, those spots of sunlight? I did it, too."

"You used to think you could bring them back," he said. "You tried to bring me one, once."

"Oh, come on. I don't remember that. Really?"

"Absolutely. You thought they were pieces of gold. You kept holding the water in your hands and running up the beach. But when you arrived it was all gone."

"It sounds a little sad." She felt sad. The poor child! Gold running through her fingers.



"He's the words, but I wouldn't go so far as to say that she's the music."

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"Not at all. It was a generous, noble, and beautiful thing to have done. Your mother and I were extremely touched. I explained to you that it was sunlight, and not gold, but that in another sense, a more important sense, it was gold, and that you had accomplished what you set out to do."

Elizabeth felt so full of love for this man, this father, who gravely called her noble and generous, that she knew she could only disappoint him. She was bound to let him down, in the long run. She felt that if he knew the truth about her he would never forgive her. And yet she had no particular truth in mind. It was just how she felt.

"A fine mouthful for a five-year-old child," said Mrs. Halstrom. "Poor Bess! She didn't know whether she was coming or going."

"I'm certain she understood what I said to her." As if aware of the sharpness he added, "Or else she pretended to." He laughed. "But that would have been nobler still."

It was an absolutely perfectly lovely day. The sun burned down, the baseball made smacking noises. The sun warmed her clear through, filled her with lazy golden warmth. She was a golden girl, lying in the sun. She thought of the slow barge lazily sunning itself like a great lazy cat of a barge, stretching out its great barge-paws, slowly closing its drowsy barge-eyes. Beside her she heard her father take up a book. The turning of a page was a beautiful sound. Under the hot blue sky Elizabeth felt a pleasant drowsiness. She felt more and more relaxed, as if some tightness were flowing out of her. She felt calm and clear as a glass of water. A page turned. The turning of a page was like a low wave falling. The sun shone down. To fall asleep in the sun.

Elizabeth seemed to start awake. "Good gracious!" It was her mother's voice. Her father was staring at the water with lips drawn tight. Elizabeth sat up and saw.

A boy who looked about sixteen was walking along the beach down by the water. He wore heavy bootlike shoes, black denims, and a dark, heavy parka fastened up to his neck. His hands were thrust so hard in his coat pockets that he seemed to be tugging down his shoulders. He walked quickly, furiously. Sweat streamed along his dark-tanned cheeks. He had black hair and black furious eyes. His face was so taut with fury that his high sharp cheekbones seemed to be pushing through the skin. His tense tugged-down walk made him look as if he were holding himself tightly in place to keep from blowing apart. His black eyes looked as if a black bottle had exploded inside him and flung two sharp pieces of glass into his eyeholes.

"Imagine," said Mrs. Halstrom, "wearing a coat like that in weather like this. What on earth do you suppose is wrong with him?"

"Don't encourage him with your attention," said Dr. Halstrom, turning a page harshly.

All along the beach people turned to look at the dark parka. The boy tramped with hard angry strides along the firm wet sand at the edge of the beach. Water slid over his boot-toes but he tramped splashing on the water, indifferent, wrapped in his rage. Sweat glistened on his dark cheeks. Two girls on a blanket exchanged smiles. A little girl in the water pointed at him and yelled with excitement. On a blanket crowded with teen-agers a muscular boy in tight turquoise-blue trunks stood up with his fists on his hips, but did not move or speak.

Down by the water the boy in the parka tramped past. For a moment his furious black gaze swept the beach. Elizabeth saw his lips draw back in mockery, in disdain.

"Don't stare at him," said Dr. Halstrom.

"I'm not staring at him," said Elizabeth, startled; angry. She was furious. Blood beat in her neck.

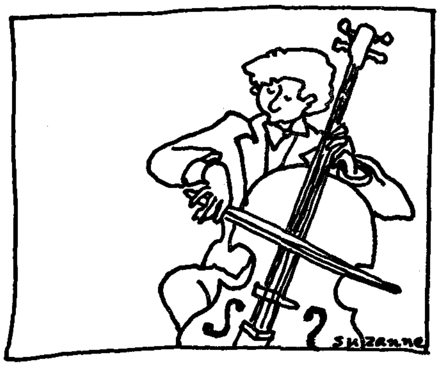
"It only serves to attract his attention."

And suddenly an extraordinary thing happened. The furious boy reached back over his shoulders and put up his hood. He plunged his hands back in his pockets and stared out of his hood with black broken-glass eyes, mocking and furious. Sweat poured along his face and shone in the sun. He tramped past. Rage consumed Elizabeth. She was a black flame. She felt the hood over her head, she tramped on waves. Sweat poured down her cheeks. Sun-people on beaches: laughter in the sun. Glittering people on beaches laughing. She swept them with her furious black gaze. The beach glittered in the sun. Hate welled in her heart. It was all a lie. Out with the sun! People on beaches caught up in the lie of the sun. Deniers! She mocked them. She trampled the water. Hate raged in human hearts. The beach lied. She was alone in the dark.

"Beach like that." Elizabeth was startled into her skin by her mother's voice. Her heart was beating quickly, she felt a little faint. Sweat trickled along her neck.

"I find the entire subject—" her father was saying.

The dark, hooded figure was far down the beach. People lost interest in him as he moved farther away. The excited little girl was sitting down in the water, splashing about and laughing. Far down the beach he seemed a small, dark animal on a brilliant expanse of snow.



"But why would anyone behave like that?" said Mrs. Halstrom.

"He wished to attract as much attention as possible and he succeeded admirably. The subject is not interesting."

When he reached the jetty he leaped up onto a rock and looked back at them: he was so far away that Elizabeth could no longer see his face. Then he climbed to the path at the top of the jetty and strode toward the parking lot. He was gone.

"I hope you locked the car," said Mrs. Halstrom, turning her head and shading her eyes.

"The parking lot is policed. I suggest we drop the subject."

"But why on earth," said Mrs. Halstrom, still shading her eyes.

"He was clearly disturbed. I asked you to drop the subject."

"I never saw anything like it. Never."

"I said drop it."

"He was mocking us," said Elizabeth.

Dr. Halstrom turned to her angrily. "Just what do you suppose you mean by that?"

"There's no call to be angry," said Mrs. Halstrom.

Dr. Halstrom closed his book.

THE ONSET OF LOVE

The hammock between two mango trees
swayed in the sunken world.
It was hot, windless.
Above was the sun,
between were leaves.
It was broiling.

And since I had nothing to do, I developed a passion for the legs
of the laundress.

One day she came to the hammock,
curled up in my arms,
gave me a hug,
gave me her breasts
that were just for me.
The hammock turned over,
down went the world.

And I went to bed
with a fever of forty degrees.
And a giant laundress with giant breasts was spinning around
in the greenness of space.

—Carlos Drummond de Andrade

(*Translated, from the Portuguese, by Mark Strand.*)

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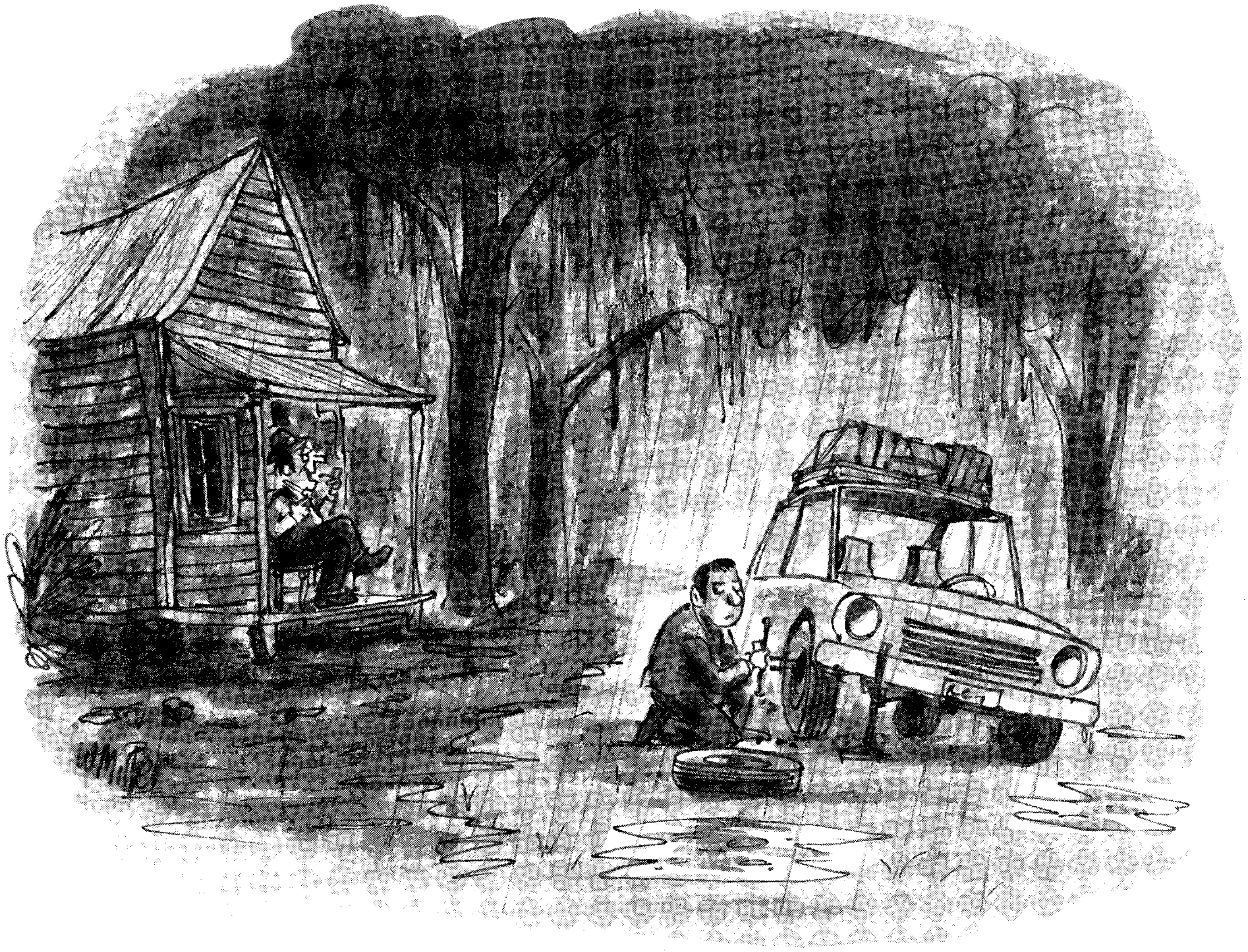

"Well, we used to live in Manhattan, but then we moved to New Rochelle. Then we moved back to the city, but then we moved to New Hampshire. Then we moved back to East Eighty-first Street. Then we moved to Idaho. Then we moved back to Manhattan. Then we moved down here."

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"Well, my day is ruined by this constant squabbling." His eyes were blue fire. Elizabeth felt tired.

"I meant he was mocking us—them—all this." She raised her arm and made a slow, sweeping gesture, including the sand, the water, and the sky. For a moment she looked at her arm held gracefully against the sky. Far out on the water the barge had moved on, quite a distance.

"All this? I trust you can be a little more articulate."

"All of it." She dropped her arm. She looked at her hand lying on the blanket. "He was protesting." It was impossible to go on. "Against all this. Against the sun." She was a fool. She had no words. She felt drained.

"Good heavens, Bess," said Mrs. Halstrom.

"Protesting against the sun, eh?" Elizabeth looked up. His voice was no longer angry. She didn't understand anything. "Well by God he didn't succeed very well." He pointed. "It's still there, I notice."

"What a conversation," said Mrs. Halstrom. She began to comb her hair.

"Though if it comes to that, I confess I agree with him. It's hot as blazes."

He laughed lightly, at ease, showing his boyish smile with the two handsome hollows like elongated dimples.

"Why don't you take a little dip, if you're hot?" said Mrs. Halstrom. "It's a good time of day." She pulled the comb slowly through her dark sunshiny hair.

"Your hair is so lovely," Elizabeth said.

"Why, thank you, Bess." She stopped combing. "What a dear thing to say. Yours is too."

A line of low waves fell gray and green and white along the far edge of the sandbar. Low slow water fringed with white slid lazily forward, stopped in different places, and silkily slipped back. A little girl in a brilliant yellow bathing suit stood looking down at her feet.

"Oh, Daddy," said Elizabeth suddenly, leaning back on the warm blanket and stretching out her arms along her sides, "do you know I can't even remember what brand of bread it was? Isn't that awful?"

"The tide's coming in," said Mrs. Halstrom, shaking out her hair. "You'll feel much better, after a dip."

"Silvercup," said Dr. Halstrom decisively. —STEVEN MILLHAUSER

PROFILES

TAKES

And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodg'd with me useless.—*John Milton.*

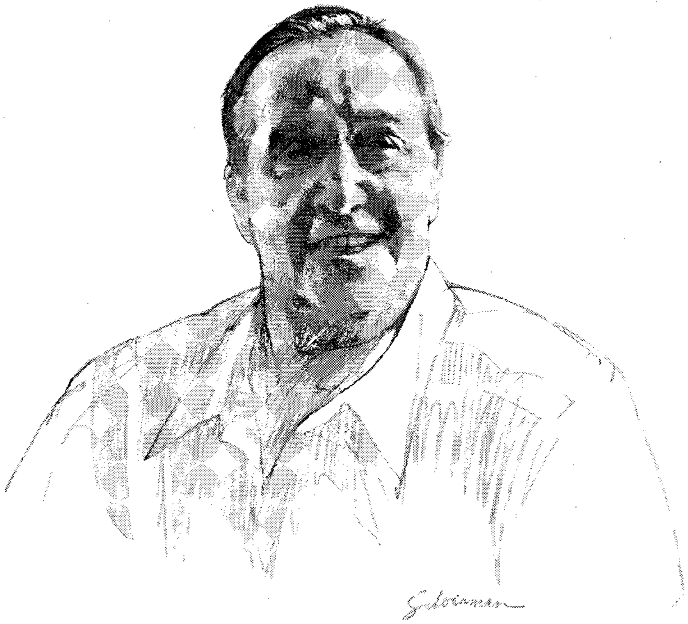
What you lose on the line, you pick up on the take.—*Max Furman.*

ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY

INSIDE the enormous, windowless, comfort-controlled new casino of Resorts International—a softly lit cavern where each day hundreds of thousands of dollars slide smoothly and steadily from private ownership to the corporate sector—it is cool, as always. Here there is no difference between July and December, noon and midnight, blizzard and scorcher. A sea of people has filled the room on this early afternoon in June: they stand shoulder to shoulder at the rows of slot machines; they crowd the aisles; they silently wait their turn for a seat at the gaming tables.

A mile to the west, in the Chelsea section of Atlantic City—an area of shabby two-story wood or stucco houses, forlorn-looking apartment buildings, small stores, and laundromats—the temperature is in the low nineties. A few old people are moving slowly along the sidewalks in the hot sunlight. Red plastic signs glisten on a Dairy Queen at the corner of Harrisburg and Ventnor. Next door, there is a bit of shade under a mottled plane tree that stands in front of a drab three-story apartment house at 3905 Ventnor Avenue. On either side of the doorway, a low white picket fence contains a jungle of shrubs and evergreens. Over the door, carved in stone, it says “HarVen” (presumably inspired by the intersection). Below that, on the door itself, there are black plastic stick-on numerals, but the “9” has been reversed: “3605.”

The door opens, and a small, roundish, bouncy, bandy-legged man of about seventy marches out, wearing a sporty blue cloth hat, a peach-colored semitransparent short-sleeved shirt, baggy shorts in an orange-and-blue tartan pattern, knee-length black socks, and beige Adidas sneakers with black stripes. The sneakers splay outward at a wide angle as he walks. For his walk, he is wearing horn-rimmed glasses with snap-on sunshades. (At the moment, the shades are extended horizontally above his bright, darting eyes.) His face is slightly jowly; mobile; expressive; kind. A prominent nose descends into flaring nostrils; he has a thin, misleadingly prim mouth. His eyebrows are in constant motion as he glances around: they rise, fall, or fly apart diagonally, like cellar doors opening or somebody throwing up his hands. He pauses in the shade of the plane tree long enough to extract a Mexican cigar from the pocket of his shirt. He unwraps it, removes a bit from the end, lights it, takes a puff. The smoke hovers over his head. Standing still is not his style: he sets off immediately on a brisk duck-walk down the sidewalk, his elbows jutting outward. Max Furman is going for his stroll.



Max Furman

At my age, you're an early riser. I look forward to the day. I wake up at six, and I say, “Oh, boy, I made it!”—*Max Furman.*

THE Atlantic Ocean is pale blue, receding into light mist. Beyond the Boardwalk, there are two hundred yards of smooth, impeccable, ivory-colored sand, extending to where white surf is crashing. A wet, refreshing breeze comes in from the sea. Furman stops at the base of a ramp to the Boardwalk and gazes at the ocean. “Can you beat this?” he exclaims to a companion in a slightly gravelly voice, gesturing with his cigar. “Look at this beach!” He is elated. “How can you beat *this*? You can't buy it—it's *free!*” He nudges his companion with his elbow. “For crissake!” he cries. “Look at this *beach!*”

A couple of people are attempting to push an old woman in a wheelchair up the ramp. Furman dashes over, finds a handhold, and helps shove until the wheelchair reaches the Boardwalk. A few minutes earlier, at Atlantic Avenue, Furman spotted a frail woman in a long white dress and a white hat who was leaning on a cane waiting to cross the street. Furman stepped right up, grasped her bony arm, and led her across the avenue, chatting all the way. They made an interesting picture: the woman a narrow, bent, white shape shuffling; and Furman, jaunty, a bright-colored beach ball with elbows and knees. They did not know each other, but by the time he had deposited the woman at the steps of a home for the elderly on the far side of the street she seemed both grateful and charmed.

“*Nachas!*” she said. (“Joy and contentment from your children!”)

“*Pavolye!*” he said. (“Take it easy!”)

Now Furman heads east on the wide planks of the Boardwalk. He proceeds at a good clip, passing slower-moving sightseers. “I never tire of the Boardwalk,” he says. “I walk a couple of hours a day. Look at all the people! I'm never lonely.” Three good-looking young women in bikinis stroll by. Furman notes their passing. “That's just memories now,” he says. “But if you have to walk you might as well enjoy the fringe benefits.” He launches into some observations on Atlantic City real-estate values. “See that?” he says, pointing to a small motel-like building on a side street just off the Boardwalk. “I could have had an apartment there for nothing.

Now it's worth a million dollars. See that place over there? Condominiums. Same thing." Ahead, there are skeletons of hotels, cranes against the sky, the noises of demolition and construction. "I don't know what old people are going to do today, the way money is. Walk into the sea, I guess." He glances at the Golden Nugget, where men are doing some construction on the façade. "I've lived in Atlantic City for twenty years, and summers before that," he says. "I've been broke practically all those years." Then he brightens. "But the things that are important here are free." He waves his cigar. "The Boardwalk is free! The ocean is free!" He increases his pace.

An hour earlier, in the Ventnor Avenue apartment—one bedroom and a bedroom-living room on the first floor, facing an alley—which Furman shares with his twenty-six-year-old daughter, Lisa, he was on the phone, talking to an administrator at a government agency. "I just wanted to tell you I've got a job coming up in a couple of weeks, and I'll be working and getting paid," he said. "I wanted to do the right thing, and inform you. . . . Yes. Thank you." He hung up the phone and returned to the middle of the green living-room rug. It was very hot in the apartment, and Furman had removed his shirt while he was demonstrating certain dance steps for a guest. "The waltz clog went like this," he said, resuming. He sang "The Sidewalks of New York" as he danced, lifting his Adidases high off the rug. "East Side . . . West Side . . . All around the town." He made a couple of graceful turns and came to a stop. "Then we did the soft-shoe," he said, tilting his head to one side and leaning forward, hands outstretched. He began to sing softly, confidentially, "*Tea* for two, and *two* for tea . . ." He drifted across the rug, doing light, elegant steps, and then announced, "The Frisco!" He stuck his elbows out and danced faster, singing, "I'll be down to get you in a taxi, honey . . ." Then he sat down on a sofa, breathing deeply. "A little asthma," he said apologetically, tapping his bare chest.

The job that Furman had referred to on the phone was a return to the stage: a role in the touring company of "Sugar Babies," the Broadway musical re-creation of burlesque, starring Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller (neither of whom had ever been on burlesque circuits). Max Furman—billed as Maxey Furman—is a burlesque comedian (he pronounces the word "burlesque" with a slight "oy" sound: "boylesque"), and he is not a re-creation. He spent forty years in the business—twenty at the Trocadero Theatre in Philadelphia; ten summers at the Globe Theatre in Atlantic City—while that peculiar form of popular entertainment atrophied, eroded, and finally vanished. Its extinction snuffed out any demand for Furman's special gifts—the takes, or expressive reactions, with their moves and timing; the lunges and the leers; the funny faces, voices, and sounds; and the line-by-line memory of dozens of traditional skits, blackouts, and crossovers (and the ability to enhance them with ad-libs and improvisation)—combined with an intuitive sense of what will make people laugh, and the techniques for accomplishing it, including how to get on a stage, how to occupy it, and how to get off.

Pausing on the Boardwalk now, Furman watches a small, single-engine plane flying low over the waves towing an advertisement. He gazes at it until it disappears beyond the piers to the east. "The day Lindy flew the Atlantic," he remarks, starting to walk again, "I was in Lansing, Michigan, in vaudeville, on the Butterfield Circuit. It was my first time away from home. I'd never been on a train before. In New York, they'd put me in an upper berth—the porter showed me how to climb up there and where to put my clothes—and I was scared to death. I didn't sleep a wink. But trains were wonderful in those days, and I got to love it. It was a joy to get up in the morning and go into the diner and have eggs and coffee and watch the roadside. I was about fifteen, earning sixty-five dollars a week, which was a million dollars then, and sending my mother thirty-five a week. 'Are you stealing?' she wrote. I said, 'No, I'm on the road.' She said, 'Your father didn't make sixty-five a *month*.' I was in the Jane Johnson Revue—there were four of us, and my specialty was a tap dance. We played a week each in movie theatres that had five vaudeville acts between pictures. We played Lansing, Kalamazoo, Detroit, and other cities around there. It wasn't the big time, but the camaraderie was great. No jealousy—you knew your place. If you were a dancing act, you opened the show, and everybody knew that. We rode on the train together and had plenty of time to get to know each other. We went out together; we helped each other; we became close. People like Three Jacks and a Queen—a singing group . . . God, there were such nice people! Today, you'd go on a plane—blup, blup, you're there! You don't get to know any-

FURN
ffolkes

"It's Swedish without the melodrama."

"We're out of sunflower seed."

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body. Look out!" Furman gives his companion a nudge as a jitney full of tourists bears down.

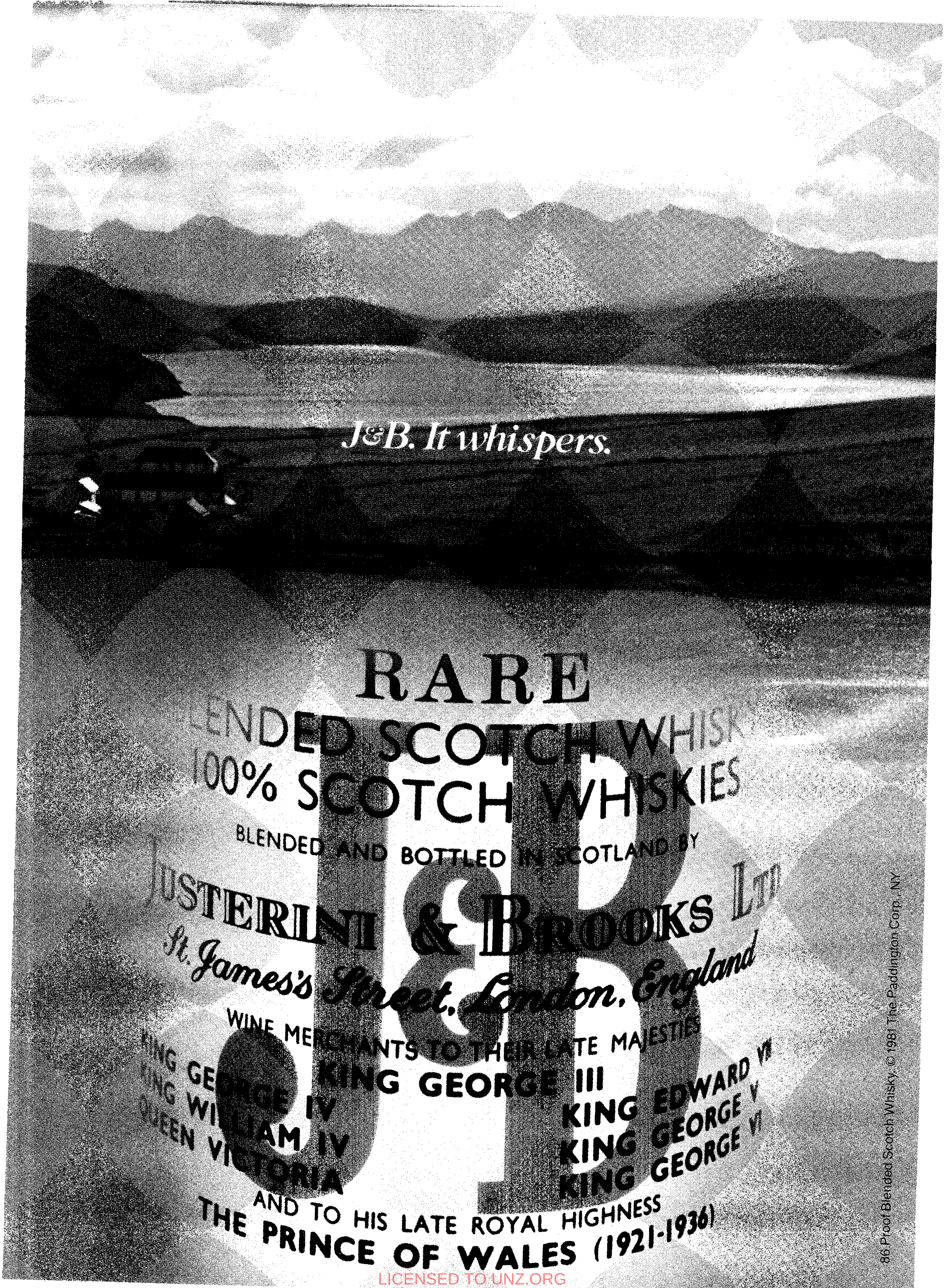
"There's the Million Dollar Pier," he says, pointing ahead. The old pier, on desiccated stilts, totters out into the ocean and comes to a stop; farther out, a couple of abandoned segments of it remain above water—ghostly gray islands of long-gone amusements. Furman waves toward the inland side of the Boardwalk. "That's Caesar's Boardwalk Regency. . . . There's the old Dennis Hotel. . . . That's the Playboy. . . . Casinos don't thrill me. I worked in Vegas. . . . Sometimes I go to the races here; it's only twenty minutes on the bus. I don't bet much—maybe a couple of bucks."

Furman veers over to an ice-cream stand and orders a butter-pecan cone. "I usually meet a couple of old burlesquers at one of the benches up ahead," he says. "We sit and talk. Al Baker was a straight man. He's seventy-four years old. He has a condominium. The other was a theatre treasurer. We'll probably run into them." He receives his ice-cream cone and stands eating it, cone in one hand, cigar in the other, as people flow around him.

"I always wanted to be in show business," he says presently. "Even when I was a little kid. We lived on Seigel Street, in the Williamsburgh section of Brooklyn. My father worked ten, twelve hours a day in a Brooklyn sweatshop, making sweaters. He probably made eight bucks a week. He died when I was eleven, and my mother went to work as a seamstress to support my sister and me. There was a Jewish theatre called the Lyric, on Seigel Street; it seated six or seven hundred people. When I was about eight, I got a job selling apples in the balcony during intermissions. I made twenty, thirty, forty cents, and I watched the show. They did repertory at night, but Saturdays and Sundays they had matinées of musicals. Finally, they gave me a part in one. I had one line: 'There's going to be a *chupa!*'—a wedding ceremony. And I did a little dance. I got five bucks. Pretty soon, I got a job on weekends with Lou Ackerman's Kiddie Revue. We played parties and special occasions, and he paid us a buck or so. We loved being in show business. I got tap shoes, and Ackerman taught us the time-step, which is the fundamental step. One of the kids, Solly Krieger, became a middleweight fighter later on. His face got all battered, and it was hard to believe he'd been a toe dancer with the Kiddie Revue."

A policeman stops to chat with Furman. They exchange amenities, have a few laughs; then the policeman moves on. "He remembers me from when I was stage manager at the Globe," says Furman. "When you're connected with girls, everybody's your pal. You have a million friends. It's always 'How ya doin', Buddy?' " He laughs. "In Philadelphia, when the Trocadero closed, I lost 'em all." He pauses. Then he says, "Pornography knocked the Troc out of business. They started showing 'Deep Throat' across the street. Pornography is not for me. I don't think it has any place in our society, but I'm afraid of censorship. So what can you do about it? Nothing." He finishes his cone and starts to walk again.

"After the Kiddie Revue, I went into the amateur contests. Every movie theatre in New York that had vaudeville between the movies had an amateur night. They were all contrived. A kid named Bobby Martin, from Brownsville, teamed up with me, and we did a dance act. We got a guarantee of three bucks for the two of us, win or lose. Every day, we'd take the B.M.T. express to Times Square, and around noon we'd go up to the Brill Building or the Strand—to the offices of Dave Stern and Al Green, or Harold Eldridge—and say, 'Whatya got today? Any work?' And they'd say 'Come back tomorrow. I might have something for Friday,' or 'I got Loews 23rd Street. You want it?' Or we'd go over to Forty-first Street, where Harry Shaw booked for the B. S. Moss theatres, and ask there. Then we'd have lunch at the Horn & Hardart's between Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh on Broadway—ten cents for the finest baked beans, five cents for a hard roll and butter, five cents for coffee—and that meal lasted until we got home at one in the morning. You'd meet everybody there, or at Silver's Cafeteria, on Forty-seventh between Broadway and Eighth. Silver would carry you if you were short, and you'd pay him back. You'd hang out,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talking about hoofing and who we beat in the amateur contest, or sometimes we'd go to a movie at the Paramount or the Capitol. Then, around six or seven, we'd go to the theatre. The audience didn't know we were professionals. We did about seven minutes—soft-shoe and waltz clog, and a little comedy. I was the comedian, Bobby was the straight man. We never got first prize. That always went to a sympathy act—some guy in his forties with an old cap on his head and a folded newspaper in his back pocket. He'd recite 'The Kid's Last Fight,' or sing 'The Big Parade' or 'I Wonder What's Become of Sally.' Lousy bastards!" Furman starts laughing. "We used to get so mad. We had talent, they had *no* talent! But we got used to them after a while. After I got back from the Michigan tour, it was hard times for three or four years. My mother was going deaf, and I made her quit work. My sister was in school. I scuffled for a living. I did the amateur nights again, or I'd go buskin—go into a bar, any bar, and say, 'I just came in from Boston and I don't have any money,' and I'd dance, and they'd throw money on the floor. I did that all over the city. Once, in the Bronx, I made twelve dollars, and took a cab home to Brooklyn at three in the morning. When you're sixteen, you do things you'd never do again—but at sixteen who cares? I danced my ass off. Finally, things got so lean I had to sell neckties office to office. I bought them wholesale. I didn't like selling ties. Not at all. But I'd make three or four dollars. I took care of my mother my whole life, till she died, in 1974. She was seventy-eight."

"Can I get back to you? I have an office full of people."

• •

"Hi, Mr. Furman!" A man seated on a bench in the shade waves as Furman goes by.

"How ya doin'?" Furman calls, waving back. "He used to be a porter in a theatre here," Furman says. "Nice guy."

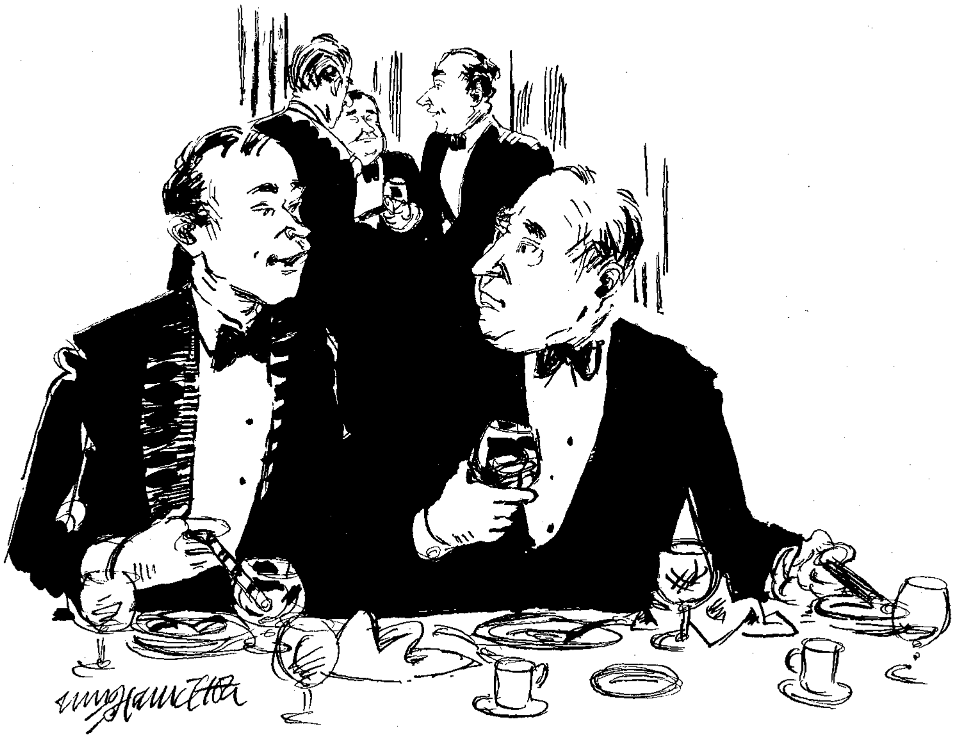
Furman says, "Finally, I got a job in an act called Manhattan Steppers—six boys and six girls. We went out on the Publix Paramount Circuit from New York to the Coast and back. There was always a big band onstage, and an organ first, and our act had a woman singer, a boy whistler, and a comedy act—two black comedians, named Glenn and Jenkins, who wore blackface. They were two of the sweetest guys you ever met. They weren't allowed on the stage in Texas, so they had to leave the show for a while. Glenn and Jenkins took care of us; they were dear men—like fathers to us. We did a step dance—twelve kids in a row going up and down a set of steps as wide as the stage. It stopped the show cold, but it wasn't as hard as it looked. After a year, we were back in New York, and I decided I wanted to be a comedian. I didn't think I was going to make it as a dancer, and I'd always thought I was a little funny."

At intervals along the beach side of the Boardwalk, there are large sections of benches—some shaded, some not—and today they are packed with people, mostly old. Across from the shop of Edith Albert, phrenologist, Furman stops and scans the benches. "This is where my friends from burlesque hang out," he says, shading his eyes. "But I don't see them. Maybe they left. It's so hot." He moves off to search for a shaded area. On his return, he is hailed by three elderly people on one bench—two men and a woman. He asks about his friends.

"They were here, but they went in," says the woman.

Furman talks and jokes with them for a few moments. When they are all laughing, he says goodbye, and proceeds up the Boardwalk.

"Those are friends from when I was working for the county," Furman says. "I worked with senior citizens through a CETA program. But it became emotionally upsetting to me. It got so I couldn't stand it, seeing some eighty-five-year-old woman crying because her landlord was threatening to throw her out of her apartment. I couldn't help her, and I'd start crying, too. But I used to help them as much as I could. I'd help with pharmaceuticals—tell them how to get prescriptions for two dollars—or make reservations for them to get picked up to go someplace. Everybody connected with the program was very good, and it was rewarding, but it was very upsetting. Old people are so frightened. They'd call me up with their problems, and



"You, sir, were my hero—until I became my own hero."

• •

they'd be so grateful for any help. They'd kiss my hand, buy me presents, make me cookies. They'd call and say, 'God bless you, Mr. Furman!' Jesus Christ! I used to feel *embarrassed!* But it made me feel good."

Passing the Steeplechase Pier, Furman glances over and remarks, "In the old days, I'd bring my little daughter here, and for two bucks I could be a big sport and take her on all the rides. Now it costs a fortune."

The Steel Pier, which once featured horses diving off a platform into a tank of water, now has a huge billboard announcing Lou Rawls and Tina Turner.

"Up here," says Furman, pointing ahead, "is where the Globe Theatre was. I ran it from 1957 to 1967, from June 22nd to Labor Day. Two shows a day—9 P.M. and midnight—seven days a week." Abruptly, the buildings on the Boardwalk come to a stop; the Boardwalk continues for a few hundred yards, but on the inland side there is nothing except parking lots—acres of dirt, sand, and cars. "The Globe was right there on the Boardwalk, between Delaware and St. Charles. This was all hotels, bars, bathhouses, and homes. On the beach in front of the theatre, you could meet anybody from burlesque. My late wife and my little girl and I would rent chairs for the day, and we'd sit out there and talk to everybody." He gazes at the parking lots. "This is all gold now," he says. "Zoned for gambling."

NEW YORK CITY

> In most bits, [the burlesque comic] is represented as a child of nature, the slave of stimulus and response.—*Ralph Allen.*

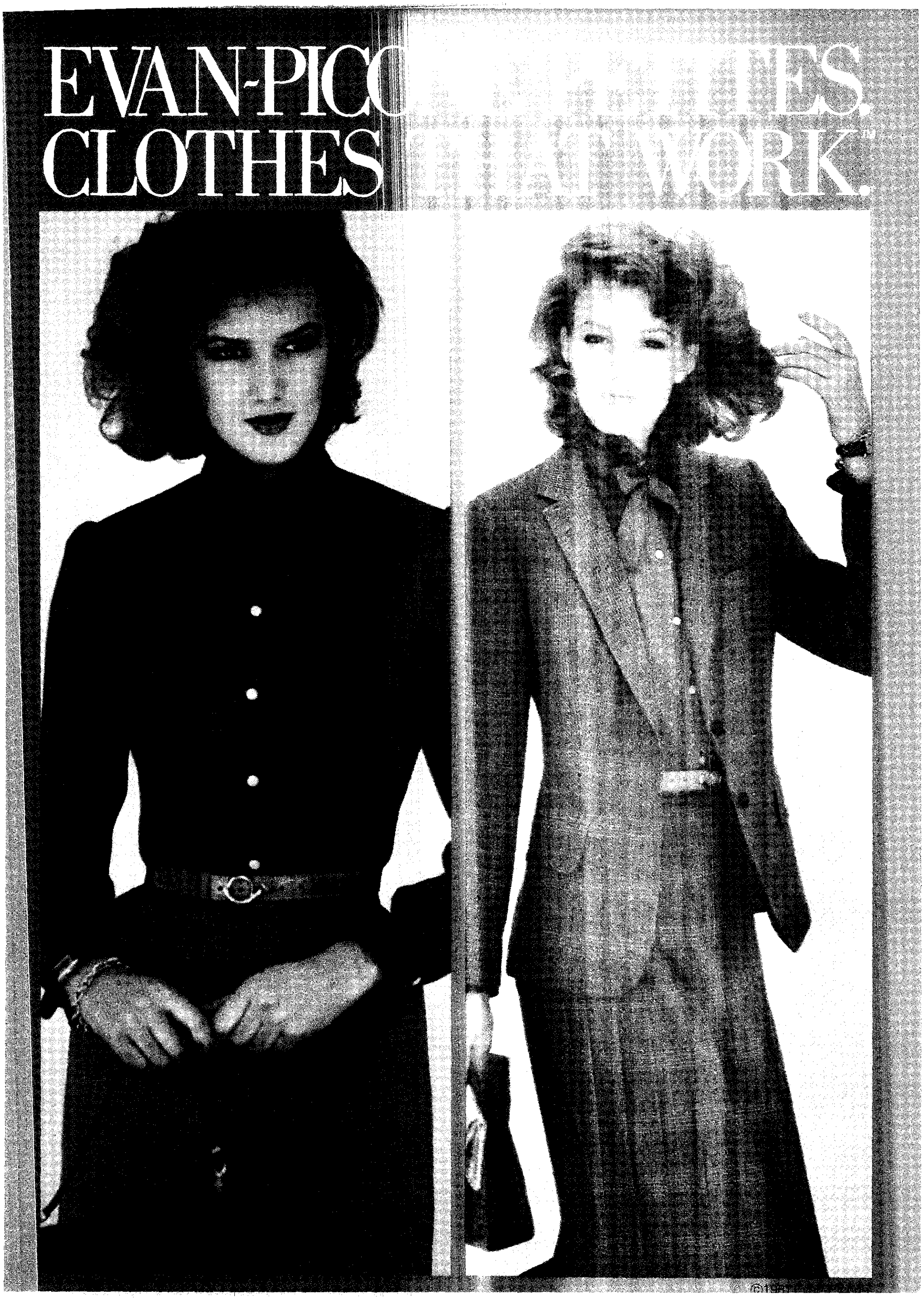
FURMAN has spent the night in New York, in connection with "Sugar Babies"—which was written by Ralph Allen and Harry Rigby—and now, toward noon, dressed in a lime-green-and-avocado ensemble, and carrying his belongings in a plastic shopping bag, he is leaving the Mayflower Hotel. Having had a substantial chat with the chambermaid on the ninth floor, exchanged a few words of salutation with a couple of strangers on the elevator, bandied pleasantries with a bellhop in the lobby, had a general discussion with a desk clerk, and greeted the doorman, Furman reaches the sidewalk of Central Park West. Glancing around, he remarks, "Nothing compares to Atlantic City," and starts to cross the avenue against the light. Halfway across, he becomes aware of a bus gradually bearing down on him; he also notices, on the opposite sidewalk, a young woman who is watching his progress. Immediately, Furman perceives the ingredients of theatre: (a) Protagonist (Furman); (b) Fate (bus); and (c) Audience (young woman). Furman assumes an air of panic. He rises to his toes; his arms go out in a balletic expression of high alarm and helplessness; he lurches this way and that, croaks "Help!," then skitters in quick, tiny steps to safety, leaps onto the curb, and is rewarded by the sight of the young woman laughing. Furman smiles modestly and heads downtown.

> Burlesque, as [Billy] Hagen performed it, charted a course between the shoals of sentiment and the rocks of cynicism and despair. Most comedy in our century was beached on the one or battered by the other. . . . I shall never forget Hagen as the bewildered plumber in the "Doctor Shop" mistaken for Dr. Plummer, the eccentric heart specialist. Tools in hand, he has come to repair a leaky valve in the bathroom. Instead, he is invited to scrutinize a beautiful, nearly naked patient to see if she has a leaky heart. "What a break for a plumber," he says. . . . I can still hear Billy's squeaky voice when he said that line and see the little smile that hinted at profound delights. . . . Billy's tramp gave silly hope to all of us. . . . Not all our aspirations are heroic, and we should not despise those shabby comforts that sometimes lead to threadbare joy. —*Ralph Allen.*

FURMAN: The reason I went into burlesque was I was told that was the best way to learn how to be a comedian, which is true. But unfortunately they had a lot of inferior comedians. I never kidded myself. Most of the better people moved up to vaudeville. But in vaudeville you did the same act for fifty years, and audiences came to see that. If you changed it, the audience screamed "No!" In burlesque, we had to know forty or fifty skits, sing, dance, tell jokes.

I got a job at the American Theatre, on Forty-second Street. All the Broadway shows were around there then. It was a beautiful area, and Forty-second was a wonderful, high-class street. We did two shows a day: three comedians; a soubrette; an ingénue; one stripper, maybe two; and a chorus line of fourteen or sixteen girls. There was a band in the pit, and we did skits in front of "stage liberties"—pieces of scenery painted like a restaurant or a courtroom. When Billy Minsky brought his burlesque up from Houston Street and took over the Republic Theatre, at Broadway and Forty-second, I went there, doing an act with Murray Briscoe and Joey Faye. Then we split up, and I went across the street to the Eltinge.

I was thrilled with becoming a comedian. It was a complete joy to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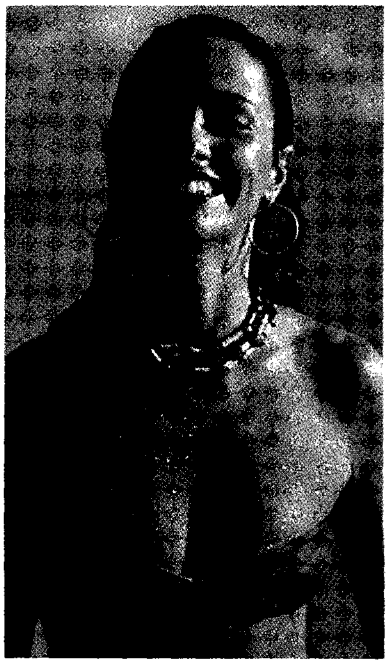

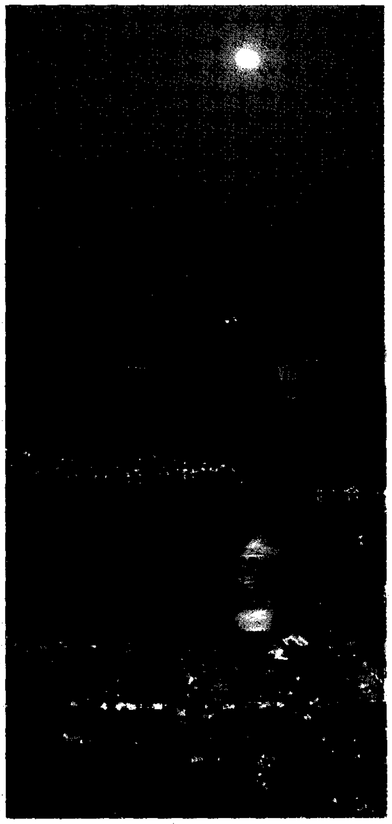

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me. My God, I was having the time of my life, and I was getting paid. I always loved to make people laugh, and I've never got over that. It always exhilarates me. The louder they laugh, the harder I work. I don't know where to stop. I go crazy!

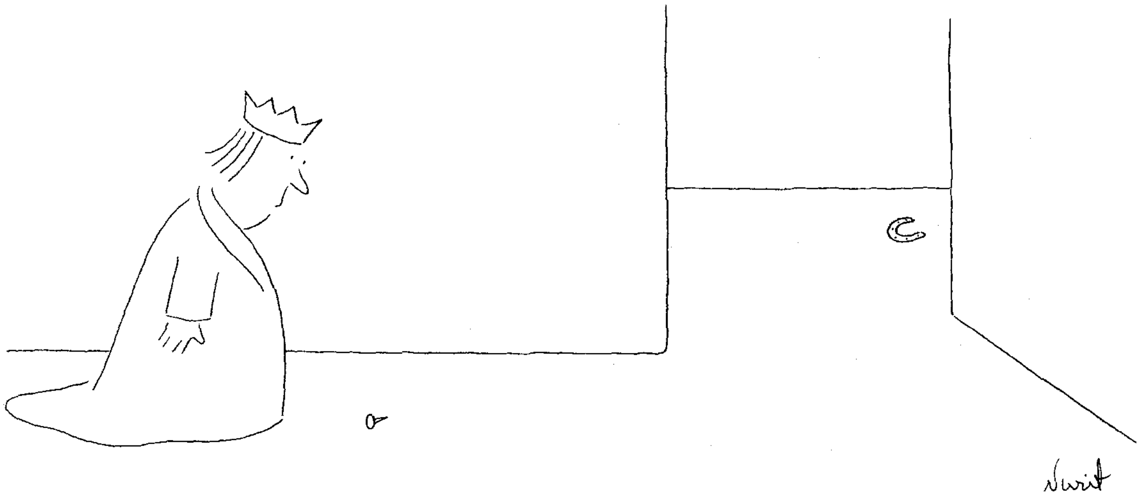
I was always unconscious of what I was doing. I never knew what I did with my face, my eyes. Once, a guy wrote that I did "quadruple takes." I didn't know that. You don't say, "I'm going to make this face." You just react; you bounce off the joke. I'm a physical comedian—I do moves.

When you have a big audience, and you walk out on the stage and get the first laugh, it's like a pitcher throwing a good pitch. You're home! But if you die, you get flop sweat, and you think, Oh, God, will this ever end? I'm dying. How can I get off? It's terrible, but you keep trying, and sometimes you finally get 'em. Sometimes never. But I always used to try. I never lay down on the job. If there was only three people—well, they paid their money, they're entitled to a show.

Toward the end, burlesque was often very demeaning. Audiences came to sleep—where could you get a flophouse for a buck-fifty? The stripper would come on, and they'd wake up. When the comedian came on, they'd yell, "Get off the stage!" Then they'd go back to sleep until the next stripper. Up, down, up, down. You'd hear snoring while you were on. It was killing you. Inside, your guts were turning upside down. You'd want to say, "*Please* listen to me."

At the Eltinge, I met this chorus girl. She was seventeen. A Lutheran, born in Iowa, raised in Toledo. I was a wild Jewish kid of twenty-two. Everybody gave it six months. A couple of years later, we got married, and for thirty years we worked together, doing scenes like "After My Money," "French Maid," "Dressing and Undressing," "Stage Door," "Automobile," "Hit and Run Hotel," "Crazy House," "Westfall Murder," "Irish Justice," "The Celery Scene," "Flugel Street," "The Wise Child Court." She was the most wonderful woman. She was everything a person should be. At the end, when they said she had a year to live, I thought, Oh, God, why her? What did she ever do?

REHEARSALS for the touring company of "Sugar Babies" will begin in a week. Furman is walking down Seventh Avenue, heading for the bus terminal to buy a ticket to



Atlantic City. "Since the gambling, you have to get a *reservation* on the *bus!*" he exclaims. After that, he plans to walk down to the Twenties, because he has heard there is a cigar store there that still makes good and inexpensive hand-rolled cigars. (He likes to smoke one cigar a day; he gave up cigarettes twenty years ago.) Furman is upset about the cost of living in New York—he reads menus in restaurants with suspicion—and he is worried about finding a decent place to stay at a price he can afford when he returns for rehearsals; performers are paid considerably less during the rehearsal period. "When I was starting out, rooms were seven dollars a week," he says. "And at a place like Ye Eat Shoppe, at Eighth Avenue and Forty-fourth, you could get a meal out of this world for sixty-five cents. I'm talking about soup to nuts. A buck was the Four Seasons in those days." But there were other problems then. He begins to brood. "Many of the comedians weren't kind to me when I was breaking in. Some were just looking out for themselves, vying for the best laughs. Camaraderie was just lip service, and there was resentment. But some—like Rags Ragland—were very kind." Furman gets angry thinking about one of the well-known comedians he knew long ago who forgot him later. He stops walking. He becomes agitated, then furious. His voice rises. He is enraged. "As a favor, I did a skit with that louse in 1935! He was just a kid then. I played the *straight man!* He forgot? He *forgot?*"

Presently, he cheers up. "Joey Bishop is a lovely man," he says. "When I saw him a few years ago, I said, 'Remember me?' He said, 'Remember you! I use some of your moves!'—and he did this little backward kick." Furman demonstrates the move, and begins to laugh. "I talk too much," he declares, happy now, and starts walking again.

I wanted to be something, and for a while I made it.—*Max Furman.*

FURMAN: What I wanted was a Four-Forty Show. A show on Broadway. Tickets in those days were four dollars and forty cents, three dollars and thirty cents, and so on. A musical on Broadway is the greatest entertainment in the world.

In 1943, during the Second World War, I was playing burlesque at the Mayfair Theatre in Dayton, Ohio. A dump. William Saroyan was stationed at Wright Field. One night, Mike Todd flew in to see Saroyan, and asked him, "Is there a burlesque house here?" Todd was a very earthy guy—a wonderful man. So they came to the Mayfair. That theatre was a hard audience; they never laughed. And it was usually half empty. But that night, for some reason, it was capacity, and everybody was screaming. I fractured 'em with "Dressing and Undressing." Todd came backstage, and said, "You're a funny little guy." He said he'd like to use me sometime. I said to myself, "Sure." Six months later, he called me for "Star and Garter," on Broadway. It was a burlesque revue with Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee. Pat Harrington, Sr., was in it. We were at the Music Box for eight or nine months. I loved it. Bobby Clark wore painted glasses, and he had a cigar and a cane. He'd click his heels and leer. He was a very gentle man; he loved golf and ballet. He was a very moral man, a nice man.

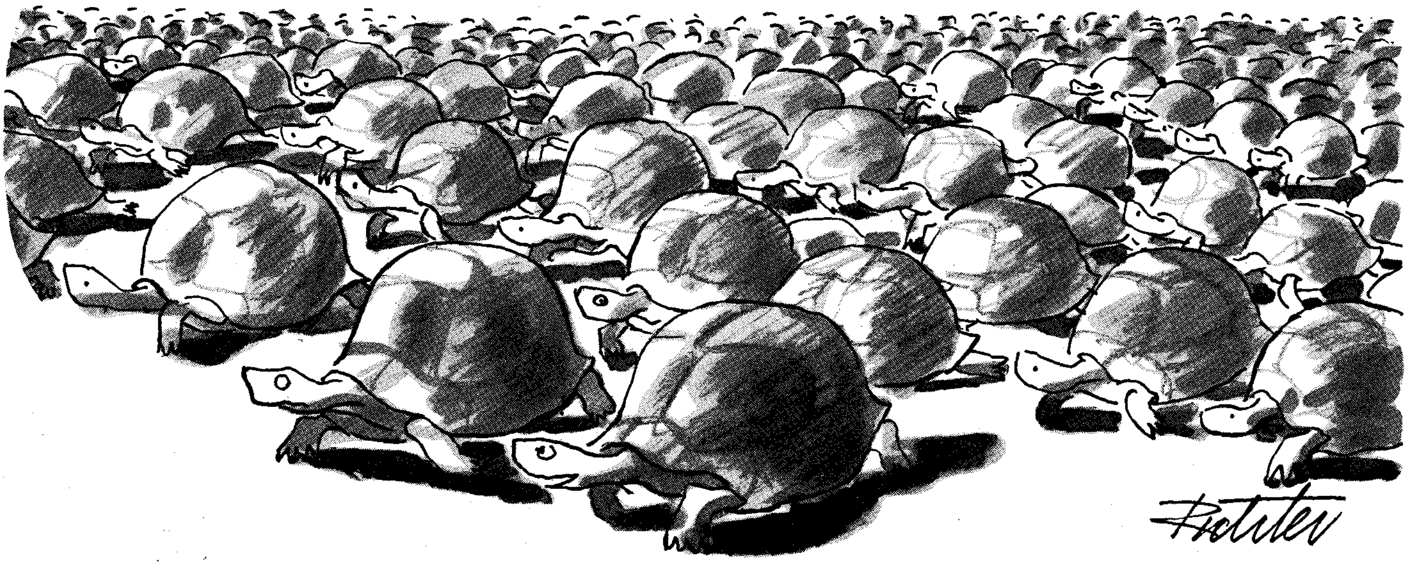
After that, I went into "Mexican Hayride." Cole Porter wrote the music for it. He taught me my song. He always wanted to make sure everybody sang the lyrics so the audience could hear them. He was a real gentleman. He treated me like a human being.

After "Mexican Hayride" ended, I couldn't afford to lie around New York waiting for a part. I had a mother and a wife to support, and they were depending on me. I didn't want to pump gas; I wanted to do comedy. In burlesque, I could do what I loved and knew best—making people laugh—so I went to the Trocadero in Philadelphia. In burlesque, you could work forty weeks. That was a *career.*

The Troc was a big theatre—maybe a thousand seats, with boxes and two balconies. We closed off one balcony. The audience at night was mostly sailors. The Troc was near the Delaware River, where the ships came in. Sailors in Calcutta would say to each other, "When you get to Philly, you gotta go to the Troc." We had an evening show and a show at noon. Who the hell comes at noon? Maybe three guys. Stragglers off the street. We had a seven-piece orchestra. They'd play one chorus of "How High the Moon," then I'd come out and say, "O.K., fellas, go back to sleep." I'd say hello to the regulars in the audience. There was a fat guy named Hammerstein who came a lot; we became good friends. And there was a guy who was kind of slow. He'd come three or four times a week, sit in a box. I'd introduce him and have him take a bow. It made him feel like somebody. After years of this, one day his mother came backstage, and she thanked me. She was a lovely woman.

Then I'd say, "Now we'd like to introduce a young lady I know you're going to enjoy; I've enjoyed her all week—her act, I mean. Miss Luna Landing!" Or Bermuda Schwartz, or whatever. I made up names. Like Melba, Toast of the Town, or Anna Cyn, Miss Painkiller of 1957.

After a while, I became stage manager, and I only performed when necessary. We always closed for Good Friday and Holy Week. It's a big week with the Church—give it to 'em. In the summer, the Troc was closed,



"Is this your first stampede?"

• •

and I worked at the Globe in Atlantic City.

Now the Troc is a Chinese theatre; a lot of Chinese live around there.

After the Troc shut down, I did a night-club act off and on for about nine years. A single. I played a trumpet—not good—did stand-up comedy, danced, did impressions. I worked in medium-priced clubs—Kasee's in Toledo, the Tick-Tock in Milwaukee, clubs in Minneapolis and Sioux City and Vegas. I was on a half hour; sometimes it seemed like three days. The late show was hard. In burlesque, the audience couldn't come and get you. In clubs, they could.

I also worked spasmodically with Ann Corio's show "This Was Burlesque," touring around the country.

When I heard about Ralph Allen doing "Sugar Babies," I *prayed* to get the show. I'm not an out-and-out religious guy, but I prayed, "Give me a shot, will You?" Finally, one day, I called Ralph Allen. "Where have you *been*?" he said. "I couldn't find you!"

ENTERING a delicatessen-restaurant with some friends, Furman looks around, possibly counting the house. They all sit down. Enter the waitress. She is pleasant-looking. Furman reacts as if she were Sophia Loren. She hands out menus. Furman thanks her with a paternal, twinkly smile and initiates a series of eye-rolling double entendres. The waitress responds favorably. This is more encouragement than Furman needs. He now casts himself in the role of a man nearly crippled with desire for the waitress—a stricken victim of passion. His menu lies idle. As the friends order their dinner and the waitress writes in her order book, Furman leans ardently toward her, clutching the edge of the table with trembling hands in an attempt to hold himself back, his eyes wild with lust and his lips soundlessly uttering a rapid stream of avidities. The waitress breaks up and drops her pencil. This achieved, Furman gazes at her as if puzzled by her odd behavior, and orders a B.L.T.

The waitress departs; the friends begin to talk. Furman gets to his feet, gazes about. He spots a couple of elderly women in an adjacent booth. He pulls a container of pills from his pocket and takes two, with a drink of water. The women ask him what kind of pills he's taking. Furman explains gravely that they are sex pills. The women start giggling, and one of them declares that she could use some of those. Furman replies that it is obvious she does not need any. The woman shrieks.

IN a classroom on the fifth floor of a New York University building on Washington Square, Ralph Allen is holding a special seminar for fifteen or twenty summer students on the history and practices of American burlesque and vaudeville. Allen, a Yale School of Drama graduate, is a professor of theatre arts at the University of Tennessee, now on leave and working as a theatrical consultant at the Kennedy Center, in Washington. His "Sugar Babies" is a product of his love for and knowledge of burlesque. An amiable and funny man, Allen is doing his best to provide the students with some solid history in an orderly way, but one of his guests today—Max Furman, a friend for twenty years—is proving to be both illuminating and utterly distracting. "This used to be *my* class," Allen remarks to nobody in particular as Furman, adjusting comfortably to the academic environment, darts around the classroom doing takes, telling jokes in various accents, leering at students who pass in the hall, and acting all the parts in old skits. When Allen manages to regain the floor long enough to put some of Furman's material into scholarly perspective—this is like trying to catch confetti in a high wind—Furman makes a conspicuous effort to be coöperative. He sits with his arms folded, gazing at the ceiling, murmuring, "A schoolteacher's always a schoolteacher."

Jimmy Mathews, another burlesque comedian who is a guest today, sits quietly, as if stunned. Mathews, a member of the cast of "Sugar Babies" on Broadway, is a pale, relatively tranquil comic; he is wearing a white panama hat and two-toned shoes. For the benefit of the class, he has defined himself as a traditional "cutie-pie comic"—a fall guy—whose innocence he demonstrated with several simpering smiles. Furman added, "Jimmy and I are as different as night and day. I'm a loud, raucous guy. I go out there

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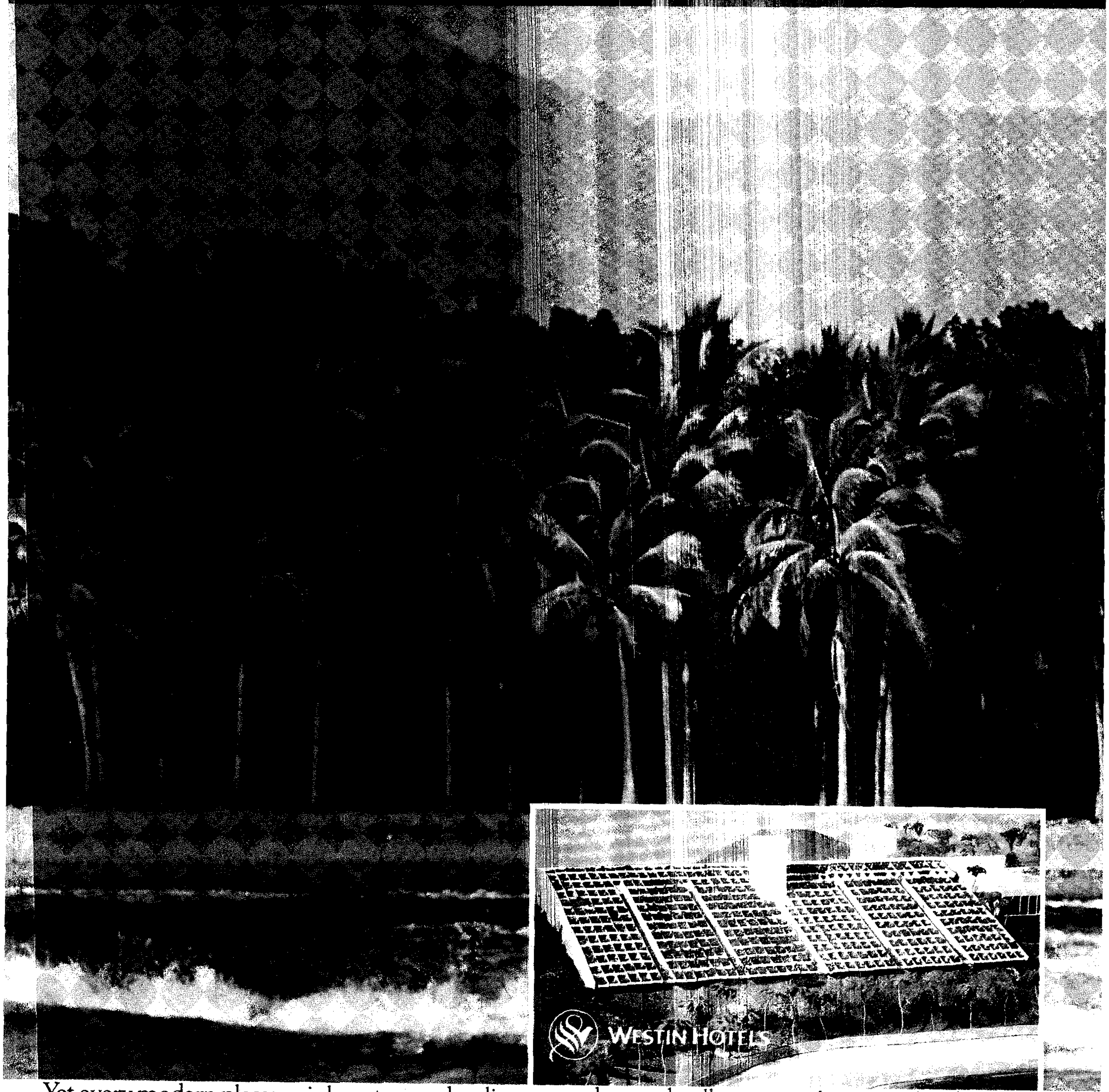

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and I keep-going—as if I were going *good!*"

"The straight man in burlesque represented authority," Allen is saying. "A cop, a businessman—"

At that moment, a comely student passes the doorway, and Furman is on his feet. He apologizes to the students for his departure as he crosses in front of Allen—"Just play with each other for a while," he suggests—and vanishes into the hall. Allen now begins to make some progress in his lecture. Then Furman reappears, standing in the doorway, casting grateful, appreciative glances over his shoulder at the invisible student. He waggles his fingers in coy farewell and comes back into the classroom.

Determined to maintain his momentum, Allen picks up a sheaf of papers. "I have here Billy Hagen's 'bit' book from 1906," he says. "Billy is ninety-two now, living in California. These are the skits he was doing when burlesque began." He says he will read the titles, and asks Furman and Mathews to see if they recall the scenes.

" 'Push the Cork'?" he begins.

Furman says, "I don't know that," and Mathews says, "No."

Allen says, " 'Two Eggs'?"

Furman says, "Oh, yeah."

The two comedians begin a restaurant skit, with Furman portraying a waiter and customers, and Mathews shouting from the kitchen as a cook. This suggests to them another restaurant skit—"Cut and Bleeding"—and they run through that briskly, and on into others. They intersperse the scenes with recollections of performers they once knew: "If he took off his putty nose, he couldn't buy a laugh." "Dick Dana was a straight man with a very deep, loud voice. He'd warm up backstage, booming out, 'Draaaaw Da-ay.' Draw Day was the day you could draw half your salary." They reflect on performing: "If you had a funny line, the first comedian would take it." "Not everybody in burlesque wore baggy pants. You don't want to have a costume that's funnier than you are." "If you lose it on the line, you get it on the take." They move through condensed versions of "Lemon Table," "One to Ten," "Love Escorts," "The Egg in the Hat," "Buzz-Buzz," and other skits. At one point, Mathews and Furman begin to sing a duet, Allen joins in, and they complete the song in perfect harmony. Sometimes Furman does an entire skit single-handed, whipping through the material at high speed. It is a brilliant and bewildering performance, as the characters, voices, moves, and takes overlap. In his hasty summary, Furman sometimes simply makes sounds that are an imitation of language—no actual words but an approximation of the lilt of the dialogue, so that it makes a certain kind of sense.

An hour and a half has slipped by. Allen is summing up. "In the great days of the Mutual Circuit, a burlesque show toured with a boxcarful of scenery, and a full cast of comics, singers, dancers, and chorus," he says. "Then, in the nineteen-forties, on the Izzy Hirst Circuit, only the principals moved. Theatres had a house chorus. By the late nineteen-fifties, on the Bryan & Engel Circuit, there was no chorus at all—maybe two comedians and a straight man and one or two strippers. As burlesque got more pornographic, people didn't come to laugh, and any scene needing more than two men was out. Skits like 'Meet Me Round the Corner' were out. The entertainment disappeared. Only the strippers were left."

The class is silent. Mathews gazes into the distance. Furman says quietly, "Burlesque went from something to *nothing*."

There are questions from the students, and Furman eagerly supplies most of the answers, but at one point Allen says, "I'll answer that one," placing a restraining finger on Furman's shoulder. Furman stares at the finger, recoiling. He draws himself up. His nostrils inflate. His eyebrows soar. He rivets Allen with a withering look of outraged dignity. "How dare you touch a star!" he says.

—JAMES STEVENSON

•

POLLY'S POINTERS

BY POLLY FISHER

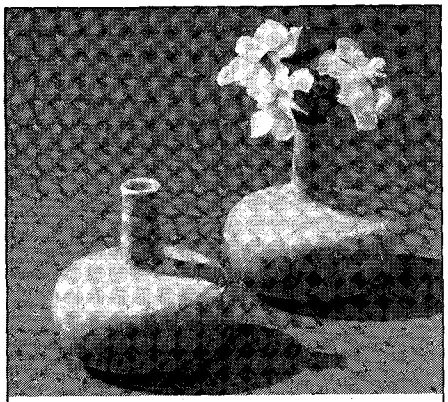
DEAR POLLY—I just bought a new all-wool coat. It's beautiful, but it constantly picks up lint and dust. Is there anything I can spray the coat with to stop this? Years ago, dry cleaners would glaze a coat, but they don't seem to do this anymore.

—CATHERINE

DEAR CATHERINE—We're both in luck! I had just resigned myself to de-linting my own new coat with Scotch tape every time I wanted to wear it, when I received the following letter.—POLLY

DEAR POLLY—When making an especially juicy pie like cherry, fresh blueberry or raspberry, use a square or round cake tin rather than a conventional pie plate. The higher rim keeps the juice confined and prevents overflows in the oven.—DOROTHY—*Jackson (Mich.) Citizen Patriot.*

Next pointer.



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE INDIGENISTS

THE mere existence, let alone the plight, of the Aché, the Andoke, the Akawaio, the Kadiweu, the Kalinga, the Mentawaians, the Secoya, and the Tzutujil is of little concern to most of the rest of the world. To a London-based organization called Survival International, however, the welfare of these diminishing inhabitants of, respectively, Paraguay, Colombia, Guyana, Brazil, the Philippines, Indonesia, Peru, and Guatemala is of immense consequence. By Survival International's somewhat arbitrary reckoning, there are at least a hundred and eighty million members of discrete ethnic groups on our planet who can be considered "tribal"—people, that is, who are "uncivilized," or, at any rate, largely unassimilated into whatever nation they happen to be technically a part of—and who, constituting four and two-tenths per cent of the earth's population, can further be adjudged its biggest minority. In Survival International's view, the survival of these scattered and often endangered folk is both important and moot.

Survival International's unofficial census of tribal people—among whom it usually includes seventy-one million residents of China and Southeast Asia, twenty-two million residents of the Soviet Union, and forty thousand Lapps—is at best an educated guess. Not long ago, the organization's chairman, a dapper forty-five-year-old sheep-and-cattle farmer named Robin Hanbury-Tenison, put the total at three hundred million. They exist "in perfect balance with their environment and use it on a sustained-yield basis," he declared. "Yet the lives and cultures of these peoples are being carelessly destroyed at a time when we could greatly benefit from contact with their ecologically sound life styles. As many millennia have shown, tribal society works."

Among the obstacles that the handful of emphatically nontribal people who run Survival International are faced with is the fact that their concerns are not widely shared—and, indeed, rarely generate as much indignation as the threatened extinction of various species of birds and mammals. Hanbury-Tenison has stated, moreover, that the probable downfall and doom of certain Indian tribes of South America "doesn't have the same emotional appeal that clubbing young seals on the head has." In moments of special gloom, he and his dedicated associates, while they have nothing against nonhuman life, cannot resist deploring the sympathetic attention that is frequently lavished upon oil-coated razorbills in the North Sea or upon the white rhinoceros of central and southern Africa, and they blurt out laments like "Isn't it strange how people can get so worked up about the bowhead whale but not about the poor old Eskimos?" That the forests of the twenty thousand Aguaruna Indians of Peru may soon be stripped by loggers, or that the Nambiquara of Brazil, who have managed for centuries to make do without vehicles, may find themselves living on the fringes of a highway, or that Guatemala's Tzutujil are being denied access by real-estate developers to a lake they had always assumed was theirs are matters, Survival is morosely aware, that are hardly likely to stir the passions of multitudes. It strikes the organization's leaders as ironic, not to say ludicrous, that the loss of a human culture that has evolved and been refined over thousands of years cannot compete in arousing public outcry with the loss of, say, a single giant panda. As it is evidently easier to whip up protests about disappearing four-legged species than disappearing two-legged ones, so is it easier, as has been resoundingly demonstrated by one of Survival's fraternal organizations, the also British-spawned Amnesty International, to mobilize support for specific individuals known to be unjustly lodged in specific jails than for anonymous groups in remote and little-explored jungles. Amnesty has won the Nobel Peace Prize; Survival has been struggling during most of its twelve years of cliff-hanging existence to pay its rent.

"*My husband says 'No surprises.'*"

SURVIVAL INTERNATIONAL came into being as a result of an article by the journalist Norman Lewis in the London *Sunday Times Magazine*, in

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February, 1969. The piece was entitled "Genocide," and it was mostly about Brazil and how a government agency there called the Indian Protection Service, which was established in 1910, not only had not lived up to its name but had actually been responsible for the deaths of many indigenes, to whom it gave poisoned food, and clothing impregnated with smallpox virus. Lewis took occasion to quote the anthropologist Claude Lévi-Strauss, who had done field work in Brazil in the nineteen-thirties: "A primitive people is not a backward or retarded people, indeed it may possess a genius for invention or action that leaves the achievements of civilized people far behind." Lewis, for his part, presented some bleak statistics. In a few decades, the Mundurucu had decreased in number from nineteen thousand to twelve hundred, the Guaraní from five thousand to three hundred, the Caraja from four thousand to four hundred. More than four hundred Tchikao had had the bad luck to inhabit territory coveted by diamond hunters, who had hunted them as well, and had killed all but fifty-three. The Tapayuna, whose sugar supply had been poisoned with arsenic, were nonexistent. Lewis wrote that the Indian relatively unexposed to civilization could be termed "the perfect human product of his environment—from which it should follow that he cannot be removed without calamitous results," and continued, "Ensconced in the forest in which his ancestors have lived for thousands of years, he is as much a component of it as the tapir and the jaguar; self-sufficient, the artificer of all his requirements, at terms with his surroundings, deeply conscious of his place in the living patterns of the visible and invisible universe." The journalist cited a prediction by a contemporary Brazilian social historian that unless that country's Indians were truly protected there would be none of them left at all by 1980.

The British react to that sort of thing. The author and botanist Nicholas Guppy (the fish was named after his grandfather) was moved to write to the *Sunday Times* urging that somebody do something, and he invited the anthropologist Francis Huxley (Julian's son, Aldous's nephew) to co-sign the letter. Its publication swiftly led to the founding of an organization called, initially, the Primitive Peoples Fund. The name was changed to Survival International a

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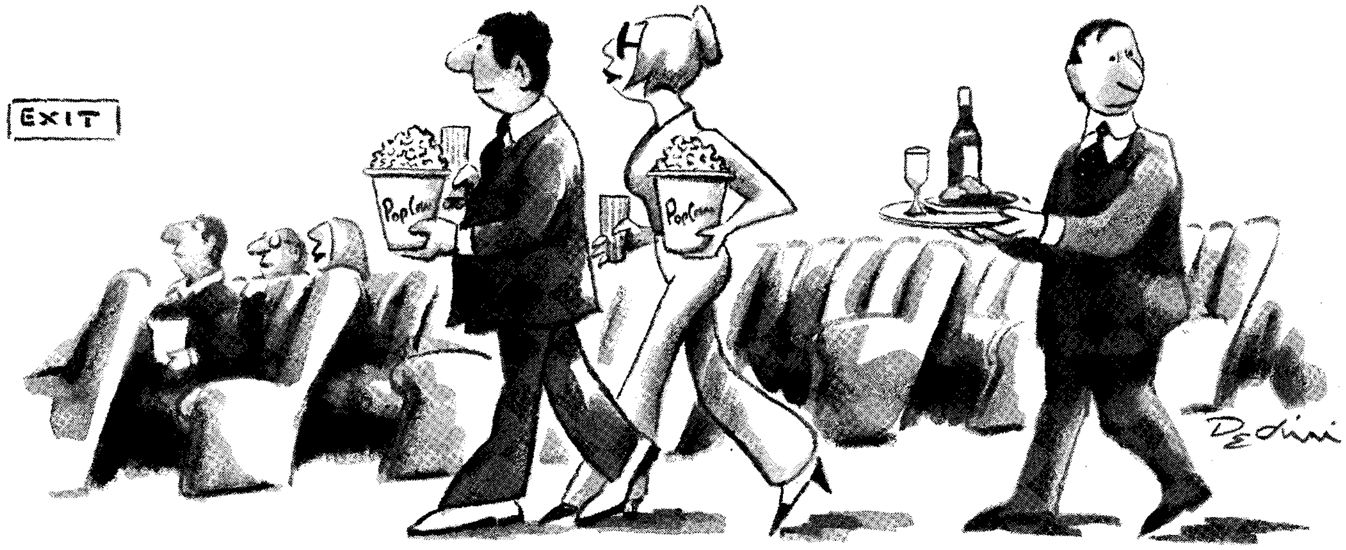

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couple of years later, because the word "primitive" seemed to some of its members unacceptably pejorative as a description of the inhabitants of what Survival people sometimes call the Fourth World. "We have always tried to have certain principles and ideals stemming from a recognition of the basic humanity and the rights of people who are often difficult to identify precisely," Hanbury-Tenison says. "Almost any word you can use—'primitive,' 'savage,' 'native,' 'indigene,' whatever—has unwelcome connotations in some context. We have to be very careful how we describe our catchment. We have to stress not only that these people have basic human rights but that they are our equals in intelligence, culture, background, and ability. People aren't necessarily inferior just because they do things that other people regard as odd." As for how Hanbury-Tenison and his fellow-executives of Survival International can themselves be designated, they have lodged no demurrers against the term indigenists.

From the outset, the expressed philosophy of the new group was that whatever it might do on behalf of seemingly beleaguered tribes would be done only after an on-site inspection of their predicament and with the approval and coöperation of the tribespeople themselves. The Primitive Peoples Fund would "attempt to find humane, practical and constructive solutions which will allow each individual group to adapt to the outside world at a pace and in a manner which will make it possible for them to maintain their identity and dignity as human beings." Hanbury-Tenison himself, who cannot abide being thought of as a mere do-gooder, later sounded the warning that "without accurate, up-to-date information on the tribes concerned, and positive recommendations about measures which would assist them to survive, such activities could too easily be dismissed as the rantings of uninformed European pressure groups meddling in the affairs of ex-colonies and developing countries who were now independent and responsible for solving their own problems."

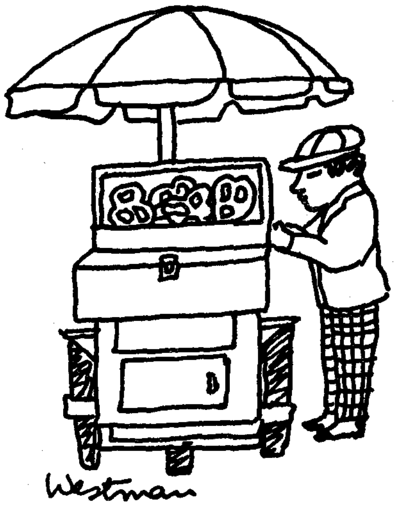
When the Fund was formed, Hanbury-Tenison was ripe for conversion to its cause. He had returned not long before from a trip to South America, in the course of which he and the ethnobotanist Conrad Gorinsky had been delighted to forsake their travelling companions and go off to visit groups of Indians of whom little or nothing was known. Another early supporter of the Fund was the television producer Brian Moser, whose œuvre includes a documentary series entitled "Disappearing World." Still another was John Hemming, a roommate of Hanbury-Tenison's at Oxford. The two men have remained close ever since. Each is godfather to the other's son. Both have become eminent in their chosen fields. Hemming is the author of, among other works, "The Conquest of the Incas," an account of a clash between a once self-sufficient people and a brutal colonial invader. Since 1975, he has been the director of the Royal Geographical Society.

Hanbury-Tenison, who, since he belongs to the British landed gentry, may be a member of a vanishing species himself, is generally recognized nowadays as England's ranking explorer. That he is alive at all some of his friends regard as surprising. A slender, sinewy man with blue eyes and graying blond hair, he is known in parts of South America as El Intrépido. He was one of two men who were the first to cross that continent by jeep at its widest point—a six-month, six-thousand-mile trip, east to west, notable for how little of it could be made on conventional roads and how often it entailed confrontations with piranhas, tarantulas, caimans, stingrays, jaguars, and fire ants. On another occasion, he traversed South America from north to south, in a thirteen-foot inflatable rubber boat with two outboard motors, to prove that an almost continuous river route existed from the Orinoco, in the north, to the Rio de la Plata, in the south—the last four thousand miles of that journey, after a companion took sick, alone. Hanbury-Tenison's notion of a lark is to travel around the Sahara on camelback. He has crossed it four times, once with John Hemming. "It was nothing very serious," Hemming said later. "Just a little three-week holiday out of Libya to look at some rock engravings in Chad. Robin's delightful company, except that he doesn't care much about eating. He thought that quite enough food for each of us would be a tin of sardines a day and perhaps a few dates."

Left to himself, Hanbury-Tenison would just as soon make do with an unvarying diet of porridge. "I like to travel light because that way one can experience what's out there, instead of insulating oneself from the environment," he says. "I enjoy discovering how unnecessary run-of-the-mill comforts are, and I like to find new comforts. If you're in the desert and you live as nearly as possible like the Tuareg, in a strange way your life becomes more comfortable. For instance, a plastic water jug gets hot and its contents taste foul—but a goatskin! The initial taste of water flavored with goat is a bit off-putting, but the water keeps cooler and the receptacle seems more appropriate." In keeping with his penchant for austerity, when he crossed the two-hundred-and-fifty-mile Darien Gap, on the Panama-Colombia border, in 1972, as part of an exceedingly well-equipped British Army expedition, he eschewed the equipment. "I lived entirely as an Indian and got along better than the rest of the group, which found that stretch of jungle a green hell," he says. "If you fight the environment instead of accommodating to it, you're always going to lose."

Hanbury-Tenison's singularly restless nature has led him to formulate what he calls Hanbury-Tenison's Law of Travel. It goes, "The longer a traveller stays in one place, the more reasons he finds for not moving on." He was born in London and brought up in County Monaghan, Ireland—the third son, in a family of five children, of a retired Army officer who had served in India under the British Raj. His mother was passionately interested in natural history and was an amateur painter of wildlife. At six, he lived in a tree house in the middle of a thickly wooded lake island that no other child that age had ever dared explore. He was duly shipped to Eton, and after finishing up there he took some time off, before Oxford, to study German at the University of Innsbruck. (Today, he can also get by in French, Indonesian, Italian, Malay, Portuguese, and Spanish.) On leaving Oxford, he set out at once to circumnavigate the globe. He bought a Second World War jeep for a hundred pounds and drove it from London to Ceylon, via Iran, Afghanistan, India, and a couple of ferries. He sold the jeep in Ceylon and hitchhiked through Burma, Thailand, Cambodia, Malaya, Borneo, and Japan. He worked his way by steamer to Canada, picked up another secondhand vehicle there, and drove by way of Mexico to New Orleans, from which he returned to England by airplane. He was just looking around.

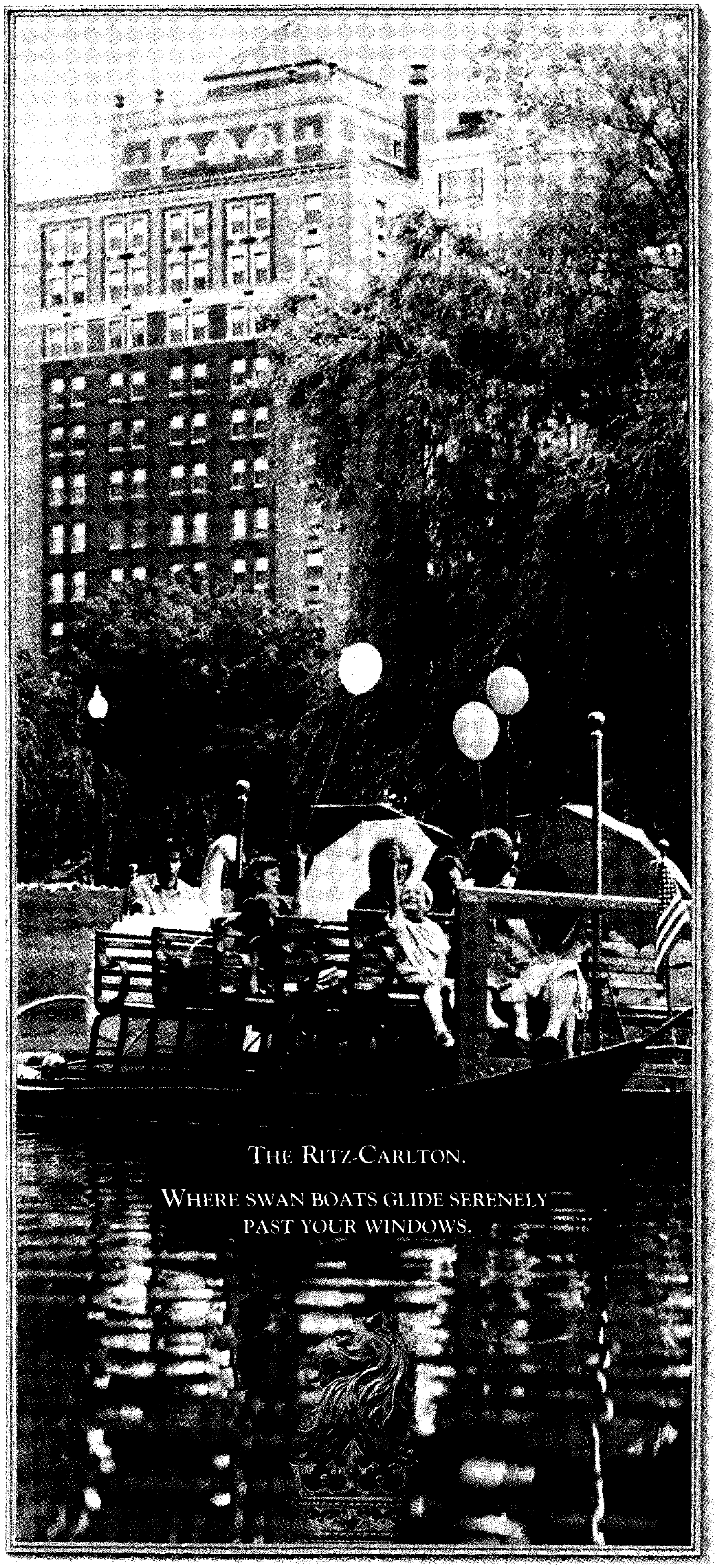
In all his travels, Hanbury-Tenison has practically never taken ill. He ascribes this to his philosophy of trying always to experience everything that comes along—hunger, discomfort, and so on—instead of trying to keep himself hygienically inviolate. "I got the best possible preparation for that in Ireland," he says. "It happened that the sewage system entered the lake next to the intake pumps for our house. It was good training for the stomach. Mind you, I do take some precautions—I won't drink from a tap in a South American village. But I will drink from streams. And I don't chlorinate. I do not become sick at times when chlorinated-canteen people do. I have had interesting discussions of this with the medical profession. Doctors sometimes ask me what I do in the event of accidents. Well, I was once at a river settlement in Brazil that was visited by outsiders only once or twice a year. Its entire medical practice was handled by an old woman with a bag of herbal remedies. I asked a man there what his people did about accidents. 'If there is no medical assistance, you don't hurt yourself,' he said. I believe there's a good deal of truth in that. In Western society, we do become obsessed by the idea that anything that goes wrong can be put right. At home, if I cut my finger I make a tremendous fuss and go rushing about looking for antiseptic and plaster and sympathy. In the forest, I just do whatever is sensible, and possible. I don't particularly worry about animals, because I don't believe that they will attack unprovoked. Snakes and I have always managed respectfully to avoid one another. I do shake out my boots before I put them on—scorpions, you know, that sort of thing. As for mosquitoes, I've concluded that their vexatiousness is largely psychosomatic. I don't slap at them or scratch their bites or—most important—worry about them. Fortunately, I appear to have fewer allergies than most people. Many times, almost everybody else around me will be suppurating and I won't even have a blemish. I am lucky, too, I daresay, in that, in varying lengths of time I've spent with some seventy tribes around the earth, I've never found associating with people a problem. I can sense atmospheres and difficulties rather quickly, and I can usually pick up enough words of any language to appear human. I can inveigle myself into affections fairly fast, and that's good, because most people are suspicious of strangers."



After his round-the-world journey, Hanbury-Tenison allowed himself six weeks at home to incur, be treated for, and recover from cut fingers and razor nicks. Then, in the summer of 1958, he set forth on his unprecedented jeep trip across South America. His companion was Richard Mason, another Oxford roommate. Mason was going to write an account of that adventure, and he had all of Hanbury-Tenison's notes, but before he could get around to putting them in order he returned to South America with the third Oxford roommate, John Hemming. They were hoping to discover the source of the Iriri River in Brazil—an effort that proved successful but with tragic consequences. The Kreen Akrore Indians, who had no reason to think that any intruders into their domain could be peaceable, ambushed Mason and killed him. Hemming, who was in Rio getting fresh supplies, later managed to bring out his companion's body. It didn't occur to either Hemming or Hanbury-Tenison to give up exploring.

FROM the start, the indigenists of Survival International have devoted most of their time, energy, and money to the Indians of South America. The organization's symbol, which decorates a four-in-hand that Hanbury-Tenison is partial to whenever he is in a place where ties are worn, depicts a Kamayura Indian of Brazil standing on the prow of a dugout canoe shooting fish with a bow and arrow. The indigenists' very first grant—a benefaction of four hundred pounds—went to the Andoke Indians of southern Colombia. There had been some ten thousand of them in the late nineteenth century, but then they were enslaved by invading Peruvians who lusted after the rubber trees that grew in the Andoke forests. By 1915, only forty Andoke were left. By 1970, however, their population was back up to one hundred. A sort of Andokean renaissance was under way. The new generation of Andoke were still gathering rubber, but now under the aegis of a *patrón* who, though he did not have them enslaved, kept them in more or less permanent debt to him. He bought their rubber cheap and charged them dear for the goods his commissary stocked. The Andoke informed a Survival emissary that for four hundred pounds they could not only get out of hock to the *patrón* but also buy tools—they were then relying on his—with which they could collect rubber independently and sell it at a better price than he would pay. "The Andokean problem was a hundred years old, and we didn't delude ourselves that we could solve it all at once," a Survival executive said afterward. "All we could do was to help them try something they wanted to try. We're not sure that they made a go of it, but we did hear that at one point they'd accumulated enough excess cash to fulfill one other aspiration—hire a schoolteacher for their children. That's the way we like to see people emerge, if they must, from tribal life—at their own pace, of their own volition."

Brazil, with whose indigenes Survival has been most preoccupied in the recent past, may have contained as many as six million Indians in 1500, when the first Portuguese, Pedro Álvares Cabral, stepped ashore there. Nobody knows for certain how many tribes those millions represented. In 1900, there were two hundred and thirty identified tribes; in 1957, there were a hundred and forty-three—an unrecoverable loss of more than a tribe a year in the first half of this century. The number of tribal Indians in Brazil in 1900 was probably around five hundred thousand; today there are probably fewer than half that many, not counting whatever the population may be of a handful of tribes thought to have remained undiscovered by anyone from the First, Second, or Third World. Many of the known Indians assume that the right to occupy, hunt over, and till certain tracts of land is theirs by tradition and inheritance. Pieces of paper labelled "title" or "deed" mean little or nothing to most of them. Some Indians maintain that their land was created by God to be shared and used by all those born upon it, and that to buy or sell such sacred soil would be as grossly immoral as to buy or sell a child, or even more so. (Some other Indians do sell their children, into slavery or prostitution, or both, but, as a rule, only under dreadfully straitened circumstances.) The



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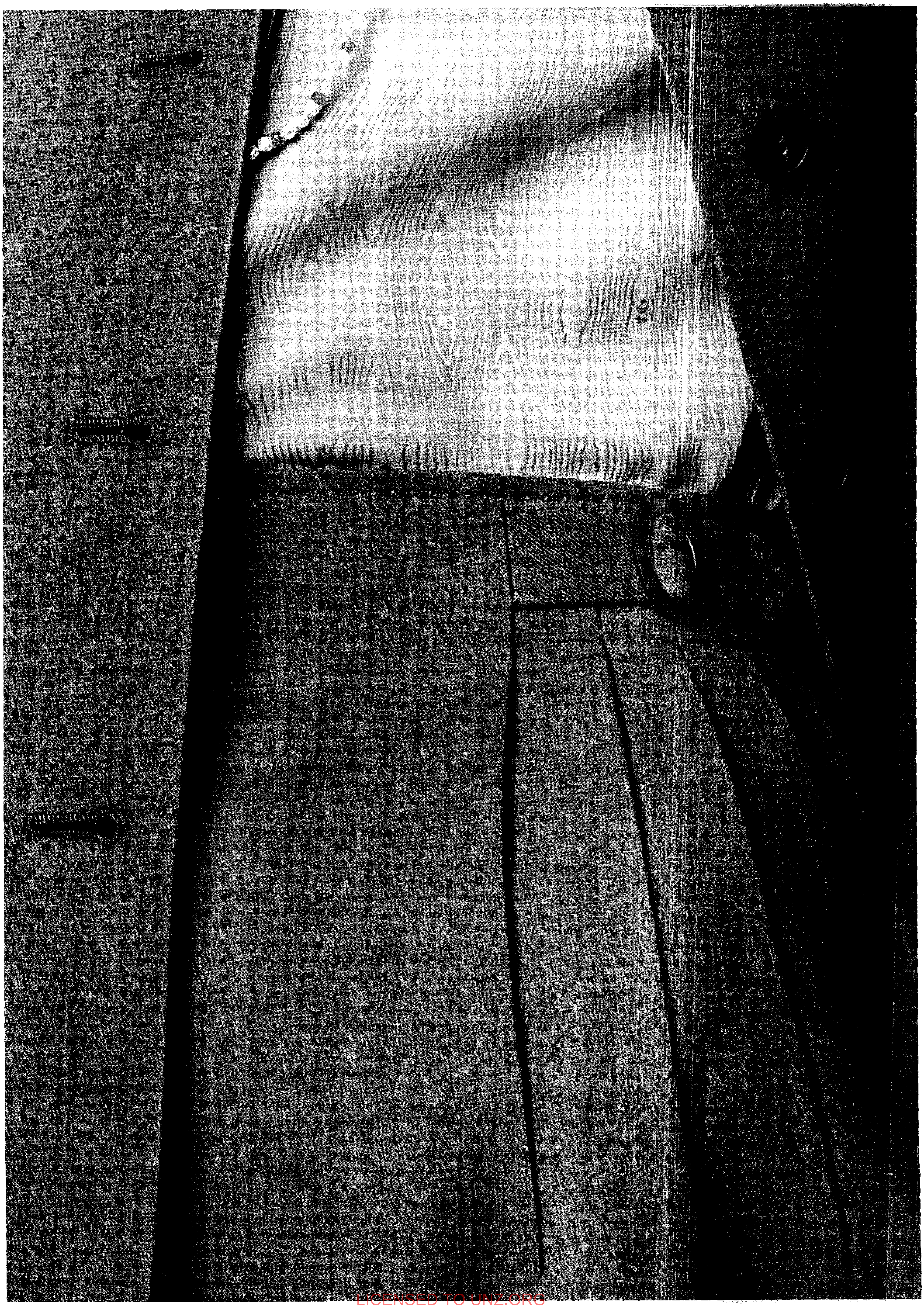

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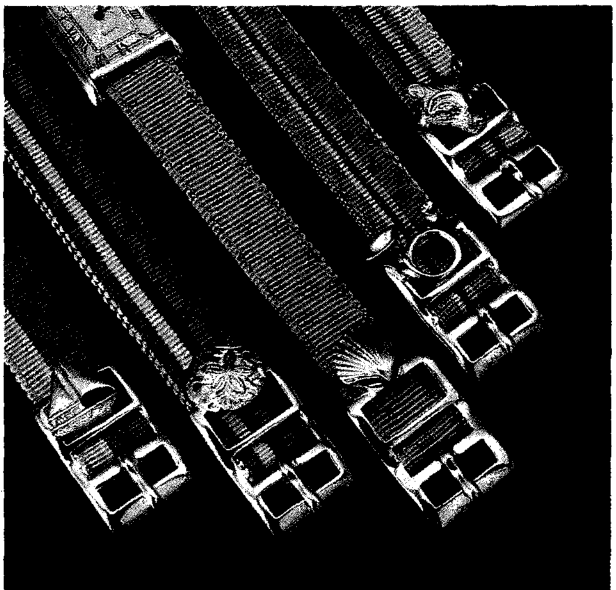

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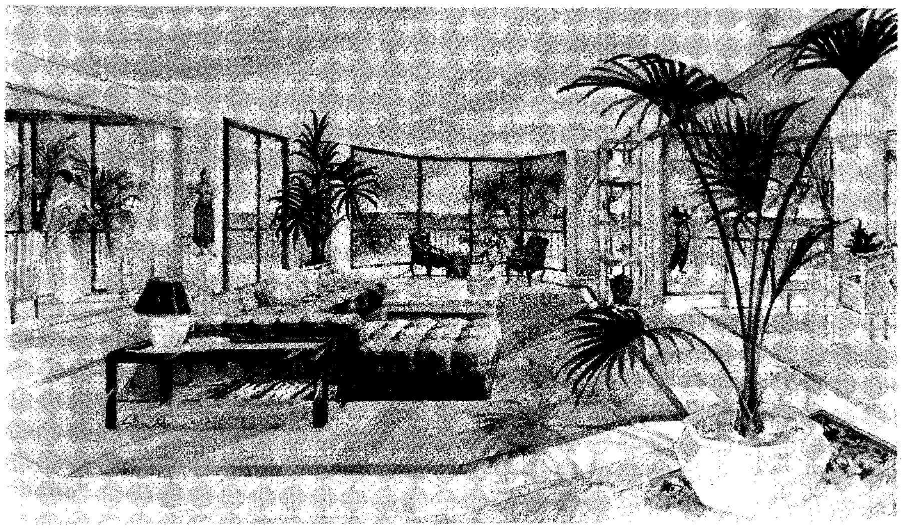

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Brazilian constitution specifies that all the land on which Indian tribes live belongs to them, but that portion of the constitution has not evoked much governmental action and, accordingly, has done little to deter timber cutters, mining prospectors, cattle grazers, road builders, real-estate developers, and others bent on usurping Indian land. The Kadiweu, who live on the southern Mato Grosso plains, lost nine hundred thousand acres to cattle ranchers in 1976, and although they are supposed to receive an annual rental of a dime or so per acre for their deprivation, they had not at last report seen a penny of it.

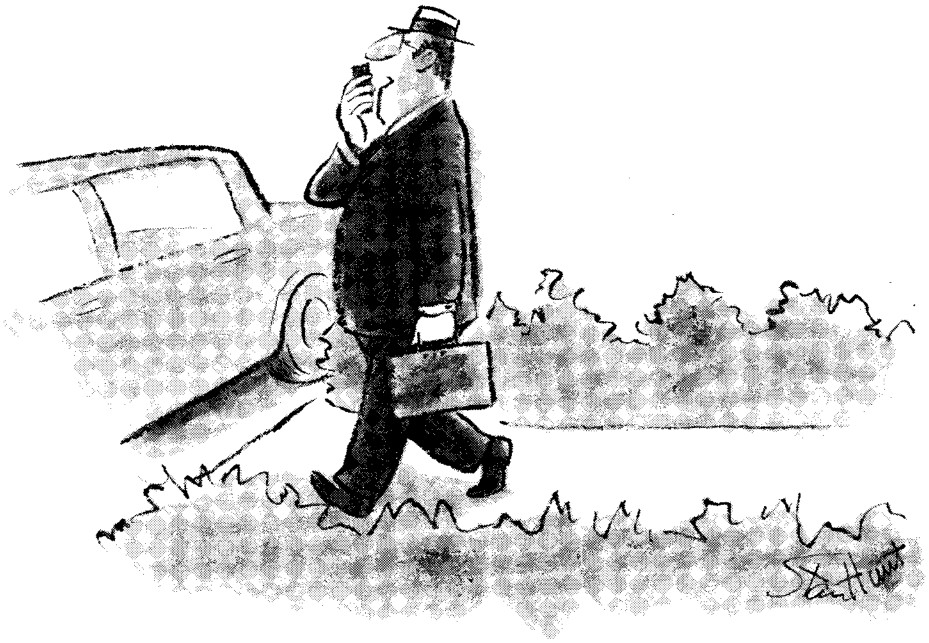
Nearly every South American nation has some law or decree regulating the use and sale of tribal land. (In Peru, in 1976, some Secoya Indians were formally invested with ownership of their land, but they didn't hear about that for quite some time, and they never saw the document of conveyance, which had inadvertently been handed to some other Indians, several hundred miles away.) But while in theory the land belongs to, or is held by the state in trust for, its Indian occupants, in practice they are apt to be unceremoniously shunted off it whenever it is deemed useful for other purposes. A fifteen-hundred-kilometre highway project that is now under construction in western Brazil will, if it is completed, slice through the homelands of many of the eight thousand Indians, of twenty-five different tribes, in Rondônia and Mato Grosso; and, if past experience is any guide, as the road-building crews multiply the Indians will be exposed to measles, influenza, tuberculosis, infectious hepatitis, and venereal diseases.

Over the years, Brazilian governments have vacillated between trying to isolate their Indians (something that is difficult to do when some prospector has reason to believe there is gold in Indian hills) and trying to integrate them into the body politic (something that is likely to turn those of them who survive diseases into unskilled laborers, prostitutes, or drunks). In 1910, the founder of the Indian Protection Service, an Army engineer named Cândido Mariano da Silva Rondon, who was part Indian, instructed his field operatives, "Die if you must, but never kill." In the post-Rondon era, his injunction was flagrantly unheeded. The Service's misdeeds were so multiple and egregious that when the Ministry of Interior sought to enumerate them in a

1967 investigation its report ran to more than five thousand pages. The Service was superseded that same year by an agency called the National Indian Foundation, whose Portuguese acronym is FUNAI. FUNAI started off with a strong pro-Indian bias, but in time its management was taken over by the military, who eventually purged its ranks of anthropologists and others sympathetic to tribal problems. Understandably, the colonels in charge of FUNAI were more concerned with national security than with cultural diversity. Many of the Indians lived close to Brazil's border with one or another of its not always friendly neighbors; the Army gave a higher priority to keeping the country's boundaries inviolate than to preserving the indigenes and their societies.

WHEN Survival International came into being, Robin Hanbury-Tenison was raising Dartmoor sheep and Galloway cattle on a thousand-acre farm at Cardinham, Cornwall, where he and his wife, Marika, and their two children had settled into a fourteenth-century farmhouse. (Since then, Marika Hanbury-Tenison has attained a measure of celebrity herself, as the cookery editor of the London *Sunday Telegraph*, and she has written a couple of dozen cookbooks, some containing recipes she came across while travelling with her husband.) In 1971, Survival asked Hanbury-Tenison to return to Brazil, as a guest of its government, for a firsthand look at the Indian situation. Accompanied by his wife, he visited thirty-two tribes in ten weeks. Among these were the Kadiweu, who had fallen on hard times: there was plenty of game on the southern Mato Grosso plains, but the Kadiweu had no guns and they had forgotten how to make bows and arrows. Much of what Hanbury-Tenison saw troubled him. He came across a group of twenty-six Nambiquara, for instance, who were being kept in a condition of near-slavery by a non-Indian interloper on their land. They had been given to the interloper as a wedding present. There was only one child among them—a statistic that, the visiting Englishman sadly reasoned, all but consigned them to oblivion. Hanbury-Tenison's principal objective was the Xingu National Park, a nine-thousand-square-mile expanse in central Brazil where fifteen Indian tribes had been dwelling in a theoretically protected enclave since 1961. The anthropologists Orlando, Claudio, and Leonardo Villas Boas were in large measure responsible for the creation of the park. They had hoped that it would save at least some Indians from exploitation and from exposure to the diseases of civilization. The brothers had assisted in providing the Xingu Park Indians with medical treatment, had done their utmost to keep animal hunters and land speculators out of the area, and had provided those Indians who asked for them with tools and implements imported from the outside world.

The Xingu people were generally thought to be among the healthiest, happiest tribal folk in Brazil. But now, in 1971, the government had it in mind to bisect their reservation with a highway. True, the government was offering the Indians additional land to the south of the park, but it was an infertile tract, and the tribes that would have to be uprooted by the highway were reluctant to move there. (The road has since been built. The chief of one once-proud tribe, which had refused to be budged, was subsequently seen wandering up and down the edge of the highway, begging; his wife and daughter had syphilis; his tribe had been decimated by respiratory ailments.) At Posto Leonardo—the administrative center for the southern half of the park, which was named in honor of Leonardo Villas Boas, who died in 1962—Hanbury-Tenison met up with Claudio Villas Boas, and later showed him some Survival literature. Claudio's approving reaction to what he read, Hanbury-Tenison later recounted in a book entitled "A Question of Survival" (it had a flattering foreword by the Duke of Edinburgh), "strengthened my resolve to do everything possible to make Survival International a success." He went on to explain, "Inevitably, I had had doubts about whether what we were trying to do was valid or even right and proper in a rapidly developing modern world, and whether we were not perhaps indulging in a nostalgic exercise, trying to recreate something which was vanishing and must continue to vanish. Many people seemed to think so; could it be they were right? Here in the Xingu, surrounded by 'ignorant, naked savages,' who were among some of the best and sanest people I have ever met, I knew that they were not right and that I must do everything I could to help prevent their extermination, and try to make the rest of the world stop wanting to change them." In that book, Hanbury-Tenison also told how, after visiting more than thirty tribes in Brazil, he had resolved to unwind by making a solitary ascent of Mt. Roraima. While climbing, he had passed the time reflecting on what people along the way had told him. "Help us to fight for the Indian," they had said. "Teach the world to see what is



"This is Prentiss J. Parmenter recording. It's eight o'clock, the morning of August 24th. The air is crisp and the sky is clear as I leave for my office. On the way, I shall record my thoughts on business, politics, the parlous state of humanity, and perhaps, should the spirit move me, a word or two of philosophical commentary."

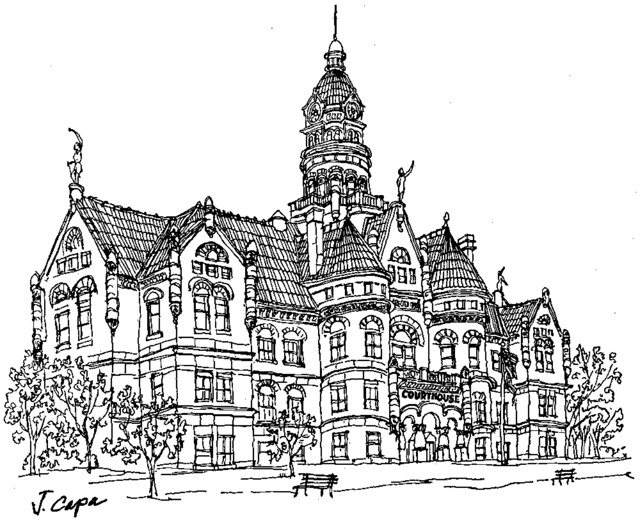
best for him. Help us to prevent these people whom we love from being destroyed and vanishing off the face of the earth. Help them in the fight for survival. But above all help us with your voice which will carry weight in the world and make the world care." Hanbury-Tenison added a thought of his own: "Through taking on the mission I had just completed I had acquired a burden of responsibility which would never leave me while there were still Indians in Brazil and people trying to save them from cultural and physical extinction."

ALMOST from its inception, Survival International has been operating—on an exceedingly modest scale (even today, its annual budget involves an expenditure of about a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars)—out of quarters in an old London building on Craven Street, near the Charing Cross railway station. The building is called the Benjamin Franklin House. Franklin lived there, as a Colonial envoy to Great Britain, between 1757 and 1775. Until early this year, when Survival moved up two floors, taking over the former premises of the Central London Association for the Age of Enlightenment, it occupied two basement rooms, one of them inherited from the late C. P. Snow, who had used it as a writing hideaway. (Because the London County Council has affixed a plaque to the building's façade, sightseers often pause there. The Survival staff could see them only from the knees down. One day, a Survival employee heard one Cockney passerby say to another, "Look 'ere, Fred, Ben Franklin lived 'ere." "Poor bugger," said Fred.) The Survival staff is presided over by Mrs. Barbara Bentley, who also serves as a magistrate in her home town of Folkestone. Mrs. Bentley, who came to Survival from the Royal Anthropological Institute, keeps prominently displayed on her cluttered desk a North American Indian sticker that reads, "We are still alive." She spends a good deal of her time in London politely dismissing telephoned requests for guidance on trips to esoteric destinations. "Only four weeks to drop in on an Amazonian tribe is a bit of a joke, really," she told one recent inquirer, adding to a visitor, after she had hung up, "If we had the time and the inclination, we could probably do very nicely as a travel agency for documentary filmmakers." She spends even more of her time writing letters of appeal or protest to influential personages, like the Pope and the President of the Philippines; she hardly ever gets an answer.

Mrs. Bentley's chief in-house associate is a thirty-year-old anthropologist named Stephen Corry, who was born in Malaya, where his father was on military service. The son demonstrated at nineteen that he was made of the stuff that Survival International holds dear: he spent a couple of months living with Sherpa villagers in the Himalaya. Later, he was the guest of some Masai in Kenya. "The only way any of these people are going to tell me what they think of other white people is if I'm in their houses eating their food for a number of days," Corry says. Since joining Survival, he has several times gone out into the field in search of situations to which the organization might usefully address itself; in 1976, he spent six months in Peru, where he visited a number of Amazon Indian tribes, including the Aguaruna. "I am constantly surprised by the degree to which tribal people know what they are facing, and by their ability to analyze their problems," he says. "But too often they just can't do what they perceive needs to be done."

Considering the ground it covers, or would like to cover, Survival has astonishingly few supporters. In Great Britain, it has fourteen local chapters—the members' yearly dues (eight pounds) bring them a scholarly bimonthly called *Survival International Review*—and there are branches in Australia, Austria, Denmark, France, Ireland, Italy, Japan, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Spain, the United States, and West Germany. All told, however, Survival's indigenists number fewer than two thousand. Its Japanese group, which was formed only recently, has nine members. "Nine is better than none," Mrs. Bentley says. The United States is ahead of Japan; Survival has about four hundred members here. Since the organization obviously cannot subsist on its income from dues, or on the few pounds it takes in from sales of club ties and T-shirts, its meagre funds have been augmented over the years by grants from, among others, the Ford Foundation and the Rockefeller Brothers Fund; by a percentage of the playwright's proceeds from productions of Christopher Hampton's "Savages" (the play, written in 1973, deals with the annihilation of a tribe of Amazon Indians, and the playwright made his gesture because members of Survival had helped him gather background material); and by sales of "sweeties"—candies—prepared on its behalf by the wife of a Scottish schoolmaster.

With its limited resources and personnel, Survival has to be selective in its activities. It sympathizes with but does not get involved in the affairs of Kurds, Basques, Ukrainians, or United States Indians, who in its view have achieved relative political sophistication and have informed and articulate spokesmen in their own ranks. Survival has exerted itself, though, on behalf of the Indians of Canada. These Indians sent a delegation to London which attempted, in vain, to obtain an audience with the Queen. They have been urging that some land rights they got from George III and from Queen Victoria be incorporated in a forthcoming revision of the Canadian constitution, and they believe that Queen Elizabeth has a residual monarchic obligation to hear their grievances and plead their cause; the government of Canada disagrees. The Indians' principal supporters in the British Parliament have been two longtime sponsors of Survival. In the House of Lords, there is Earl Grey, whose great-uncle was a governor-general of Canada. In Commons, there is Bruce George, a Labour M.P. for Walsall South, who in 1979



raised such a fuss about a proposed Sotheby's auction of two North American Indian skulls and six skulls from Australia, New Guinea, and Savage Island that Sotheby's cancelled the sale.

Survival has not delved into the affairs of the tribal communities of the Soviet Union and China, mainly on the ground that the kind of knowledge it needs about an area is in those areas hard to come by. "There's so much of the world in which we should be active—Burma, Pakistan, New Guinea, a good deal of Africa," John Hemming says. "But we can't take on the whole globe yet. We have to concentrate on those regions where we've had experience and where we think we can be effective." Last year, Hanbury-Tenison did make a trip to Africa. He had a hankering to walk across the Kalahari Desert. While he was there, he was pleased to learn that the government of Botswana was helping the nomadic Bushmen of the Kalahari dig water holes as part of a settlement program. "Most of Africa is a difficult area for us," Hanbury-Tenison said after he got back home. "The Africans' relations with the outside world have been so continuous that many of the people we would normally get involved with are already, by and large, detribalized. Their aspirations all too often are not to retain their identity but to copy their former colonial masters."

Readers of *Survival International Review* have been rallied to the side of Australia's aborigines—some of whom live on top of deposits of bauxite, manganese, and uranium which are coveted by non-aboriginal prospectors—by being reminded that in the Northern Territory the per-capita income of the aborigines is only one-fifth that of the national figure and the infant-mortality rate is four and a half times higher, and—a more cheerful note—that some Western Australia aborigines, thirteen hundred miles north of Perth, succeeded in routing an American company's prospecting crew that was about to drill for oil straight through a sacred site named, after an indigenous edible lizard, the Goanna Dreaming Place. One ongoing Survival project involves the North Queensland Land Council, an organization that attempts to protect aboriginal lands from mining companies. Another supports an educational program for young aborigines which instructs them in their own heritage while providing the ben-

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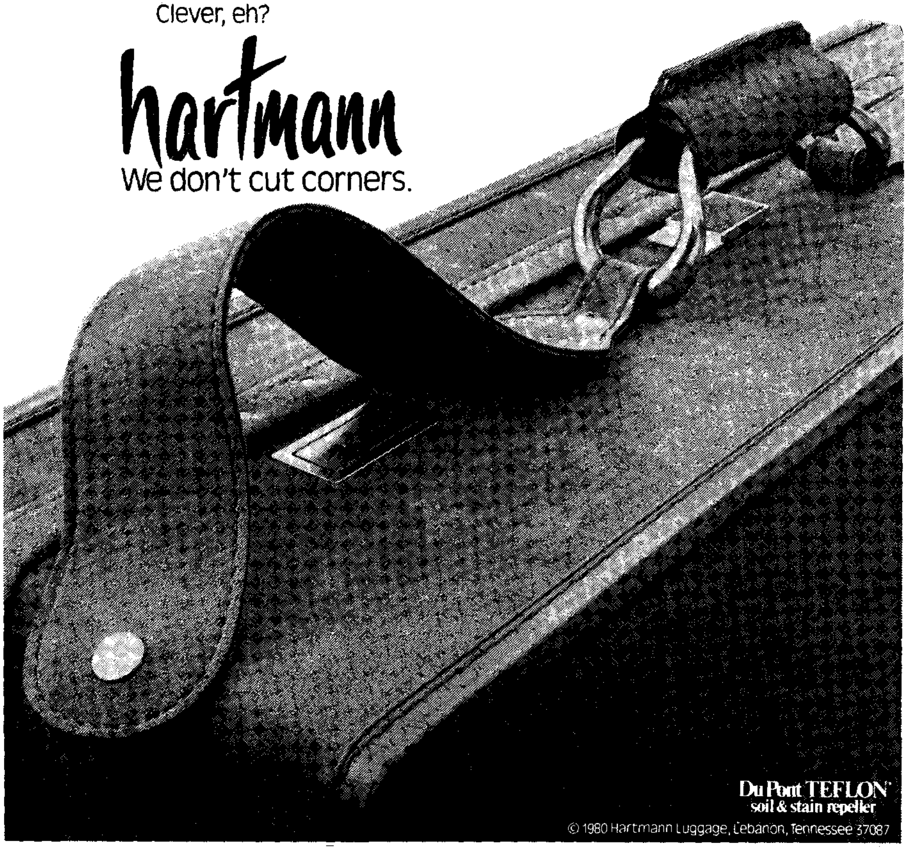

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efits of a regular school curriculum.

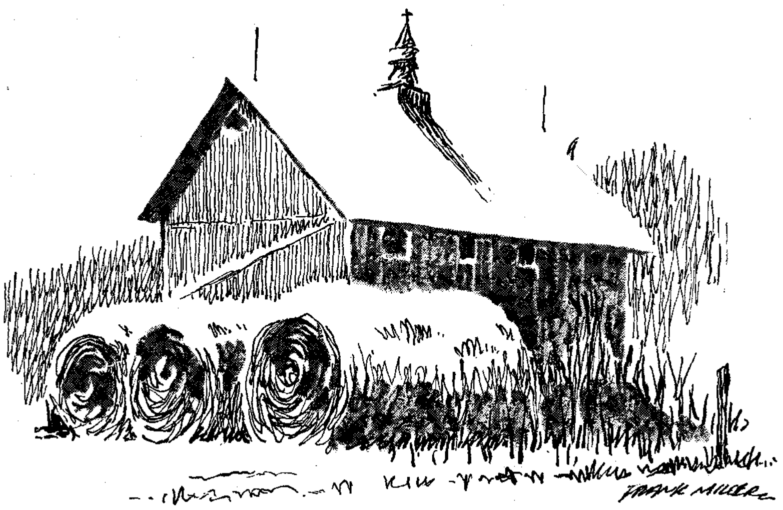
Indonesia has been on Survival's agenda since 1973, when Hanbury-Tenison dropped in there. He visited the island of Siberut, adjacent to Sumatra, and was distressed by what was happening to some sixteen thousand Mentawaian aborigines. Their forests were being stripped by timber companies; the monkeys and other game that took care of much of their protein needs were dwindling as the trees dwindled; the aboriginal culture was being eroded by missionaries who collaborated with policemen to make the Mentawaians give up their communal housing—in which they lived in extended families—cut their hair short, and stop wearing beads. "No two places or peoples can be approached in exactly the same fashion," Hanbury-Tenison says. "At Siberut, it seemed that some change was inevitable. The essential thing was to find viable alternatives to traditional practices—especially to seek forms of dietary change that would be compatible with the Mentawaians' culture. They were finally persuaded that, whatever else happened to them, they would be in better shape to cope with contingencies if they supplemented their traditional diet of pig and sago with fish and chicken, which could be produced more efficiently. It may not seem like much to us, but for them that was a big, important step to take."

The longest journey that Hanbury-Tenison has made since Survival International began was one to Malaysia, starting in June, 1977. He was asked by the Royal Geographical Society to be the leader of a large-scale expedition to Mulu, a newly created national park of Berawan and Penan tribesmen in the Borneo rain forest. Hanbury-Tenison, on this occasion accompanied for part of the time by his wife and children, spent fifteen months in the park. There were a hundred and eighteen scientists in the party—entomologists, geomorphologists, hydrologists, speleologists, and others. One ornithologist also did some research on leeches, which few previous scientists had ever bothered to study much, because they are not known to transmit diseases. To ascertain how much blood it took to sate a leech, a number of the creatures were confined, and then weighed every Sunday just before and just after weekly feedings off the arms and legs of the expedition's members. The only kind of leech that inflicted any pain was a species with green-and-yellow stripes, which members of the expedition dubbed the tiger leech. Hanbury-Tenison was much admired by his companions because he would unflinchingly offer himself up to three tiger leeches at a clip. Back home, though, the leader of the expedition, in a book he wrote about it called "Mulu: The Rain Forest," expressed some reservations concerning its worth:

> For the first and only time I found myself beginning to wish in my heart that we had never started it all. The emptiness of leaving was overpowering; a feeling that we had achieved nothing for the people of Mulu, whatever we might have done for science, that we might even have done more harm than good; guilt at not having been able to reciprocate more fully the total welcome we had received from the start; gall and self-pity that all the golden days were over and we might never return.
>
> We of the developed world will probably survive the problems being created by a shrinking planet and the resultant diminishing standards of living. So, too, will the farmers, fishermen and townspeople of the developing nations, although as the natural resources of their countries are plundered, so will their material expectations fail to materialize. The Berawans will survive, adapting and competing as changes come; their robust natures, strong sense of community and general desire to enter the modern world will see them through. But without the protecting canopy of their forests, the Penan will not. It is their life and their home. Adaptation will be slow and difficult at best, fatal at worst. Whatever happens to the forests, whether they are cut down for timber, taken over by scientists or developed for tourism, the Penan will be forced out in time. At least their forests are safe at present and the Penan are not alone. Good men care about their future and will help them through the difficult times ahead.

FOR all its activities around the rest of the planet, Survival International has continued to concentrate most of its efforts in South America. It has not always had clear sailing there. Some governments regard it as rather a nag; they appear to wish that it would go away and leave them, like a forest tribe, alone. At least one South American chief of state has considered Survival important enough to respond directly to one of its usually unanswered letters. When Barbara Bentley wrote to President Alfredo Stroessner of Paraguay, asking if something couldn't be done to alleviate the lot of the Aché Indians, who she contended were little better off than slaves, that soldier-statesman sent off a reply bristling with phrases like "international conspiracy" and "all lies." Mrs. Bentley was delighted at having attained that degree of recognition. A confessed co-conspirator of Survival International, the American lawyer Richard Arens, edited and contributed to a book entitled "Genocide in Paraguay," which was published in 1976. It said of the Aché that they were hunted like animals, were when captured sold as slaves, and were considered "surplus people fit only for the dung heap." The Paraguayan government invited Arens to come down and judge the situation for himself. He did, and found things even worse than he'd thought: children afflicted with kwashiorkor, a disease caused by malnutrition; a girl who had been bartered into slavery for two dogs; a boy suffering from convulsions, of whom a missionary said, shortly before Arens got him into a hospital, "Isn't he a marvellous actor!"

Meanwhile, in London, Survival had allocated sixty-eight hundred pounds "to influence Paraguayan attitudes to the indigenous Indian population, end the attitude of social inferiority inflicted on the Indians because they are not identified as Christians, and to create an atmosphere of concern for the future of the Amerindian groups." That endeared Survival neither to Para-



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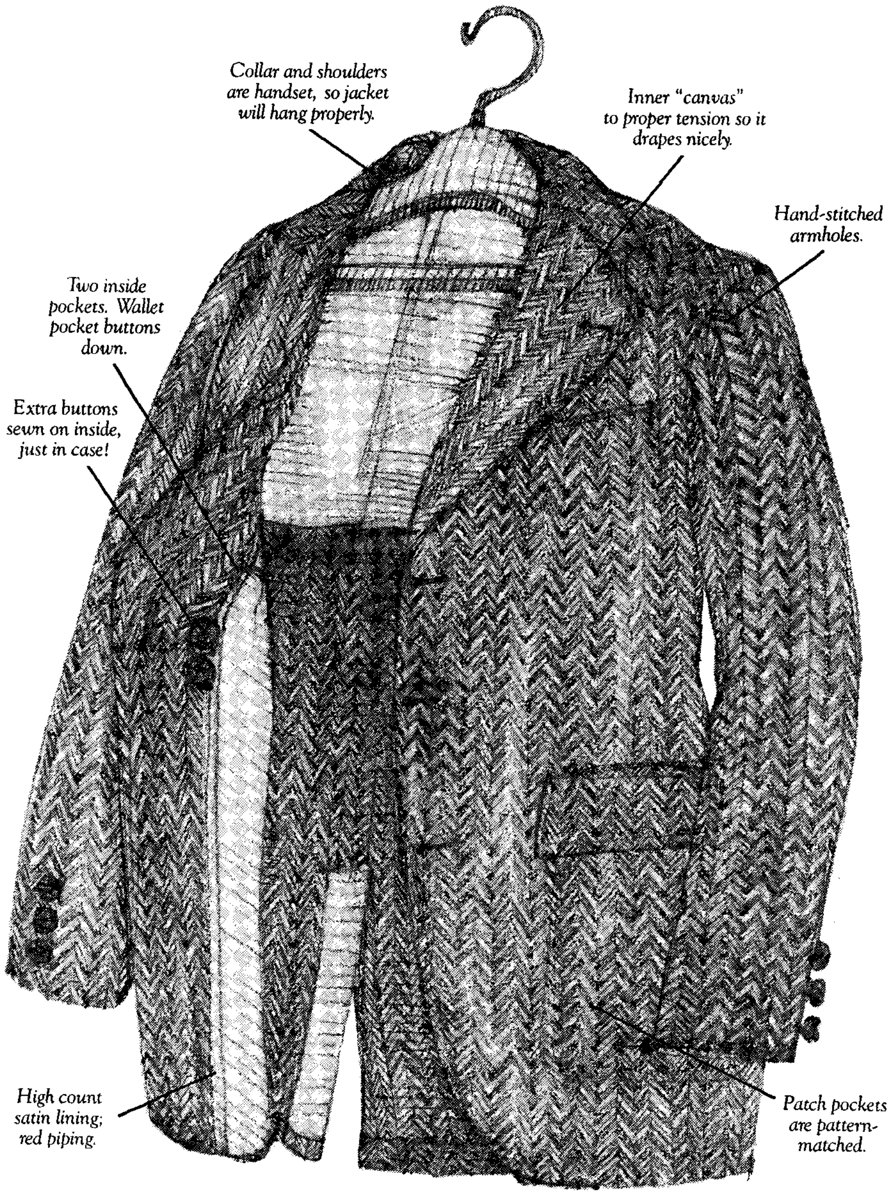
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guay's government nor to its resident missionaries. The organization has had frequent run-ins with missionaries in one place or another—especially with the New Tribes Mission, a fundamentalist evangelical sect based in Sanford, Florida, which sometimes calls Indians Brown Gold and is proud of its slogan: "Reaching New Tribes with the Gospel Until We Have Reached the Last Tribe." John Hemming contends that in Brazil, at least, missionaries—some of whom used to urge Indians to cover their godless nakedness by donning the clothes that the Indian Protection Service had touched up with deadly viruses—are beginning to see the light, and are concerned more with community spirit than with Communion. Survival has been less hopeful. One of its most recent brochures lists as "Fact" that "even missionaries have been implicated in organizing armed manhunts and dealing in slaves. *This is still happening*." Another Fact cited: "Most missionaries still regard tribal religions as evil. Tribal rituals, healing, and festivities are forbidden. Children are punished for using their own language in mission boarding schools. And the schooling they receive usually has no application to their lives."

By 1980, the year in which, according to the prophecy cited in Norman Lewis's 1969 *Sunday Times Magazine* feature, there would not be any tribal life left in Brazil, there was. To what extent Survival International could be given credit for this was hard to determine. "The most important thing we've done in ten years is to make the tribal issue an acknowledged issue," Stephen Corry says. "When I was in the United States not long ago, I heard people both at the World Bank and at the Paraguay desk of your State Department say, 'We care about the Indians.' I don't think they'd have said that a decade ago." To keep an eye on the World Bank, to which many developing countries turn for the financing of roads or dams that might disrupt indigenous colonies, Survival has set up a liaison office in Washington. Partly owing to pressure from Survival and from allied groups—such as a body of anthropologists in Cambridge, Massachusetts, called Cultural Survival—the World Bank has been having second thoughts about underwriting a three-billion-dollar hydroelectric project in Guyana, which, if it should be carried through, would flood out most of forty-five hundred Akawaio tribesmen. Another hydroelectric project, for the Philippines, was studied by the World Bank for several years. This one would involve the construction of a series of dams along the Chico River, in the Cordillera Central of Luzon, and would engulf the cherished lands of eighty thousand or more rice-growing Bontoc and Kalinga tribesmen. The indigenes' principal spokesman against the project was murdered last year by Philippine soldiers. The grief and anger that this provoked were vented in statements, which Survival helped disseminate, full of sentiments like "What lies ahead of us? . . . No person would bow his head and permit himself to be ravaged alive by big and ruthless crocodiles. . . . We will never give up our land—our forefathers' land. . . . Our lands are marked for destruction, and we with them. . . . So long as there is blood in our veins the Chico River will never be turned against our people. . . . Resist—otherwise man is dishonored, and that is worse than death." When Survival's Irish affiliate drew up a report on the Philippines not long ago, it quoted some tribesmen who said that if their valley was flooded they would "swim like fishes in the water." They may not have to; the World Bank has backed off from the scheme, and Manila may find it difficult to pursue the matter without its support.

Survival has also been keeping an eye on the United Nations, by which it has been granted the standing of a Non-Governmental Organization, and it has an office in New York City, tucked into a building on Fifth Avenue in the Twenties which is otherwise tenanted largely by rug merchants. The office was established by Judith Tucker, Mrs. Bentley's daughter, who now serves as secretary of the board of directors of Survival International, U.S.A.

What the United Nations could or would do about tribal people Survival does not profess to know. The U.N.'s general attitude is that the fate of indigenes is an internal matter, to be determined by their country of resi-

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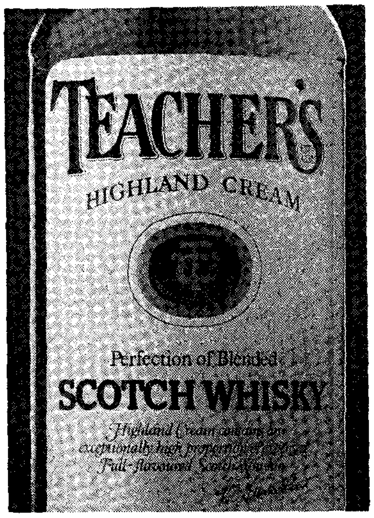
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dence. "Although one is a little disheartened by the number of Committees and amount of paper generated by the U.N. and its fringes," Mrs. Bentley has said, "we do, nonetheless, feel it important to insure that a voice on behalf of the Indians is heard wherever and whenever possible, and that that voice should be authoritative." In Geneva, Mrs. Bentley has spoken, not without authority, to a Working Group on Slavery of the Sub-Commission on Prevention of Discrimination and Protection of Minorities of the Commission on Human Rights of the United Nations Economic and Social Council. She was received with respect and was urged to await the findings of a special *rapporteur* appointed in 1971 by the Sub-Commission to travel around the world and look into discrimination against indigenes. After eight years, the *rapporteur*, José R. Martínez Cobo, of Ecuador, submitted a study—an unfinished one, it was stressed—and since 1979 that document has itself been travelling around the world, so that the nations mentioned in it may have an opportunity to comment on it.

One of the few attempts to ascertain just what legal rights, if any, tribesmen have under international law was made in 1978, by Gordon Bennett, a young London barrister closely affiliated with Survival, who published a treatise entitled "Aboriginal Rights in International Law." Bennett concluded regretfully that the only explicit acknowledgment of aboriginal rights was a convention adopted by the International Labor Organization, a U.N. offshoot, in 1957. The convention required countries that signed it to recognize that aboriginal peoples have rights of ownership in their ancestral lands. Twenty-seven nations have ratified it, including Brazil and Paraguay but not the United States and Canada. Bennett says, "After adopting that convention twenty-four years ago in a sort of ecstasy of self-righteousness, the I.L.O. hasn't done much more about it than to have an annual meeting of a committee of experts, who receive reports from a handful of countries declaring either that they have no remaining indigenous people or that those they do have are fully protected by their government and are suffering no discrimination. Still, the situation isn't altogether hopeless. Right now, in Sweden, a special ombudsman is looking into the land rights of Laplanders. It's unlikely that anything of that sort would have happened as recently as five years ago."

EARLIER this year, after being named an O.B.E. on the Queen's New Year's Honours List in recognition of his work as chairman of Survival International and his leadership of the Mulu expedition, Hanbury-Tenison packed up some porridge and took off on a visit to the Yanomami Indians of northern Brazil. There are some twenty thousand Yanomami, and they are the largest tribe in that region. Hanbury-Tenison and his fellow-indigenists hope that the Brazilian government will see fit to create a Yanomami National Park, to help them survive more or less intact. The government has been promising for some years to demarcate their ancestral lands, but hasn't yet done it, for a good civilized reason: there is gold, tin, and thorium in the Yanomami hills. Thousands of prospectors, miners, road builders, and other agents of progress have intruded on the Yanomamis' privacy while the government has been biding its time, and the intrusions have had the usual debilitating results—malaria, measles, flu, tuberculosis, and venereal disease. The construction of a two-hundred-kilometre stretch of highway through the Indians' forests has largely obliterated five Yanomami villages. Survival International believes that there are ten per cent fewer Yanomami alive today than there were before the outlanders came. "The Yanomami know they're superior to all other people," Hanbury-Tenison said a few days before setting forth to live with them. "They've been around for ten thousand years, and so far are unconcerned about these newcomers building roads and digging for minerals and transmitting diseases; these are things you have to put up with when you get mixed up with an inferior species. On the other hand, tribes that have suffered too many blows and have lost their resistance will accept practically anything and anybody—settlers, governments, missionaries, death."

Francis Huxley believes that although Survival International has directly brought about the survival of some tribesmen and the amelioration of the lot of others, this achievement is, in the broader context of the evolution of the human species, irrelevant. "People die no matter what, but their customs and languages must be kept alive," he says. "Whether they die is less important than whether their tribal self-respect is maintained. If they keep their self-respect, there's always a sporting chance of their offspring picking themselves up afterward. Once the self-respect is gone, the people are just another case for social workers."

Hanbury-Tenison said further, on the eve of his departure, "The only way human society can survive on earth is by learning how to tolerate differences within itself, just as nature relies on diversity. This is what makes the planet tick. I can say that in twelve years with seventy tribes, the more I have sloughed off my basic prejudices the clearer it has become that this is the right thing for me to do. It is altogether wrong to put all one's aspirational eggs in one basket and believe that one has all the cultural answers. I don't know how well we've done. I will say that it's possible that the struggle for the survival of the Amerindian people of South America would not have reached the stage it has if it were not for our organization's existence. If it were not for Survival International, by now it might have been forbidden to *be* an Indian in Brazil. There is no point in trying to come up with figures on lives saved by us or anybody else. That's not the issue anyway. I don't particularly want to see *more* indigenous people. I want to see *whole* people, not detribalized beggars. I want to see people not ashamed to be what they are."

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

In discussions with his "classmates," Owen said he found adolescent sexual relations were not nearly as extensive as some parents feared. He said, however, most students at Bingham cannot write, spell or compose sentences and that many teachers have abandoned hope of improving these skills.—*Torrington (Conn.) Register.*

Parents are like the rest of us. They win a few, lose a few.

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT

[*From the Hollywood Reporter*]

Edmond, who owns Fauchon, has retired, although his agile mind never stops concocting ideas. He predicts that one unusual restaurant of the future will be a cabaretlike theatre, where guests sit at tables in the audience and watch a meal being prepared on stage, with all the goings-on that take place in the kitchen, beginning with the slaughtering of a lamb or chicken to the final preparation of dessert, and all the hysteria in between.

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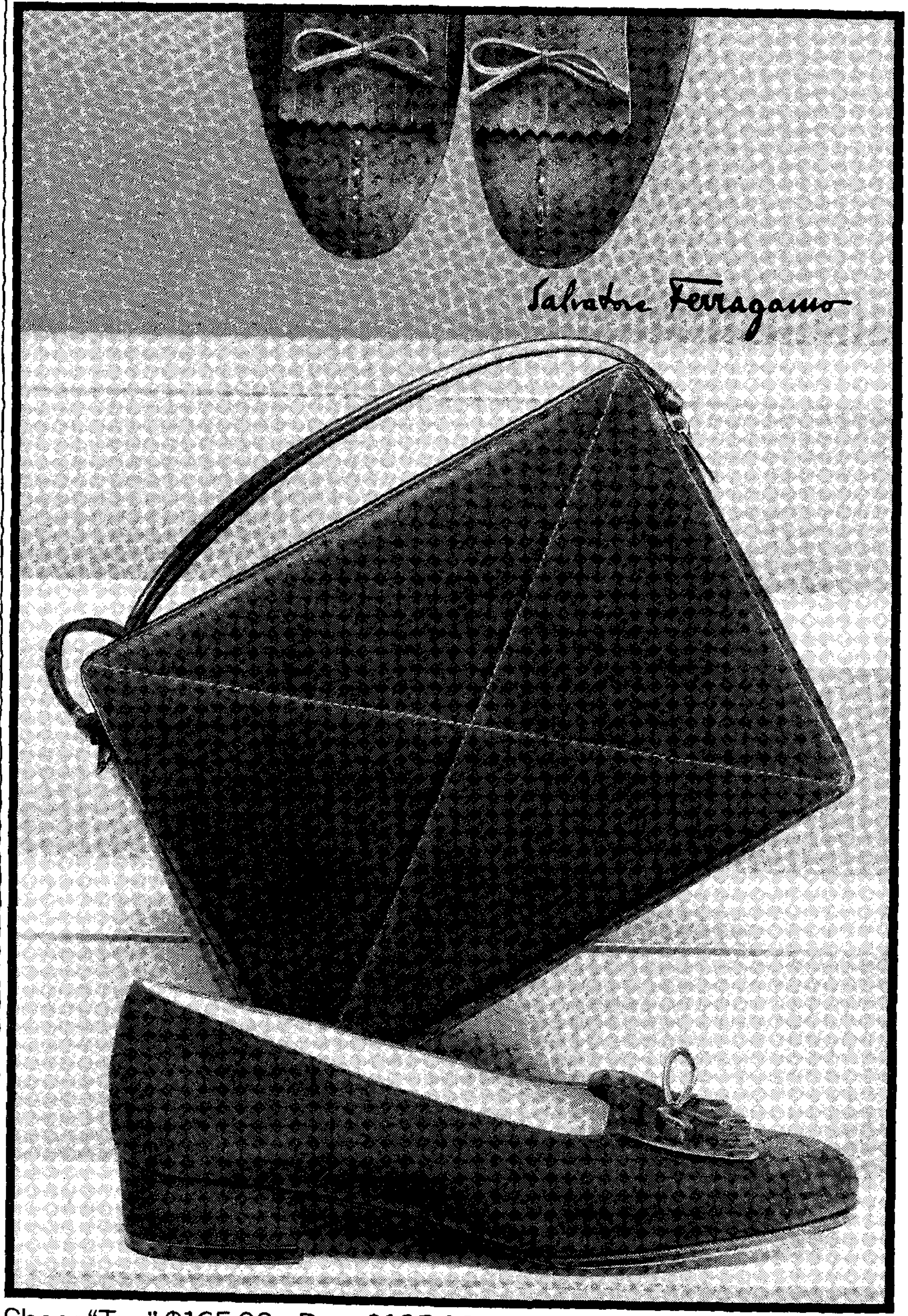

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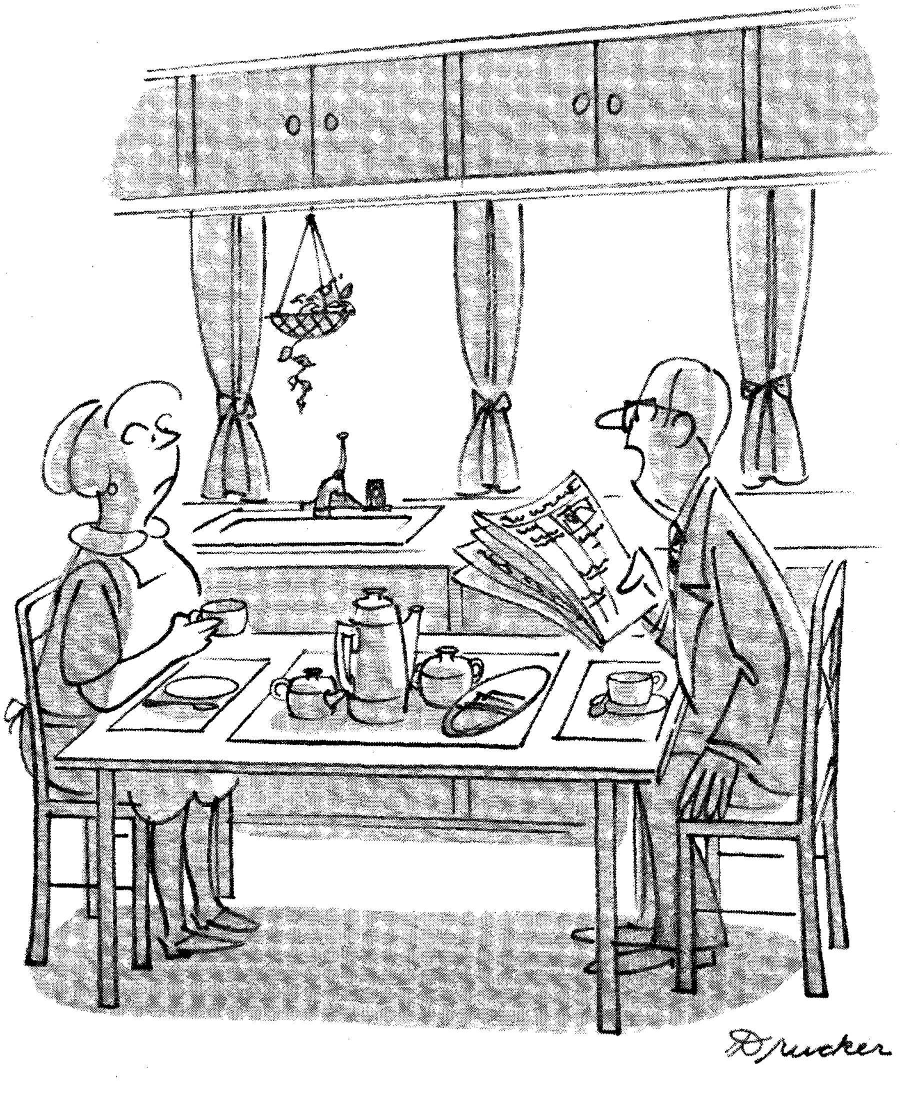
THE THEATRE

Accustomed Faces

"MY FAIR LADY" opened on Broadway in March, 1956, which is to say that it's just over a quarter of a century old—a formidable age for a musical. The current production, at the Uris, shows how lightly the musical carries its years; the Lerner-Loewe score is as nimble and charming as ever, and the Shaw-Lerner book remains a model of witty storytelling. If the work is immortal, so, too, it appears, are certain members of the cast; in 1956, Rex Harrison created the role of Professor Higgins and Cathleen Nesbitt created that of his mother, and here they are again in those very roles, confidently commanding the stage. Miss Nesbitt is ninety-two and has grown frail, but the valor with which she outwits her frailty adds a note of depth to a not very significant figure in the show. At a mere seventy-three, Mr. Harrison isn't a bit frail; he delivers his lines and "talks" his songs with the zest and immaculate enunciation that have always distinguished him. James O'Neill and "The Count of Monte Cristo" and William Gillette and "Sherlock Holmes" became inextricably linked, and now the same fate may have befallen Harrison and "My Fair Lady." It is certainly the case that any other actor playing Higgins would strike us as something of an impostor. We have read often enough how much O'Neill disliked his long enslavement to the Count, though he named his summer cottage in New London after him; as for Gillette, he seems to have enjoyed his fame as the embodiment of the great detective, perhaps in part because Holmes provided him with the means of building not a summer cottage but a great stone castle—one of the most eccentric houses in America. I hope that Harrison will follow Gillette's example instead of O'Neill's, and if a castle exceeds his present desires, probably he could be encouraged to settle for a simple campanile.

This production of "My Fair Lady" has been on the road for almost a year; during that time, Eliza Doolittle was played by a young English actress named Cheryl Kennedy. Unluckily, Miss Kennedy's voice gave way a few days before the opening here, and her place has been taken by Nancy Ringham, initially a member of the singing ensemble. At the moment, Miss Ringham is too new to the part to be judged; she has a pleasing voice, and in a couple of weeks she will find herself more at ease onstage. The hinge upon which the musical turns is, of course, Eliza's transformation, and much practice is required to make it a convincing one; the director, Patrick Garland, is no doubt already hard at work on the problem. That unruly scamp Alfred P. Doolittle is played with relish and grace by Milo O'Shea. Jack Gwillim as Colonel Pickering proves an unsatisfactory foil to Higgins, and Nicholas Wyman is far too silly a Freddy Eynsford-Hill. If there isn't *some*thing of value behind Freddy's young-man-about-town fatuities, how can we take seriously his singing of the lovely "On the Street Where You Live"? The settings are by Oliver Smith, who did the settings for the original production; the costumes are from the designs of the late Cecil Beaton and are also from the original production. The lighting is by Ken Billington, and the wretched sound engineering—mysteriously identified in the program as "sound design"—is by John McClure. Of all such manufacture of synthetic sound, I once again say, in Higgins' own eloquent words, "Damn! Damn! Damn! Damn!"

—BRENDAN GILL



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•

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MUSICAL EVENTS

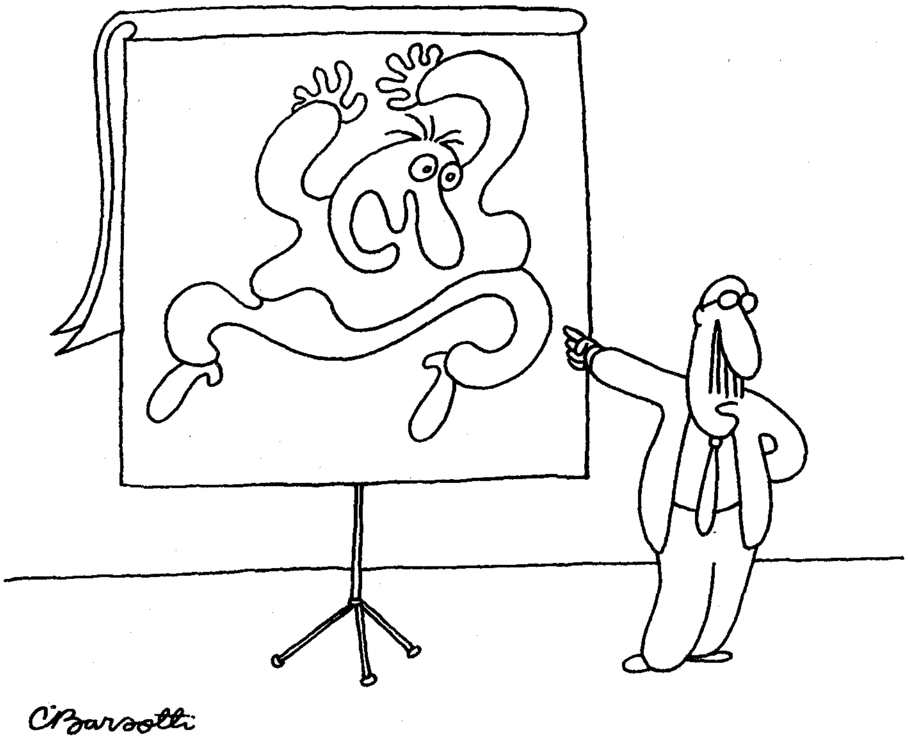
A Noble Mind O'erthrown

Jakob Lenz's play "Die Soldaten" (1776) influenced Georg Büchner's play "Woyzeck" (1837). Alban Berg's opera "Wozzeck" (1923), based on Büchner's play, influenced Bernd Alois Zimmermann's opera "Die Soldaten" (1964), based on Lenz's play. In 1778, Lenz lived for a while near Strasbourg with the pastor Johann Friedrich Oberlin. Oberlin's funeral oration was spoken by the father of Büchner's fiancée, and his papers passed to a family Büchner knew well. Drawing heavily, sometimes word for word, on Oberlin's diary, Büchner wrote his novella "Lenz" (1835). It seemed inevitable that sooner or later some composer would write a "Lenz" opera drawing together strands from Lenz, Büchner, Berg, and Zimmermann. In 1979, the young German composer Wolfgang Rihm (born in 1952) did so. His chamber opera "Jakob Lenz" had its première in Hamburg that year, and has now been taken up by several German and Austrian houses. With welcome speed, it has also crossed the Atlantic. To make the chain of cross-references complete, it should really have been staged here by Oberlin College, which is named for the pastor, but in fact it was done by the Indiana University Opera Theatre, in Bloomington, last month, as the hundred-and-ninety-ninth production of that enterprising company.

Whether by design or not, Büchner's "Lenz" is a fragment, and it owes much of its disturbing quality to that fact. It opens without preamble or explanation: "On the twentieth Lenz went through the mountains. The peaks and high slopes covered with snow, gray rock down into the valleys, green fields, boulders, and pine trees." (I cite the translation in Henry J. Schmidt's thorough and helpful edition of Büchner's works.) With Büchner's Kafkaesque seventh sentence, it has been claimed, modern European prose was born: "He felt no fatigue, but at times he was irritated that he could not walk on his head." Lenz reaches Oberlin's manse. The narrative tells of his fits of suicidal madness alternating with sweet calmness. Suddenly it breaks off. From Oberlin's diary one can fill the gap: the pastor, after a suicide attempt by Lenz which alarmed all the household, decided to send him back to Strasbourg under escort. Büchner resumes with a final paragraph about the journey, describing a magnificent Rhine sunset and a moonlit night that seems to flood the earth with gold. "Lenz stared out quietly. . . . Again he made several attempts on his life but he was too closely watched." He arrives in Strasbourg and appears to act rationally. "So he lived on." He is a Werther without self-dramatization, and Büchner is a narrator who eschews Goethe's rich romanticizing vein. The prose slips between lyricism and dryness, from a plain account of things as they happened to an evocation of sights as they seemed to Lenz, whose reactions to nature were extreme. The style is jerky, the tone is oddly elusive, and the novella presents an unforgettable picture of schizophrenia.

To turn this prose into a text for music—for lyric drama—cannot have been easy. Michael Fröhling's libretto treats incidents of the book but handles it freely, reshaping it in a series of thirteen distinct but continuous episodes. Several of them are monologues—as it were, new, freely composed Lenz poems. Rihm's opera, which lasts about eighty minutes, is almost a monodrama, a modern song cycle, for the protagonist (a baritone). Pastor Oberlin (a bass) is a small role, and Christoph Kaufmann, a friend of Lenz (a tenor), one smaller still. (Fröhling converts Kaufmann into a kind of dark adversary, rather like Griswold in Dominick Argento's Poe opera.) There is a group of six solo voices, who represent, usually, inner voices conversing within Lenz himself but sometimes Nature become articulate and sometimes real village personages in the narrative. The orchestra is an unconventionally constituted chamber ensemble of eleven: two oboes, clarinet, bassoon; trumpet and trombone; three cellos; harpsichord; percussion.

"Putting a person like Jakob Lenz on the stage," Rihm wrote in the Hamburg Opera magazine before the première, "is complicated only because he himself conceals many stages within him. These ever-present stages must be revealed by the music." "Pluralism" may be a catchword today, but it seems the right word to describe the unaffected, all-embracing, frankly eclectic—and, given the subject, dramaturgically apt—quality of Rihm's score, which ranges from naïveté to neo-Expressionism, from melodiousness to extremes of tortured, unnatural modern vocalism. From the various kinds of musical monism championed in postwar years, the composer has appropriated whatever might be expressive. There is a directness in his work which makes it very striking and a shapeliness that



"For the purposes of our discussion, let's call him Louis, although that's not his real name."

saves it from being a magpie nest of diverse manners. It is easy to hear why "Lenz" has, deservedly, been a success.

Rihm and Fröhling presumably counted on an audience that could bring to bear on their piece some knowledge of Lenz and some of Büchner. In Bloomington, the ties with historical *Sturm und Drang* were deliberately cut. No attempt was made to suggest Lenz as Goethe described him:

> Small, but of pleasant appearance, a dear little head whose delicate form perfectly matched his dainty, somewhat blunt features; blue eyes, blond hair . . . a gentle, almost cautious gait, a pleasant, hesitant manner of speech, and behavior alternating between reserve and shyness.

In the words of the director, Ross Allen, the Bloomington production sought "a more timeless interpretation of conditions and problems of which we are now increasingly aware." Something was lost, I think—the resonances sounding from the past into the present which so often constitute not merely the charm but also the essential point of a serious work of art. In general, I'm against modern-dress presentations of historical or mythological dramas; an attempt to underline points of "relevance" or contemporaneity merely blunts them. But, given the premise, the Bloomington execution was brilliant. Mr. Allen's direction was crisp and compelling. Max Röthlisberger's décor, blending interior with realistic landscapes, was strong, subtle, and distinguished. Thomas Baldner, who had also made the English translation, conducted a secure and cogent performance. Michael Smartt played the title role with boundless assurance. If he had soaked himself longer and deeper in Lenz, in Büchner, and in Rihm's score, he might, I think, have played it with more variety. He seemed to view the opera as one long, vivid mad scene. He was vivid indeed but monochrome. There are passages in Büchner's "Lenz" and corresponding passages in Rihm's opera of eloquent, rational, and beautiful discourse, and if these are extravagantly supercharged the tragedy of the noble mind o'erthrown is obscured. The schizophrene becomes a monomane.

The Bloomington opera house, which seats fourteen hundred and sixty, is one of the best in this country, but it was a little too large for the chamber opera. The writing for the small orchestra did not tell as strongly as it should. Hamburg's opera house is slightly bigger (it seats sixteen hundred and fifty)—but in Hamburg "Lenz" was given in the Opera's intimate studio theatre. "Lenz" was a highlight of Bloomington's summer festival of contemporary music, Music of Our Time, which also included new, commissioned orchestral pieces from Lukas Foss ("Dissertation") and Milton Babbitt ("Ars Combinatoria").

—ANDREW PORTER

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THE BUREAUCRATIC MIND AT WORK

(THE DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION DISCOVERS THAT THE BICENTENNIAL IS OVER)

[*From the Federal Register, July 9, 1981*]

DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION
Federal Highway Administration
23 CFR Part 665
Directional Signing for American Revolution Bicentennial Activities

AGENCY: Federal Highway Administration (FHWA), DOT.

ACTION: Rescission of regulation.

SUMMARY: The regulation on directional signing for Bicentennial activities established guidelines for the design, installation and funding of signs related to the American Revolution Bicentennial. Since the Bicentennial activities have been completed, there is no longer a necessity for regulating directional signs related to those activities. Therefore, the FHWA is rescinding the regulation.

EFFECTIVE DATE: July 9, 1981.

SUPPLEMENTARY INFORMATION: No economic impacts are anticipated as a result of this action. It has also been determined that this action will not have a significant economic impact on a substantial number of small entities. Accordingly, neither a full regulatory evaluation nor a regulatory impact analysis is required.

Notice and opportunity for comment are not required under the regulatory policies and procedures of the Department of Transportation (DOT) because it is not anticipated that such action would result in the receipt of useful information. Because this rescission eliminates an obsolete regulation, the FHWA finds good cause to make this rescission effective in less than 30 days under DOT regulatory procedures. Accordingly, this amendment is effective upon publication.

Neither a general notice of proposed rulemaking nor a 30-day delay in effective date is required under the Administrative Procedure Act because the matters affected relate to grants, benefits, or contracts pursuant to 5 U.S.C. 553(a)(2).

The FHWA has determined that this document contains neither a major rule under Executive Order 12291 nor a significant regulation under DOT regulatory procedures.

PART 665—DIRECTIONAL SIGNING
FOR AMERICAN REVOLUTION BICENTENNIAL ACTIVITIES
[REMOVED]

Accordingly, the Federal Highway Administration hereby removes 23 CFR Part 665, "Directional Signing for American Revolution Bicentennial Activities."

Photograph: Skrebneski

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U.S. JOURNAL: NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON

ANTI-METRICS

I USED *to think that if everything* else sorted itself out I would still have to worry about coping with conversion to the metric system. Sometime this spring, it occurred to me that 1980—the year stuck in my mind as the deadline for translating all my pounds into kilos—had come and gone, but I assumed that the government, in the same spirit in which it is always granting automobile manufacturers delays on the mandatory installation of safety devices, had issued an extension for the benefit of those of us who have shown a serious weakness in long division. For months at a time, I managed to push to the back of my mind considerations of the disorienting vicissitudes metrication might bring to someone so mathematically primitive that his calculator has only a six-digit readout and no memory—shoving such thoughts back there where California people keep the inherent instability of the San Andreas Fault—but then they would be brought to the forefront by a run-in with a litre-unit gasoline pump or the announcement by my local liquor dealer that from here on out Scotch sold by the fifth (the form in which a good deal of it has been sold over the years to me) would be, by order of the United States Department of the Treasury, bootleg. I don't mean to suggest that I was unwilling to shoulder the burden of converting my life to metrics whenever the legally constituted authorities decided that the general economic good required it, but I admit that what appeared to be delays in getting on with metrication did not provoke me to speeches about the sluggish pace of a bloated bureaucracy. I could wait. The possibility that metrication might never come at all did not occur to me until I heard of Seaver Leslie, the founder of an anti-metrication organization called Americans for Customary Weight and Measure. Leslie, I was told, insisted that metrication was by no means inevitable. That might be just the wishful thinking of a last-ditch zealot, I figured, but if Leslie was a last-ditch zealot he appeared to have a cheerfulness uncharacteristic of the type. The motto of Americans for Customary Weight and Measure, I noticed on a press release, is "Give the Foot a Hand."

I found myself curious about who would make a cause of opposing metrication—rather than simply contemplating its arrival with a long, audible sigh. It's easy to see, of course, that some people might welcome or resist conversion to the metric system according to what they do for a living. Engineers, I quickly learned, tend to be for it. Some architects, particularly those who deal with architectural preservation, dread it. Some multinational corporations are for it, partly because it would facilitate the manufacture of components abroad. Some labor unions are against it, partly because it would facilitate the manufacture of components abroad. Mathematics teachers tend to be great supporters of the metric system—either because they believe it to be more precise or because they see a lot of jobs for mathematics teachers in the process of conversion. Proprietors of small businesses tend to be against it. I suppose machine-tool manufacturers and instrument manufacturers and scale manufacturers look upon conversion to the metric system more or less the same way dentists look upon candy bars. The people who have been attracted to Americans for Customary Weight and Measure, though, don't seem to approach the issue according to how metric conversion might affect various lines of work. They oppose metrication on grounds that are aesthetic, or even philosophical.

Seaver Leslie, a thirty-five-year-old painter who also teaches art at Parsons and the Rhode Island School of Design, can discuss the cost and inconvenience of metrication, but he would obviously prefer to discuss the scale and proportion inherent in customary measure. Leslie savors the inch. "It's a good, generous measure," he told me. He also likes the foot—partly because, like a lot of customary units of measurement, it is derived from the human body. He reveres the system of customary measures as having developed from human beings and as having been reflected in what human beings have built for as long as they have built anything. ("The customary system is what links us to nature; we carry it around on our body.") He seems somewhat less enamored of the pound and the gallon, although he found himself launched as an opponent of metrication a few years ago by the public response to his having thrown a party for his students which celebrated the customary system by serving a lot of beer in the traditional pint mug.

Leslie had been inspired by an English anti-metrication leader named John Michell, who is even less prone to dwell on the practical problems of conversion. Michell, who has written books on subjects like cosmology and astro-archeology, believes the question is not simply aesthetic but metaphysical. In "A Defence of Sacred Measures," he wrote, "The fundamental reason for emphasising the importance of this issue is that it clearly epitomises the conflict between two contrasting philosophic or cosmological points of view"—roughly the view that "eternal and human values . . . should govern the social order" and the view that "the universe and its inhabitants are ever subject to purposeless change mechanically operated." Michell thinks of himself as a Radical Traditionalist.

I suppose some of the supporters of Americans for Customary Weight and Measure could also be described that way—people who are culturally conservative, people who detest the notion of celebrating Washington's Birthday on February 16th, people who are particularly offended by the sight of polyester. I met a number of them at A.C.W.M.'s first big fund-raising event not long ago—a huge dance in lower Manhattan called the Foot Ball. Decorations included murals of the pyramids and Stonehenge—two symbols of the antiquity of natural measures compared with the *arriviste* metric system, which was invented at the time of the French Revolution. There were booths selling "Stop Metric Madness" and "Don't Give an Inch" T-shirts and a booth selling "I Ching" coins and a booth selling books on the theory that ancient monuments are aligned according to some system of astronomical significance. There was a Most Beautiful Foot contest. "I was told that the crowd would be preppie, but on the arty side of preppie," an acquaintance I ran across at the dance told me. "I myself am here because I can't imagine having to say 'I wouldn't touch it with a ten-metre pole' or 'Give him a centimetre and he'll take a kilometre.' " Partly because of the presence of quite a few young people who were described by the *Times* as "habitués of débutante balls" and partly because of the wordplays involved, a party thrown by Americans for Customary Weight and Measure in New York does have some elements of a Pogo for President rally. As it happens, though, the best-known center of anti-metric sentiment out West is not some nest of expatriate Ivy League aesthetes in Santa Fe but the Cowboy Hall of Fame, in Oklahoma City. I suppose cowboys are, in their own way, Radical Traditionalists themselves—folks who like the notion of a ten-gallon hat and take pride in the legends of the West being won inch by inch, mile by mile. Opposition to metrication makes particularly strange bedfellows. Among the people who have been photographed in anti-metrication T-shirts are Stewart Brand, editor of "The Whole Earth Catalog," and the author William Burroughs; among those who have testified against the metric system in public hearings are plainspoken jingoists whose response to the pro-metric argument about how many other industrial nations are on the metric system is to say, "Then let them change."

What Leslie told me is that conversion to the metric system is, according to the Metric Conversion Act of 1975, completely voluntary. The complaint of the anti-metrication forces, he said, is that the U.S. Metric Board, which was established by the 1975 law to "coördinate and plan" voluntary conversion, has instead promoted metrication as if its mission were to preside over mandatory conversion. As much as I appreciated his assurances that I did not have to gear up for conversion right away, I told Leslie, I was interested to hear how the U.S. Metric Board's interpretation of the law differed from his. One indication that Leslie and the Metric Board were not thinking along the same lines was a telegram he had received in response to one he had sent Malcolm O'Hagan, the executive director of the board, suggesting that O'Hagan's imminent resignation might be due to disillusionment with the metric cause. "The impertinence of your message is surpassed only by the silliness of its incantations," O'Hagan replied. "I intend to fully advocate adoption of the international standard of measurement, the metric system. It is in our nation's interest, since our destiny lies in the future not in the past. It is high time to give the foot the boot and rid ourselves of archaic measures."

"Seaver Leslie says that the Metric Board is supposed to be neutral instead of promoting conversion to the metric system," I told John Donnelly, the director of the Office of Public Awareness and Education for the U.S. Metric Board.

"He's right," Donnelly said.

"He's right?"

"Absolutely."

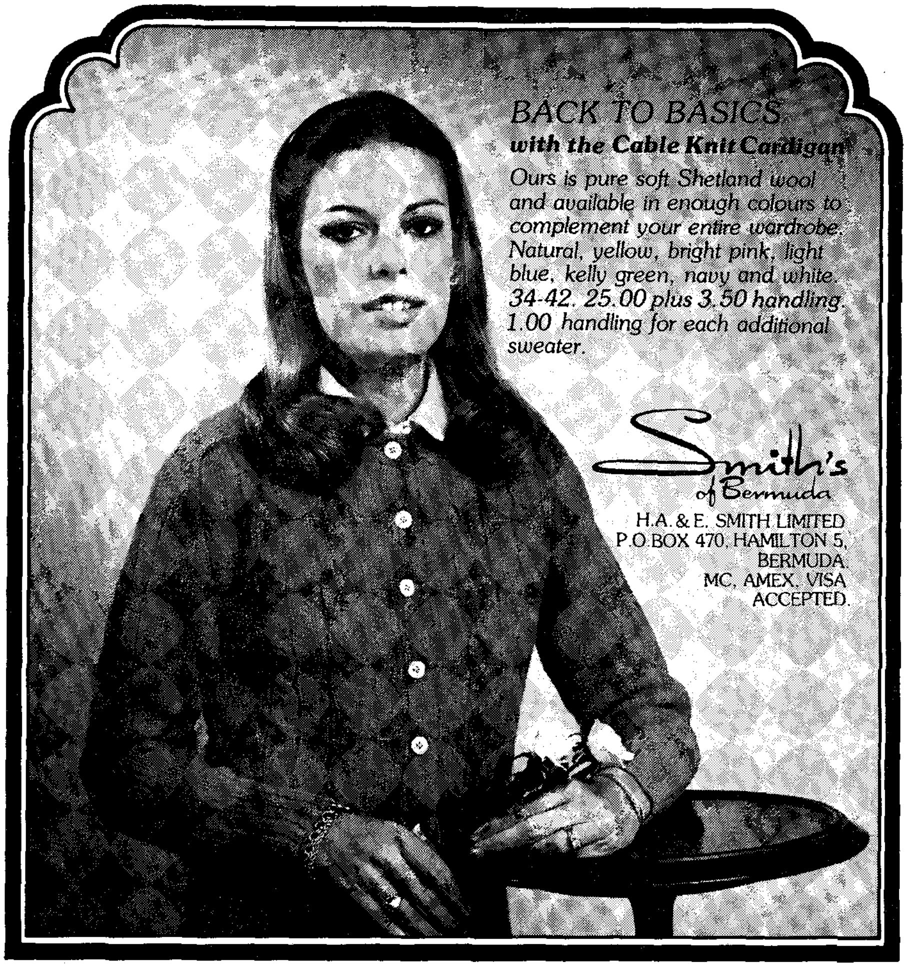
Despite the title of the Metric Conversion Act, Donnelly told me, it did provide for only voluntary conversion. My inability to buy Scotch by the fifth was the result of a federal mandate, all right, but a mandate made at the request of the liquor industry, which had voluntarily decided to go metric. (People on both sides of the metric debate take it for granted that the appeal of metrication to the distillers was its value as a smoke screen for an increase in prices.) My run-in with a litre-unit gas pump had presumably taken place at a station controlled by one of the oil companies that had decided to convert their pumps; some of the other oil companies had decided not to. The automobile industry, led by General Motors, is converting to the metric system, but even in metric countries the industries that have been dominated from the start by the United States—the aerospace industry, for instance—continue to deal in inches and pounds.

Donnelly acknowledged that for the first few years of its existence the U.S. Metric Board had indeed promoted metric conversion. The name of the act, after all, made conversion sound like national policy. "The board members figured, 'Congress must have created us to do *something*,' " Donnelly said. Even if the members and staff of the U.S. Metric Board had been absolutely neutral about the metric system, they might have had some trouble drawing the line between a mandate to "coördinate and plan" metrication and a mandate to promote metrication—and they were by no means neutral. A number of the board members were chosen because of their interest in the metric system, and they were interested in the metric system because they thought it was a good idea. The one notable exception was one of the labor representatives—Thomas Hannigan, of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. After three years of persuasion—an effort he compares with "turning an aircraft carrier"—Hannigan finally won over enough board members to get a resolution passed stating that the board was indeed neutral. The Metric Board may still send out booklets explaining how easy it is to convert miles to kilometres, but the press release that accompanies them

carries a note to editors explaining that metric conversion is strictly voluntary and no deadline exists.

If the forces favoring metrication were organized into a one-issue lobby with a hit list, I suspect they would ignore the aesthetes and the cowboys in order to concentrate their fire on Tom Hannigan. By chance, Hannigan, then the I.B.E.W.'s director of research and education, was chosen to be one of labor's representatives on a Commerce Department commission studying the advisability of metric conversion—a pro-metric commission whose optimistic report in 1971 predicted full conversion in ten years and apparently planted the 1980 deadline date in my mind. Hannigan's initial reluctance about metrication was what he thinks of as the traditional labor suspicion of any change that might threaten the loss of jobs and the value of a workingman's basic resources ("my training and my tools"). Then, when he began to look into the subject the way a research director might, he began to wonder "how the hell anybody in his right mind could be casual about changing what was then a trillion-dollar economy." Hannigan does not talk much about scale and proportion. He doesn't make allusions to the wisdom of the ancients or the layout of Stonehenge. The pamphlet he published on metrication through the I.B.E.W. deals in a straightforward way with the impact conversion might have on, say, workers and consumers. He is still on the Metric Board, and he is still questioning the basic premises of the argument for metrication. "So what if Germans are metric?" he said when I visited him in Washington. "They also speak German."

Opponents of metrication would say that the U.S. Metric Board still promotes conversion, but Hannigan thinks that government bureaucrats are a stronger force for conversion than the board. Over his objection, voluntary conversion in the public sector has been taken to mean that each governmental agency can decide its own policy, even if the policy is mandatory conversion. As Hannigan discusses the implications of that decision, it is easy to conjure up what might happen when an agency is faced with the question of what to do about metrication. Since the issue is considered to be below the level of important policymakers, and since the government's policy is to have no policy, the subject is referred to the official in charge of the agency's standards and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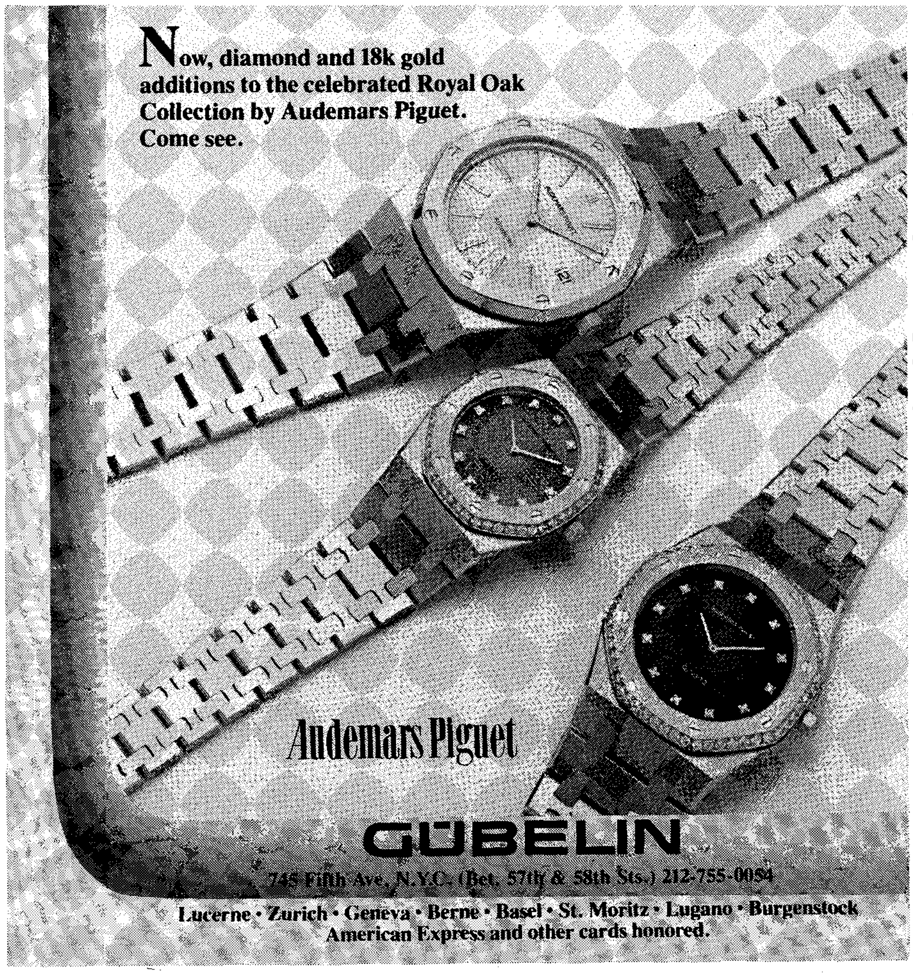
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measurements—a man who has worked for many years in the subbasement of the annex. He makes a study. He puts together an audiovisual presentation. He asks for assistants to prepare reports and coördinate the orientation seminar. He prepares a timetable for conversion. Hannigan has been in Washington long enough to believe that metrication might come about through what amounts to the bureaucratic imperative.

DOES that mean I should prepare myself for the ordeal of conversion after all? It's true that there are some factors working against governmental metrication. In 1978, the General Accounting Office published a report that was so damaging to pro-metric arguments such as the benefits conversion would bring for the export trade ("the effects of metrication in promoting or deterring trade are considered to be relatively insignificant") that anti-metric forces hand it out as propaganda. The Department of Transportation began to order highway signs converted to kilometres a few years ago, and had to retreat in the face of public protest. On the other hand, the Pentagon has begun full-scale metric conversion in the armed forces. If General Motors and the Pentagon are both converting, can the rest of us be far behind? Also, what if no one wins the day? What if I, trying to calculate how quickly the gasoline consumption of my car is leading to my financial ruin, always find myself gouged for gasoline by the gallon at one station and by the litre at the next? I don't know what that means to the policymakers, but what it means to me is a prospect far more alarming than having to convert to metrics once and for all: permanent long division.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

ORILLIA, Ont. (CP)—A legal technicality has quashed a discreditable-conduct conviction against Innisfil Township Police Chief William Brown over a bun-throwing incident. He was charged on April 22, 1980, in connection with an Ontario Provincial Police bonspiel in March, 1978, at which he tossed a bun across a dinner table at a Crown attorney and threw a pickle at his deputy chief. He was convicted and given a reprimand last May, but an appeal to the Ontario Police Commission has resulted in the conviction being quashed because the charge was laid more than two years after the incident.

—*Toronto Globe & Mail.*

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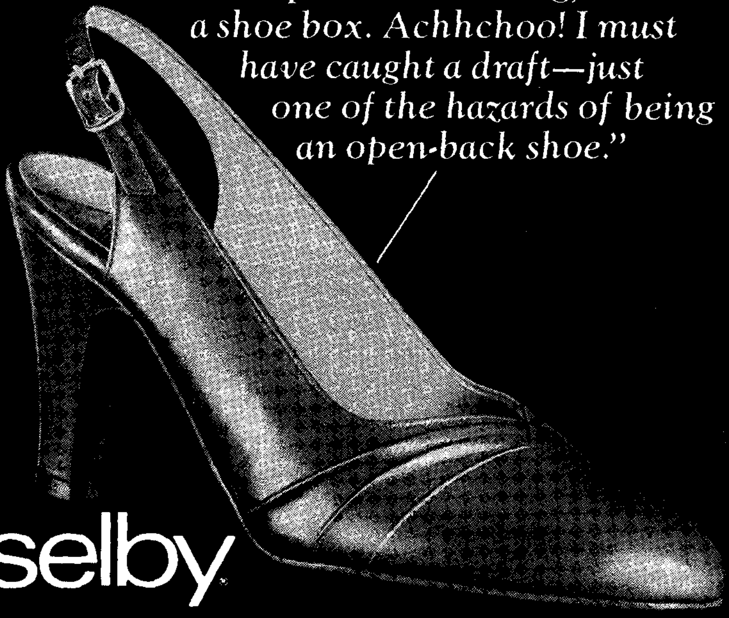

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AROUND CITY HALL

WARMUP TIME

EVERYBODY knows that summer is traditionally an in-between time when nothing significant is expected to happen, and everybody knows, too, that for people in some trades summer is the busy season. Certainly in politics, whenever it's an election year, and, of course, in baseball, the contestants usually knock themselves out during the hot-weather months, beating their way toward climactic fall nights when one side or another finally triumphs. Right now in the city, which is in the midst of a municipal election campaign, candidates face an early playoff of sorts on September 10th, when the party primaries are held. Newspaper readers, who see pictures of prominent officeholders in front-row boxes on baseball's opening day—even, perhaps, throwing out the first ball—or wildly cheering the home team during the World Series, don't always understand that the politicians may be in the ballpark on such occasions only because that's where the crowds—and the cameras—are. In view of the nearly identical busy seasons, it stands to reason that politicians are rarely devout followers of the national pastime. Local sportswriters insist that at one World Series game some years back a Mayor of the city who was winding up a tough reëlection campaign wiped the wildly cheering expression off his face long enough to ask why everyone was standing up in the middle of the seventh inning. There are some New Yorkers, of course, who don't make a living at either politics or baseball and who have the time and the inclination to be interested spectators at both kinds of summer games. During much of this summer, however, as a result of untoward developments, many such fans have shifted their attention to future events, as if their calendars had been turned a notch forward.

THE 1981 baseball strike was called on June 12th despite the belief of George Will, as stated in his Washington *Post* column, that God "wills for Americans in summer twenty-six teams playing a hundred and sixty-two games." The *Post* columnist had had his faith put to the test recently in another connection. In the fall of 1979, he had written, "If God really loves America, Buckley will be senator from Connecticut in 1981." James Buckley, to whom he referred, is best remembered here as a United States Senator from New York, for a term that ended in 1976, who, at the height of the local fiscal troubles, recommended bankruptcy for the city as a "cleansing" experience. One explanation for his air of detachment was revealed last year when he declared his candidacy for Senator from Connecticut, mentioning that he had been a lifelong resident of that state. The new Senator from Connecticut is Christopher Dodd, one of the few liberal Democrats who were elected last November, while Buckley is the Reagan Administration's Under-Secretary of State for Security Assistance, Science, and Technology. At the time the baseball strike started, the Democratic leaders in the House of Representatives were engaged in a fierce battle to halt the drive by the White House to impose on the American government a revolutionary economic philosophy that, in the view of many of the House Democrats, largely rejects presumptions in effect since the nineteen-thirties, such as the federal responsibility for the poor and jobless, thus, in many respects, repealing the New Deal.

"It would be difficult to conceive of an event that would have a more devastating impact . . ." began a letter, signed in June by fourteen House members, including Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill and Dan Rostenkowski, the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. The event with the potential devastating impact was the "prolonged absence of major-league baseball, coupled with the public spectacle of bickering players and owners," according to the letter, which was sent to Bowie Kuhn, the Commissioner of Baseball. About the same time, Yale President A. Bartlett Giamatti called the strike "an act of defiance against the American people"—which didn't stop it, either.

Soon after the 1981 runs-batted-in and earned-run averages were frozen in place and Yankee Stadium and Shea Stadium went dark so far as the local baseball teams were concerned, baseball went on reruns. The fans were treated to nostalgic

"I'd like a large Cadillac for me and a small Cadillac for my son."

sports-page commentaries on the meaning of the game, television reshowings of classic series, and seemingly endless quizzes on baseball trivia. "Summer is a time for memory," began a *Times* article by New Jersey Republican Representative Millicent Fenwick, recalling the long, placid summers of wealthy families before the First World War. ("We did not compare ourselves to others," she wrote of that era.) Even for those who don't have a pony-cart past to invoke, summer may be a season of "Lou Grant" reruns and dated Johnny Carson tapes that include jokes about now dim White House figures named Amy, Billy, and Bert. Still, there are only so many times most people can work up excitement over the ninth-inning four-bagger hit by Bobby Thomson in the 1951 National League playoffs between the New York Giants and the Brooklyn Dodgers, both of which teams left town nearly a quarter of a century ago, or over the details of New York Giant first baseman Fred Merkle's having failed to touch base in a late-season game in 1908, costing his team the game and a place in the World Series. Within a week or two after the strike began, local devotees of team sports were engaged in brisk arguments over whether the football Giants and the Jets would do as wretchedly in the next National Football League season as they did in the last one. At the same time, on the political scene in this city in which mayoral elections have typically been crowded and unpredictable affairs, the widespread assumption that Mayor Edward Koch would win reëlection by a mile in November had taken nearly all the fun out of this year's municipal race, and local politician watchers were hard at it trying to figure out who will be elected Governor of the state in November, 1982.

It is a curious fact that New York City has a Democratic Mayor who is considered such a sure winner that no politician of any significance in either major party was willing to run against him and New York State a Democratic Governor who has been considered such a total loser that the lineup of those planning to oppose him for re-election next year is approaching a small stampede. Although even many of his critics will give Hugh Carey's performance as Governor reasonably good marks, his moody, erratic, aloof, and sometimes downright peculiar personality has caused his rating in the polls to reach a point that one of his

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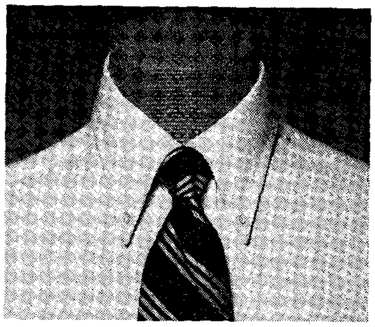

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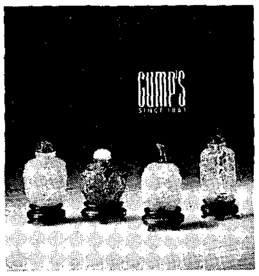

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staff described as "devastating." His prospects for reëlection hit their lowest point last April 11th when Carey, a widower since 1974, was married to the former Evangeline Gouletas, a wealthy Greek-American from a Chicago real-estate family, who had initially described herself as a once-married widow but who later turned out to have three very much alive ex-husbands. As the result of this example of extreme absent-mindedness, thinking up jokes about the Governor's wife's former husbands soon turned into a small but flourishing industry. Lately, however, things seem to be looking up a bit for the Carey ménage. Always a great campaigner once he got under way, the Governor has apparently judged matters to be so critical that he is hitting the road a full year early. There were over a thousand bills passed by the Legislature this year that he was required to sign or veto, many of them of interest to particular towns and villages around the state. No one is charging that Carey arranged to sign them in a thousand different election districts, but in the four weeks after the Legislature adjourned early in July, he flew around the state at a punishing pace, making a big show in each community of signing documents that guarantee money for a nursing home here, a day-care center there. The money would have arrived in any case, but many local citizens seemed to genuinely appreciate getting the papers directly from the Governor. "GOV. CAREY BRINGS $$$ TO HARLEM" was the headline over an *Amsterdam News* report of such an event, illustrated with a picture of black politicians happily posing with Carey—and Mrs. Gouletas-Carey. Everywhere he went, the Governor had the company of his handsome, smiling new wife, elegantly dressed and giving him affectionate glances as she plunged into the crowds to shake hands and hug babies. Some of his opponents have begun to wonder whether the marriage was such a political mistake. After all, being followed about at all times by a good-looking, adoring wife of opulent tastes had not seemed to handicap Ronald Reagan in his drive for the White House. Often the Careys are accompanied by members of their large family: she has a daughter and two grandchildren; he has twelve children and six grandchildren—not a troop that most candidates can match. It is not a show that is particularly boffo in the Manhattan singles world, but it plays well in Utica. In what is becoming his standard on-the-road speech, Carey explains that when he married Mrs. Gouletas-Carey, he told her, "I will show you Rome. I will show you Greece." Then he says, "And I took her to Greece—that's just outside of Rochester. I took her to Rome—that's just west of Utica. And I told her I would take her to the best place in the universe and surround her with the best people—and she is here." He waves his arm with a flourish at his surroundings, whatever they are.

Some of his prospective opponents may uneasily recall that when Carey began his first campaign, in the spring of 1974, he was given no chance at all and that in June, 1978, the *Times* described him as politically "bleeding from every pore," yet he was elected handily both years. Still, this time he may not be able to keep up the pace or to fully turn things around, and a number of would-be 1982 rivals are circling what they see as a political disaster area. The possible Democratic opponents include Speaker of the Assembly Stanley Fink, Lieutenant Governor Mario Cuomo, Bronx Representative Mario Biaggi, and President of the City Council Carol Bellamy. The degree to which local political attention has moved ahead to the events of 1982 was indicated at City Hall when Miss Bellamy, who, on balance, may be the most popular Democrat in the state (Mayor Koch is intensely admired by many, but there are also many who intensely dislike him, and his political style doesn't always travel well outside the city), formally announced her candidacy for reëlection to her present post. The question in the minds of almost everyone in the room was whether she would run next year against Carey or take on the Republican State Comptroller Edward Regan. Carey's possible Republican opponents include Regan; Richard Rosenbaum, the former state Republican chairman in the Nelson Rockefeller days, who is now a strong Reagan man; Majority Leader of the State Senate Warren Anderson; and the Minority Leader of the State Assem-

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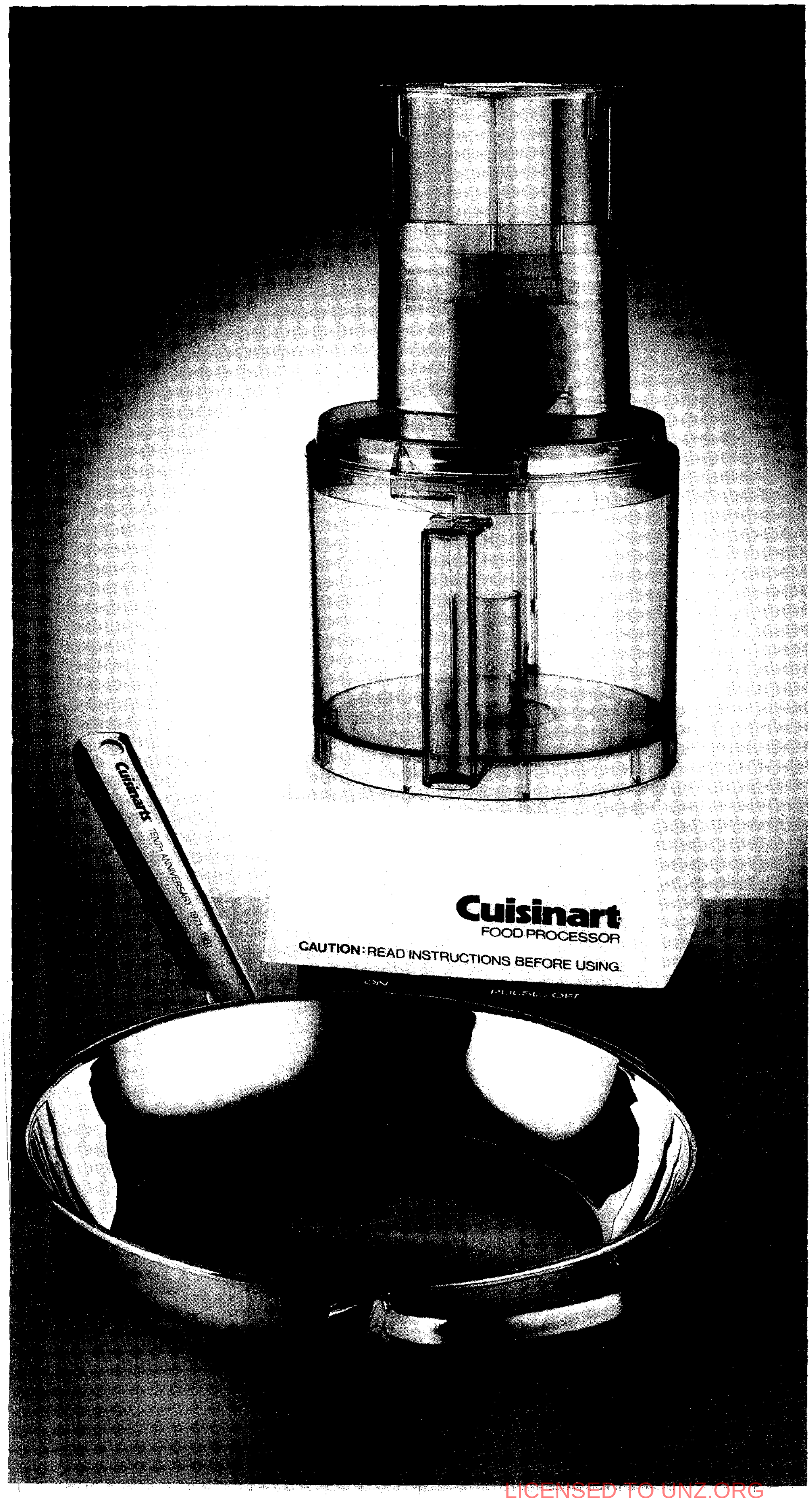
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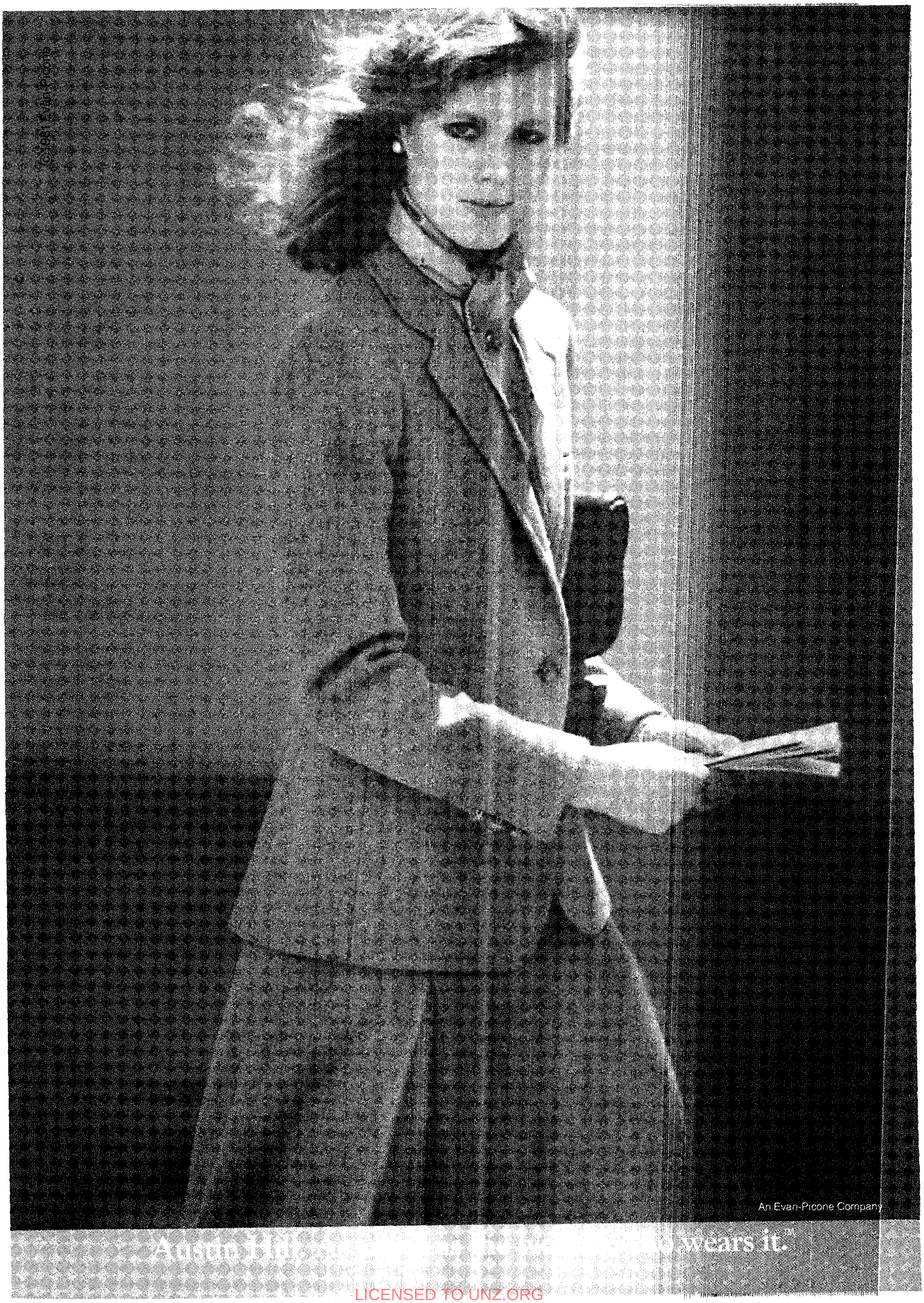
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bly, James Emery. The fact that the Republican legislative leaders as well as the Democratic Assembly Speaker are believed to have a race against Carey seriously in mind and would like to compare his record in Albany unfavorably with their own helps explain why the state budget was passed forty-two days late this year; next year, when everybody may be formally in the race, conditions could be worse. The man who could end all the pushing and shoving among the state's Republicans is Representative Jack Kemp, the former Buffalo Bills quarterback, whose district is in upstate Erie County. Kemp, of course, was the co-sponsor in Congress of the Kemp-Roth bill, which became the vade mecum of the supply-siders. It is generally thought that he could win the Republican nomination for Governor next year in a walkover, and the present Governor has described him as a "formidable" opponent, but Kemp announced last spring that he could not commit himself on next year's race until he got his—and President Reagan's—tax bill through Congress.

THE warm-weather months of 1981 will never be cited in briefs designed to prove that summer is a season when not much happens. This could also be said, of course, of the so-called long hot summers of the nineteen-sixties. Although most of this year's events involved no violence, they did suggest that during what is, according to legend, a slow season, it may be a good idea to look sharp. In the summer of 1981, while many Frenchmen were at the beach, President François Mitterrand imposed on France a revolution of the left, nationalizing industries and banks, reordering the relationship between the central government and the provinces, raising the taxes of the rich and cutting those of the poor. America's revolution of the right took place while many of Reagan's fellow-countrymen were on vacation. So far, however, there is no sign that this made most Americans mad. There are seasons in the lives of some politicians when the weather seems always to be sunny. President Jimmy Carter's frequent smile often irritated people and became the subject of cruel jokes; he once described how he had made an intense effort to look solemn when he entered a room. President Reagan is hardly ever seen without a smile on his face, but so far in his Administration this only seems to make the majority of

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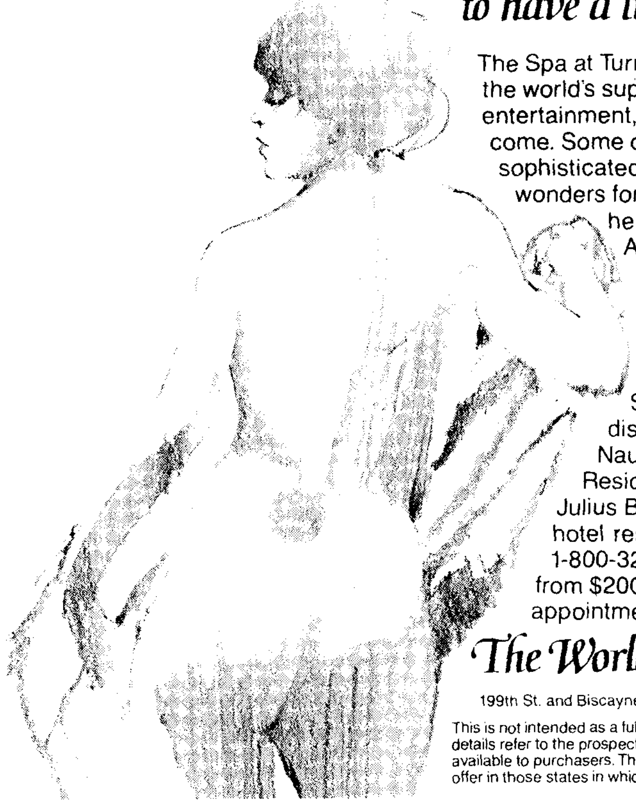

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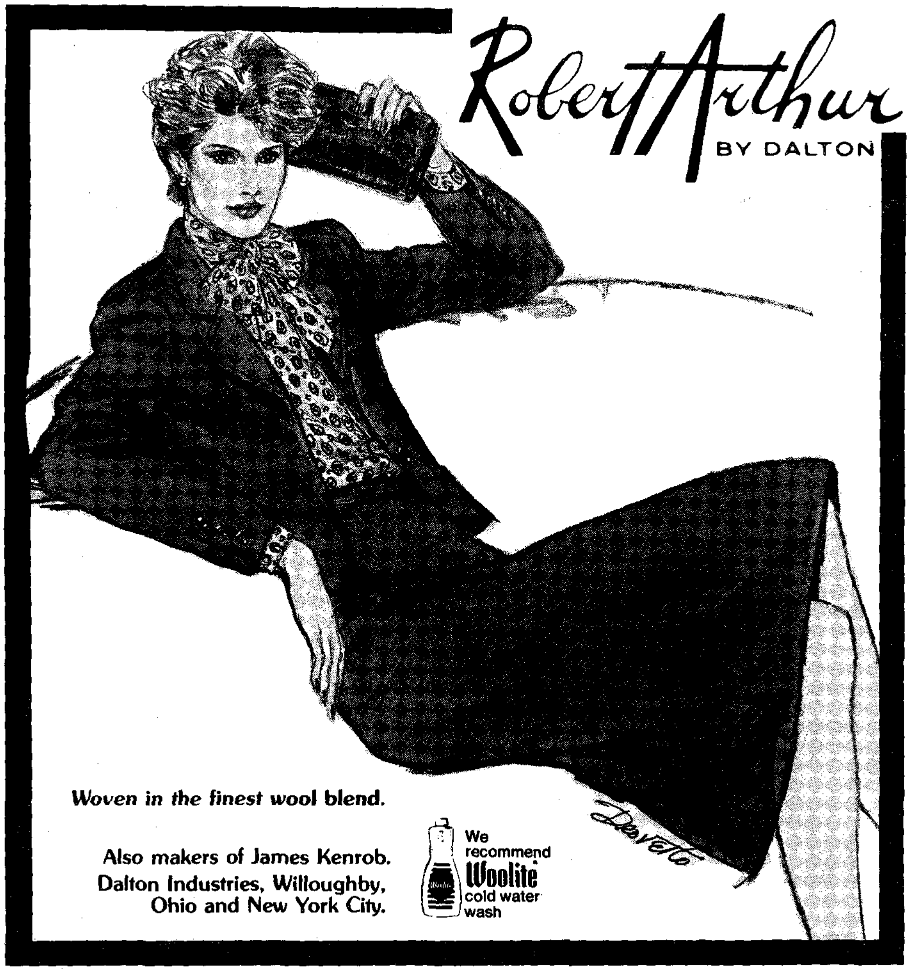
Americans feel good, too—even many of those who didn't vote for him. In reports of the events on the day Reagan won his greatest battle so far with Congress, setting the nation, so he and his followers believe, on a new and far more propitious path, there was an impression that nearly everyone shown on television or on the front pages was smiling and, in some cases, hoisting a glass. One reason for this phenomenon was that the victory occurred on July 29th, which began with the colorful and jubilant spectacle of the wedding of Prince Charles and Lady Diana. (Said the President the next day, "I don't know who's happier about yesterday's events, me or Prince Charles.") On the afternoon of the congressional vote, there was champagne in the Oval Office. When Jack Kemp strode to the well of the House and made a speech thanking his colleagues for their help, he got a standing ovation. Not everyone in Washington was cheering and smiling, of course. The passage on the same day as the Prince's wedding of the last phase of the Reagan economic package, which many believed heavily favored the rich, moved Speaker O'Neill to announce that it was a great day for the aristocracy of both England and the United States. It was understood that one of the worst insults someone named O'Neill thought he could commit against a body of legislation was to compare it with an event that glorified the British royal family. New York Representative Thomas Downey, who is also of Irish heritage, told the House members that it was appropriate on the day of the royal wedding to be "debating a bill that will benefit primarily the economically royal in this country." Downey, the only Democratic Representative from Long Island who survived last November's Republican sweep, is among the legislators who have been targeted for political extinction by the Republican National Committee next year, when the Republicans hope to win a majority in the House. This would put them in the happy position of being in formal control of two of the three branches of the federal government with a dependably compliant Supreme Court also in sight. Speaker O'Neill is, of course, also on the G.O.P. hit list. Republican Representative John LeBoutillier, whose district includes parts of Queens and adjoining Nassau County, has had a thousand bumper stickers printed up that read "REPEAL O'NEILL." Queens



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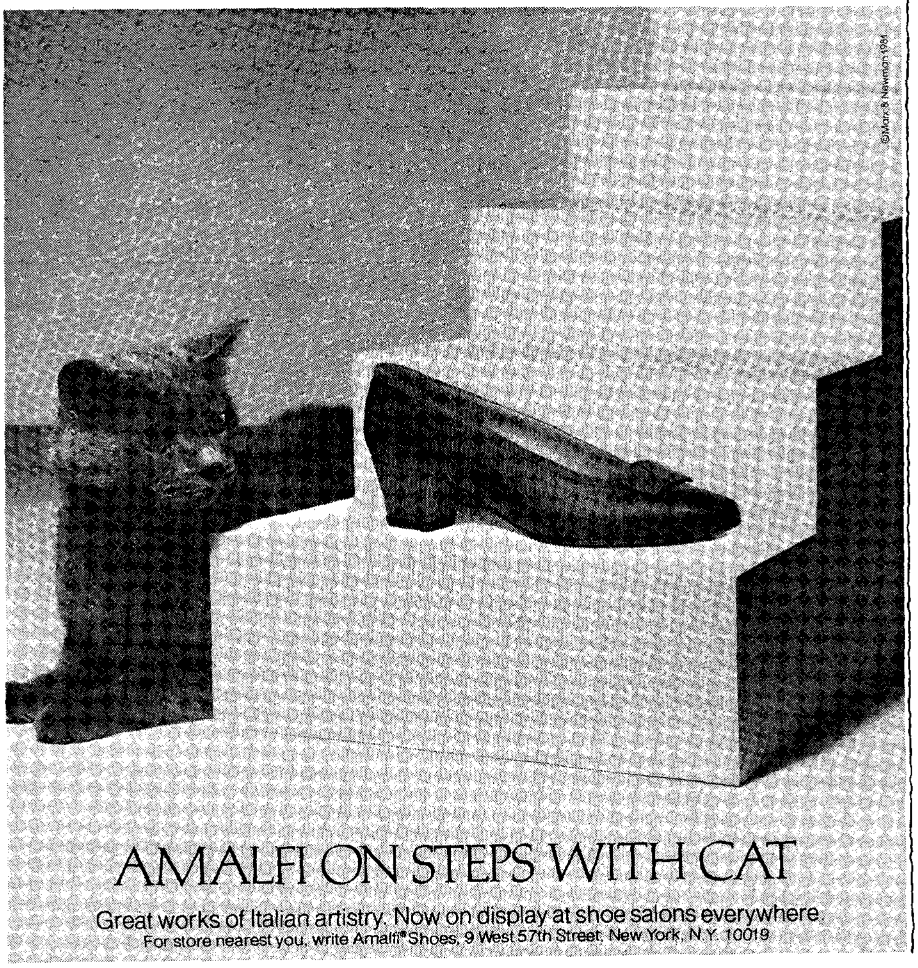

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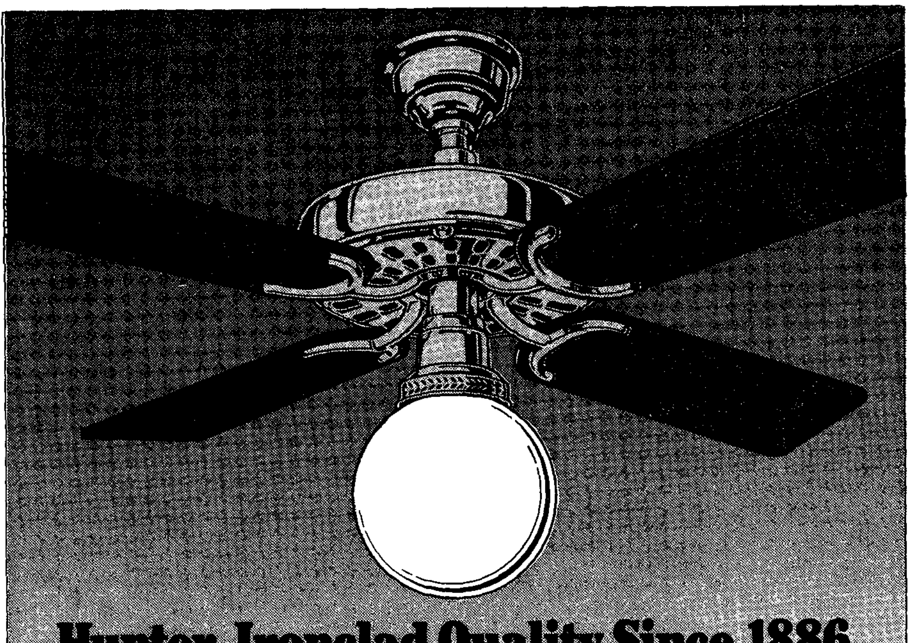
Representative Geraldine Ferraro, who is secretary of the House Democratic Caucus, is also among the House members the Republicans hope to turn out next year, either by direct challenge or through artful redistricting—since the 1980 census figures will cause New York to lose five congressional seats, probably four of them from the city. Before the congressional vote on the President's program, many Democrats had been saying that if they didn't give the President virtually everything he had asked for he could then blame the Democrats for anything that later went wrong with the economy, so that "even if we win, we lose." After Congress did give the President virtually everything he had asked for, turning any future problem with the economy into Reagan's problem, Representative Ferraro said, "In losing, we may have won." Whichever party got the blame, however, there was the prospect of the pain that a severe economic debacle would cause the nation and many individual Americans. "The problem is, for the good of the country I don't want him to fail," Governor Carey said of the President recently.

There was another July 29th event that caused quite a few smiling White House faces to appear in news reports and some glasses to be raised: the public capitulation of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence in the matter of William Casey. A number of the committee's leaders from both parties had been calling for the resignation of Casey, Reagan's old friend and campaign manager, whom the President had named as head of the Central Intelligence Agency. (National affairs were simpler when Presidents traditionally rewarded their campaign managers with the relatively harmless assignment of Postmaster General.) The committee, of which New York's Daniel Patrick Moynihan is vice-chairman, had been engaged in a noisy, much-headlined investigation of Casey's decisions at the agency and his previous financial dealings. Suddenly, on the evening of the other big Reagan victory, it announced its unanimous conclusion that Casey was fully qualified to continue in his present role. The action was taken by some as further proof of the new subservience of the legislative branch of the federal government to the executive branch. New Yorkers had taken a particular interest in this confrontation, since Casey is one of the very few New Yorkers who hold a prominent posi-



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tion in the Reagan Administration. There had been another awkward incident involving a New Yorker in the Cabinet a few weeks earlier, but that had been a more frivolous matter, and the President had smilingly risen above it. Samuel Pierce, Reagan's Secretary of Housing and Urban Development and the only black member of the Reagan Cabinet, had been assuring leaders of black communities around the country that the President was really on their side and that he met with Reagan at frequent intervals to discuss black peoples' concerns. He continued to make this point at a White House reception held in mid-June for members of the United States Conference of Mayors. Reagan also attended this affair, moving around the room and shaking hands with the urban leaders, some of whom have charged that his budget cuts will be unduly hard on their constituents. When he came to Pierce, the President said he was happy to meet him and added, "How are you, Mr. Mayor? How are things in your city?" When the President addressed the group a short while later, having meanwhile been set right, Reagan drew mostly ripples of indulgent laughter when he mentioned that "in the confusion" he believed he had called his own H.U.D. Secretary "Mr. Mayor." He thus seemed to have escaped with barely a scratch the dangerous implication that to the current President all blacks look alike. Some blacks were paying attention, however, as was Walter Mondale, who expects to benefit from black support if he runs for President in 1984. When he addressed the convention of the National Urban League in Washington late in July, the former Vice-President greeted the League's president, Vernon Jordan, as "Mr. Mayor." He got a big laugh, but it is a time when the word seems to have gone out to leaders of the black community not to act like troublemakers for fear that blacks would then do even worse in the next round of federal budget cuts. The laugh did not have the hard edge of jeering anger that one might have expected.

IN the week of the historic Reagan victory, there was one more development that made many people smile. Very early on the morning of July 31st, the spokesmen for the baseball owners and players announced the settlement of the strike—a cause for rejoicing, although 6 A.M. is not a good time to break out the champagne. On July 20th, Secretary of Labor Ray Donovan, having entered the strike talks, had arranged to have them moved from New York to Washington. The intention, according to some interpretations, was to demonstrate that the Reagan Administration could bring the baseball owners and players to heel as it was doing with Congress. However, Donovan's effort was pronounced a failure a few days later, and the announcement of the strike's end was made at the Doral Inn on Lexington Avenue, where most of the negotiations had taken place—one of the few events, in a year when nearly all news seemed to come out of Washington, that gave some comfort to New Yorkers, who like to think that everything important happens here. In his recently published book, "City People," Gunther Barth, a professor of history at the University of California, named the rise of organized baseball, which he called "the first urban spectator sport," as a major element in the development of American cities and of a big-city culture, largely a phenomenon of the eastern part of the country, during the half century after the Civil War. Studies made during the recent strike noted that it was causing particular economic problems in the cities. A strike involving professional football, for example, would do much less damage to such areas, their ties to that sport being less historic and often less real: the New York Giants, for instance, play in the New Jersey Meadowlands. The saddest case reported was that of financially troubled Cleveland. The baseball strike had caused the cancellation there of the July 14th All-Star Game, which Cleveland had been counting on to provide a nice economic bonanza—and perhaps a sense that, for once, Cleveland was where important things happened. It was Cleveland that replaced New York in television comedians' jokes about urban disaster areas a few years back after the fiscal crisis in this city subsided. In 1975, when the crisis was at its worst, Governor Carey's Albany softball team wore jerseys bearing the name "New York Debts," a designation that Senator Moynihan, who is also up for reëlection in 1982, adopted for his staff team after he moved to Washington in 1977. This year, as a reminder to his fellow-congressmen that things have improved here, Moynihan called his team the Batgaaps. He explained that this mouthful stood for the state of this city's latest budget: Balanced According to Generally Accepted Accounting Principles. Earlier this summer, the Batgaaps beat the team of the other New York Senator, Alfonse D'Amato—the Hot D'Amatos—by a score of thirteen to five. After the settlement of the baseball strike, City Comptroller Harrison Goldin estimated its direct and indirect cost to New York City as about thirty million dollars. When the strike began, Mayor Koch, usually quick to deliver a strong opinion on almost any subject, had declined to comment on it. Taking a jus'-folks stance, he called it "a fight between rich people." (A politician whose reëlection is being treated as a foregone conclusion doesn't have to pretend that the absence of baseball leaves a big gap in his life.) Some other judgments were not so evenhanded, nor were they bipartisan. Demonstrating, among other things, that there is no issue that someone doesn't consider taking a head count on, a joint *Times*-CBS poll was released showing that, while the votes of political independents were evenly split, Republicans favored the owners' side by a margin of thirty-four to twenty-three per cent, while for the Democrats—following the party tradition of coming down on the side of the workers, even those making half a million a year—the ratio of sympathy was almost exactly the reverse.

The second baseball season finally did get under way, of course, though the owners later had to monkey with the complex improvised rules, which, it was discovered, permitted teams to win—or at any rate to make the playoffs—by losing. Eight days after the first pre-season game of the National Football League, the 1981 All-Star Game was played, on August 9th, in Cleveland. (Vice-President George Bush threw out the first ball.) The fans in that American League town booed all the National League players and cheered those in the American League, except for the six Yankee team members, who got booed. This hostility doubtless reflected long-standing resentment of the Yankees' victory record over the home-town Indians rather than irritation over New York's having been able to get out from under the bankrupt-city jokes to Cleveland's disadvantage. In fact, bankrupt Cleveland was never as big a yak as bankrupt New York. In any case, except on anachronistic summer reruns, urban-disaster jokes are hardly ever heard anymore. Television comedians' material has shifted, along with much of the national population and

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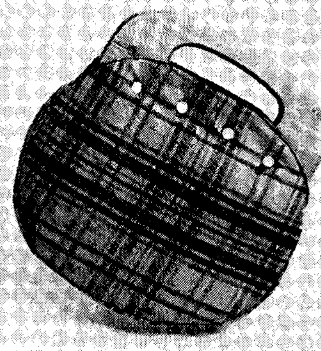

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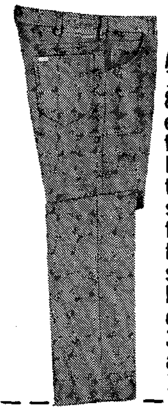

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the attention of the new Washington Administration, to subjects—oil strikes in inconvenient places, for instance, or Nancy Reagan's clothing allowance, or the mighty White House double-play combination of Deaver to Baker to Meese—that are of more interest to the Sun Belt.

After the triumph of the Reagan economic package, Jack Kemp announced that he would decide sometime this fall whether or not to run for Governor of New York next year. It is no secret that he is the choice of many Reaganites as the President's White House successor, if and when. Kemp believes that his background in football can make him particularly effective as a government leader at any level. "A quarterback is not necessarily a position, it's a way of thinking," he said recently, adding that it encourages someone to look "at the whole field . . . in dynamic terms." It is possible that he would consider the governorship a challenge. "New York needs supply side desperately," he said not long ago. However, for Kemp, a long-time Californian, the prospect of moving to provincial—and, in winter, freezing—Albany, where he would have to spend his time mucking around with balky and self-important state legislators, may not prove to be as appealing as staying where he is now, in the absolute center of things. If some Republican Mayor Koch thinks well of should be the G.O.P. candidate next year, Koch might have a political decision to make. He continues to reserve only friendly words for the President, although by some estimates the Reagan economic package will cost New York state two billion dollars, much of it affecting programs for the city, and he is increasingly cozy with local Republicans. His attacks on Carey, his fellow-Democrat, as a failure and a loser have been so sharp that the Governor recently announced that he assumed the Mayor would be "among the probable opposition" in 1982.

Meanwhile, the 1981 mayoral campaign continues to attract little attention, even though Koch does have some primary opponents. Running against him in the Democratic primary are James Smith, who owns a small typesetting company in lower Manhattan; Mel Klenetsky, an associate of Lyndon LaRouche, a right-wing candidate for the Presidency in 1980; and State Assemblyman Frank Barbaro, a liberal-minded former longshoreman. Barbaro has denounced Koch as "a Richard Nixon Republican," who is "anti-working people, anti-middle class, and anti-poor." Someone had to challenge such a Mayor, said Barbaro, adding that he is not afraid of losing. "You perform an act that sort of sums up your whole life," he said. "I could not let that golden opportunity go by." Koch's opponent in the Republican primary is John Esposito, of Queens, that being the only borough whose Republican chairman didn't concede the race, hands down, to Koch. The latest financial statements that candidates are required to file with the local Board of Elections show the total funds raised by Barbaro to be a little over sixty thousand dollars. Esposito has collected eight thousand seven hundred, Smith five thousand, and Klenetsky about three thousand. Koch has gathered in nearly a million dollars, and has said he plans to raise—and spend—another half million by the time of the election. Evidently, such a level of fund-raising is no problem for a popular incumbent—even for one who is expected to win by a landslide. The press coverage of the primary campaign has been minimal. On a few occasions, the *Times* has run comments on the Koch record by his opponents, but it has limited those to quotes from Barbaro and Esposito. The thirty-three-year-old Jim Smith, who has done most of his campaigning on the subways, complained that even when the *Times* ran a story earlier this summer about the annual convention, in Boiling Springs, Pennsylvania, of the international Jim Smith Society, made up of eleven hundred members by that name, including five women named Jimmie Smith, the paper didn't bother to mention that there was a Jim Smith who was a candidate for Mayor of its own city. Smith entered the race in mid-April, and in the next few months the only *Times* article on him of any size was the result of a freak accident. Sometime in the spring, having apparently heard some complaints about Koch's manners, the

Mayor's campaign advisers commissioned a poll in which telephone numbers would be called at random and anyone who answered would be asked whether he thought the Mayor "has too much to say about everything," was arrogant or insensitive, or was a bully or a racist. The only reason news of this enterprise became public was that, in another accidental development, a random call reached Joyce Purnick, a *Times* political reporter. The Koch campaign did not announce that the poll was going on nor did it release the poll results, an uncommunicativeness that could be taken to mean that the results did not please whoever commissioned the poll. Some people around City Hall think they have noted a slight moderating of the abrasive Koch style since this line of questioning began. It is known that it was still going on early this month, because one of the telephone numbers then reached was that of candidate Jim Smith. Miss Purnick did not reveal how she had responded to the pollster's questions, but Smith declared that he had answered in the affirmative with great enthusiasm when he was asked if the Mayor was arrogant, insensitive, a racist, etc. On Primary Day, Koch's Republican opponent, Esposito, will have the support of some of his friends in his home borough of Queens, which has many Republicans but also many Koch admirers. Barbaro is backed by several liberal Democratic organizations who now view the formerly liberal Mayor as too conservative. Klenetsky will have right-wing support, and Smith the votes of some registered Democrats named Jim (or Jimmie) Smith. Even if last-minute court challenges should take a contender or two off the ballot, the primary election won't be a shutout.

—ANDY LOGAN

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CORRECTION—In last week's notice that "McDonald's is down but not out . . ." the words "external vigilantes" should have read "eternal vigilance."—*Bar Harbor Times.*

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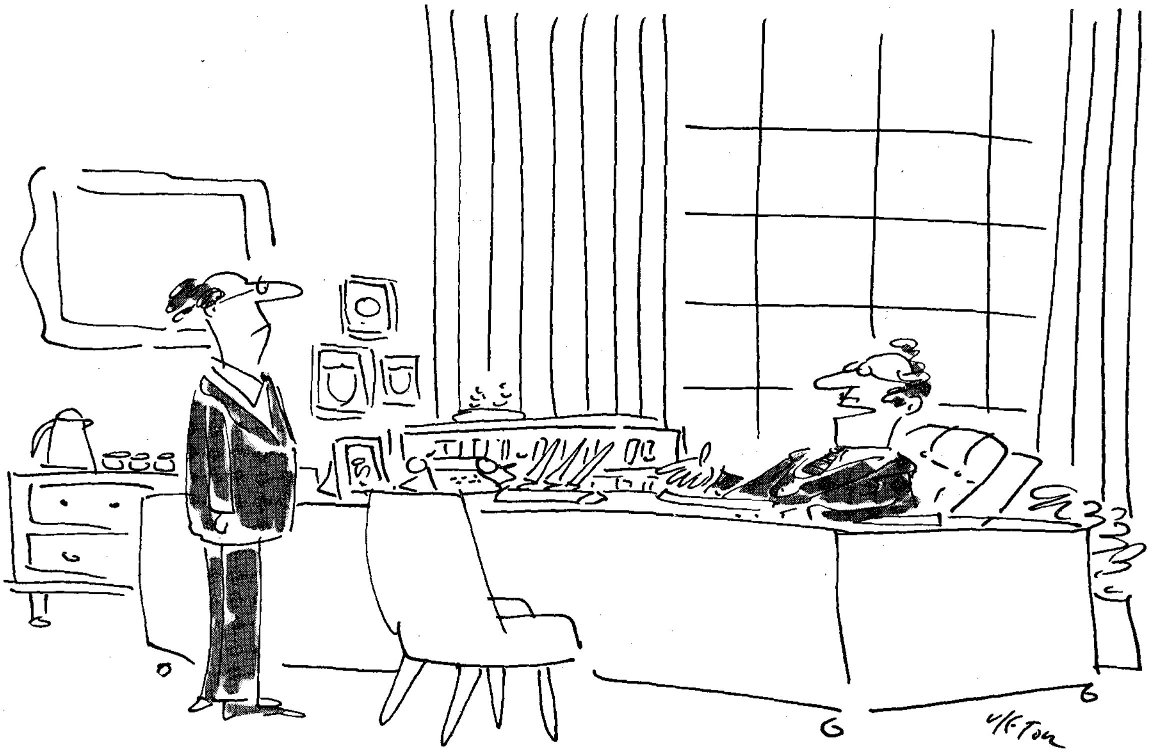
"MOUNTBATTEN," by Richard Hough, appeared in England with surprising speed—only a year after the Provisional I.R.A. scored their appalling hit in the bay beneath Classiebawn Castle, in County Sligo. Its author described it as an informal study. The official biography, by a writer chosen by the Mountbatten heirs, and documented from the voluminous archives that were the constant preoccupation of their subject after he retired from the Navy, in 1965, will appear in due course. Meanwhile, here is Mr. Hough's book, now published by Random House in the United States: a (clearly enough) hastily organized package tour of Lord Mountbatten's life and times—pre-packaged, indeed, as we learn, by the fortunate chance that nine years earlier the two men had met and become friendly over some enjoyable discussions on Mr. Hough's special subject of naval history. On the strength of this rapport, he was invited to write a double biography of Mountbatten's parents. They were both descended from Queen Victoria's overflowing nursery. His father, Prince Louis of Battenberg, fell in love with England as a boy, entered the Royal Navy, took English nationality, and rose to be First Sea Lord. His mother was the plain, brainy Princess Victoria of Hesse. Their son was generous to Richard Hough with his time and copious reminiscences. He never needed urging to talk about himself and his lineage. One is reminded of Sir Walter Elliot, in Jane Austen's "Persuasion," whose favorite study and relaxation were to browse through the calming creations of the baronetage, which opened readily at the well-thumbed page of his own entry. Mountbatten recalled for Mr. Hough, as an example of his "useful" built-in knack of being able to switch instantly from concentrating on vitally important matters to equal concentration on a completely different subject, that when he was Viceroy of India, about to preside over the harrowing operation of partition, his tense days were often followed by refreshing evening spells of working on a book, "Relationship Tables"—apparently a vast genealogical tree that set out to guide addled readers from branch to branch of the complicated Hesse-Battenberg-Mountbatten family by an ingenious code of numerals. Such ability to soar above a perilous present into the tranquil regions of ancestor worship is awesome.

The reason Mountbatten gave when turning down Mr. Hough's suggestion for a biography of himself to follow the life of his parents may strike us as unusual, too, to say the least: "It is a curious thing, but a fact, that I have been right in everything I have done and said in my life." The public, he pointed out, might be skeptical of such a claim—he seems to have repeated it often with a boggling lack of self-consciousness—if it were made by a writer, who would perhaps be suspected of being under the eye of a formidable subject who was still living. No biography was to be written before his death, when the evidence would lead to the true verdict. In the conversations about his mother and father, abundant material for one seems to have flowed out, nevertheless.

After Mountbatten's murder, therefore, Mr. Hough found himself with a head start on anyone else in his possession of all the tapes left over from their freewheeling sessions on the Battenberg book, as well as of unused snips of the trivial family recollections of various royal persons, including the Queen, who had consented to be interviewed for the same purpose. He has thrown everything into the melting pot, and the result is a gossipy, scrambled sort of memoir, which is admiring and affectionate and tries to be fair-minded while keeping well to the leeward of its hero's majestic assumption of infallibility. It is surely not the biography that Mountbatten envisioned, though it holds off cautiously from any firm judgments on the controversial passages in his career, such as the always bitterly rankling fiasco of the Dieppe raid, in 1942, when he was Chief of Combined Operations, and the degree of his responsibility for the holocaust that followed his too speedy timetable for the British departure from India. Speed was the essence of the man, whether as a commander of de-



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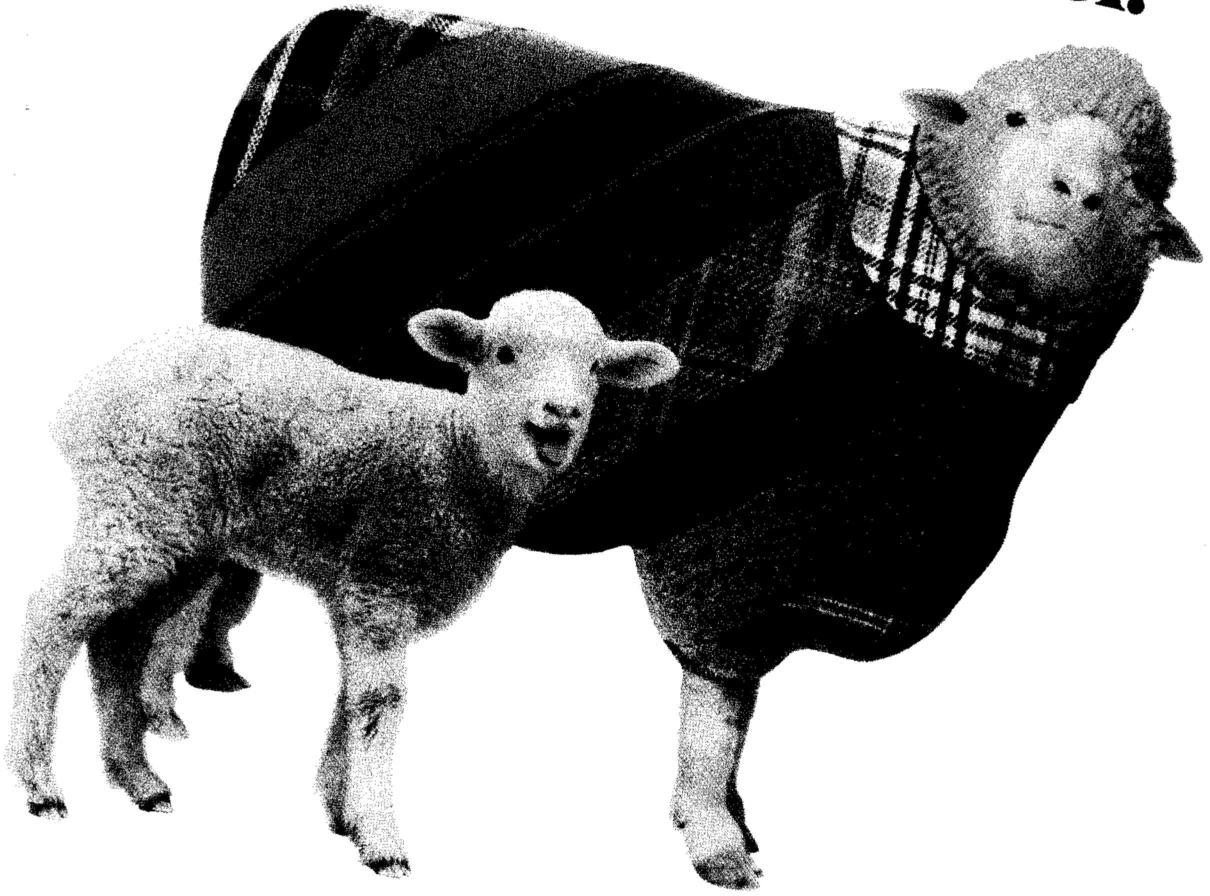

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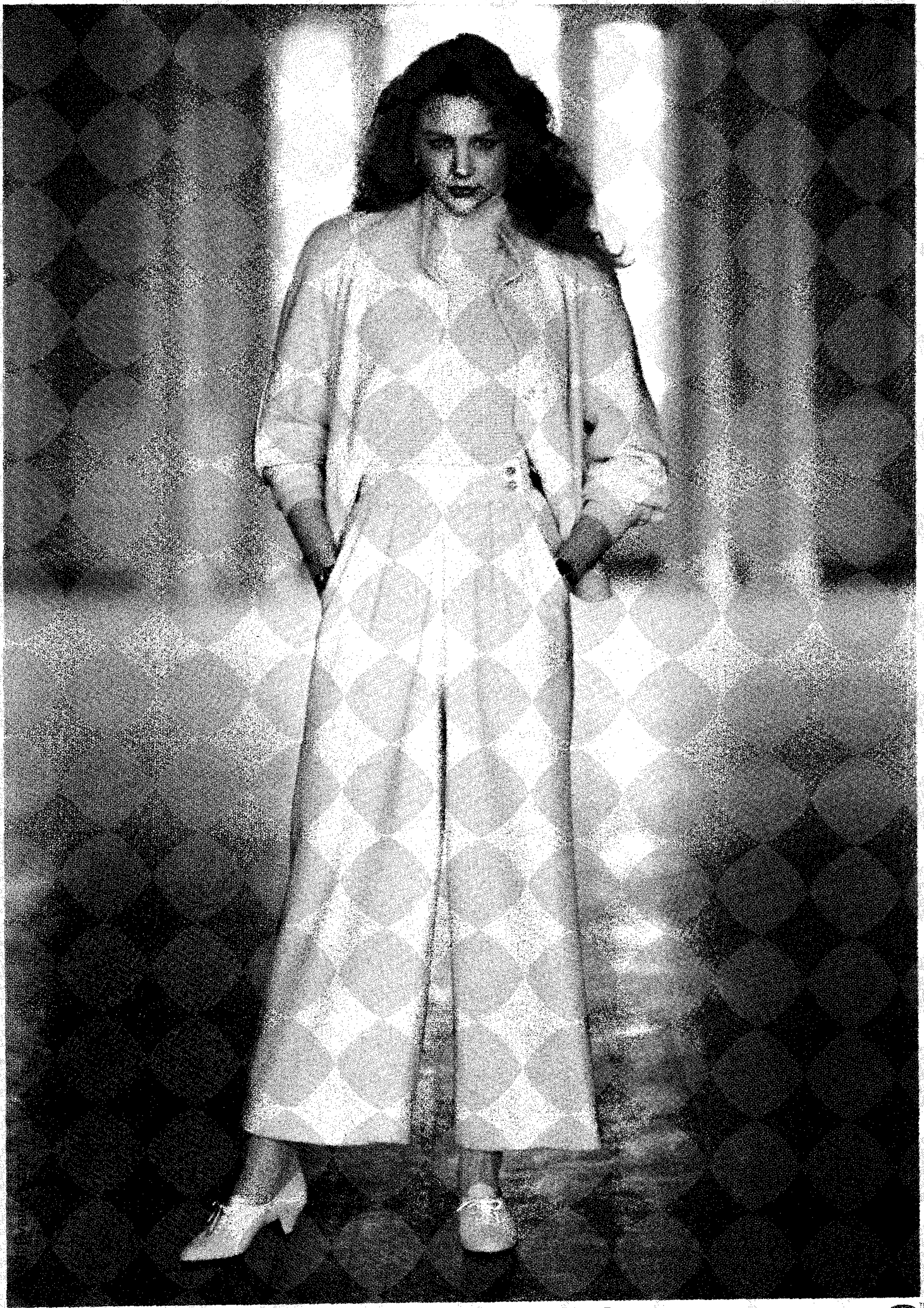

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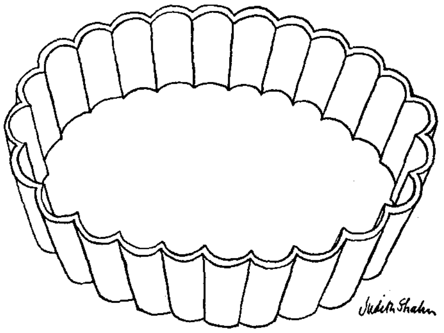
stroyers (it was typical that in his first address to the company of the Kelly, which became a legend after she went to the bottom in the battle of Crete, he advised them briskly that their job of fitting her out with stores and ammunitions must be done in three days instead of the usual three weeks), or as the breaker of road records between his Mayfair mansion and the Portsmouth dockyard gates, or as a passionately competitive player of polo, who could not endure to see his team beaten. In a book he wrote on the game when he was a newly married young officer serving in Malta, he gave the advice that he followed all his life in his compulsive drive to win in everything he did: "The primary factor in a successful attack is speed."

Mountbatten was born at the very center of the closely interrelated pattern of European royal houses, into which the marriage of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon to the future George VI was to blow a breath of cold, bracing Scottish air. In his blissful holidays from the Royal Naval College at Osborne, where he was bullied by his fellow-cadets and did not shine academically ("My understanding of history and my knowledge of the world was far ahead of everyone else's," all the same), there were multilingual family reunions in schlosses and palaces, to which the relatives travelled with ladies-in-waiting, pet animals, and mountains of luggage containing toilettes, uniforms, and sporting equipment for every occasion. Mountbatten's lifelong obsession with splendid ceremonial garments, medals, orders, and protocol doubtless started in his special world of visits to his Prussian Uncle Henry, Grand Admiral of the German Navy (which would soon be fighting the British), or Uncle Ernie, the Grand Duke of Hesse, or Uncle Nicky, the Czar of Russia. Then, like Alice's pack of court cards flying up in the air, everything vanished out of sight. Prince Louis had to resign his position as First Sea Lord in the anti-German hysteria of the 1914 war. It broke his heart. The Battenbergs ceased to be Serene Highnesses and Anglicized their name. Even the English monarchy, which had not yet won its later popularity, adapted to the public fear of all things German and changed its family name to Windsor. "I am a sort of hybrid," Mountbatten used to explain cheerfully. "A semi-royal." Richard Hough suggests that the upheaval, and particularly Mountbatten's much-loved father's fall, were the driving force behind the fierce one-upmanship; the determination to have at all costs the best polo team, ship, flotilla; the brashness and the showmanship that made the lower deck love him and put up the backs of his seniors. In the end, of all his achievements, the final accolade for him was undoubtedly his becoming First Sea Lord, like his father, in 1955, when he was fifty-four. The appointment was not popular in the Admiralty; it had been expected to go to one of the many distinguished candidates who had worked up to it in less flamboyant style. As a last rite of pious filial vindication, Mountbatten insisted to his nonplussed staff that he must have his father's old office and desk, although the room had been unused for years and its view of Horse Guards' Parade was blocked by a fortlike concrete monstrosity that had been built in the war.

The hostility Mountbatten met with all his life in certain service quarters was sharpened by his marriage, when he was twenty-two, to Edwina Ashley, the heiress to her Jewish grandfather's millions. The portrait of her that finally emerges from Mr. Hough's occasionally social-gossip-column prose ("Edwina breathlessly lovely in a simple gold dress") is interesting. She was beautiful, quick-witted, lively, and willful. Winston Churchill thought highly of her intelligence. It was not until the war that she found an outlet for her energy—fully as manic as Mountbatten's own—in tireless work for the St. John Ambulance Brigade, which lasted until her exhausted death at fifty-eight. She liked to think of herself—God knows how—as a Socialist. In Brook House, the hideous marble-sheathed Park Lane palace (Mountbatten loved it) she had inherited from her Cassel grandfather, the only newspaper allowed in the place, we learn, was the leftist *Daily Herald*. She was also, it appears, powerfully sexed. In his all too discursive séances with his parents' biographer, Mountbatten remembered his feelings after discovering the first of Edwina's infidelities. "I was terribly upset and found it hard to believe. I had never looked at anyone." (Years later, when he was Viceroy, he was merely grateful to her for having an affair with Nehru, since it eased the negotiations toward the Mountbatten Plan for partition.) In the early days of their marriage, her rovings seemed to be more geographic, and disconcertingly abrupt. Their first daughter was two when Edwina slipped off for several uncommunicative months, four of which, Mr. Hough informs us casually, were spent "as an ordinary member of the crew of a 50-ton sailing schooner trading for copra among the Polynesian islands." From the unexplained copra jaunt, she turned up eventually, "in a daze of satisfaction and contentment and in wonderful health," to rejoin Mountbatten, who had been alternating between the marble halls in Park Lane and an advanced signals course at Greenwich.

When Mountbatten was appointed to Malta as a wireless officer in Admiral Sir Roger Keyes' flagship, "the Mountbattens for the first time became a married couple serving on a foreign station, just like so many others in the three services." Well, yes. His string of polo ponies preceded him, and so did their dazzling white yacht, the Shrimp, in which Edwina followed the fleet when it went off on cruises and anchored in Mediterranean ports. Mountbatten's father had been unable to see that his failure to tone down a heavy German accent and his frequent visits to relatives in high places in Germany were dangerous to his career. His son seemed blithely unconscious that their splendid parties (so much more amusing than the C.-in-C.'s), his flashy Hispano-Suiza, their "ruddy great yacht," the ties with Buckingham Palace, and even his embarrassingly un-English straining too hard at everything, aroused acute resentment in his superiors and put him at a vast distance from his hard-up fellow-officers. It says much for their charm and her cleverness that they were liked in spite of it all. As a calming thought, nobody—Edwina included—seemed to feel that Dickie Mountbatten, indefatigable and inventive though he was, would go far in the service.



The rest of the astonishing story follows after Churchill suddenly hooked him out in 1941 to take over the command of the new Combined Operations organization from his revered old commander, Sir Roger Keyes. Mountbatten was a junior captain, aged forty-one. Now he was promoted—two years younger than Nelson, he liked to point out—to acting Vice Admiral. The appointment was made to ginger up the offensive of raids on the occupied French coast and to cheer the depressed public in a year of grim defeats. Churchill must have been inspired by a sort of mirror look at himself when young. There was a good deal of the young Winston in Mountbatten—his bravery, dash, cheek, arrogance, and gift for kicking his way through official obstructions to get what he wanted. Two years later, he was told at the Quebec Conference that President Roosevelt had approved Churchill's nomination of him as Supreme Commander of the Allied forces in the South-East Asia Command. His job was to raise morale among apathetic and defeatist troops; to hassle with the immovable Chiang Kai-sheks; to follow the Churchillian directive "to keep closer to the enemy;" and to kick furiously (but unsuccessfully this time) at the Chiefs of Staff in London and Washington for promised equipment promised and then diverted continually to the coming invasion of Europe—to launch a big assault on his own front. When, at last, his Operation Zipper was about to begin, Hiroshima and Nagasaki were bombed, and the war was over. He took the formal surrender of the Japanese admirals and generals in Singapore, but the disappointment clouded the triumph.

Churchill parted company with Mountbatten over India. He had warned only too accurately in the House of Commons debate before the Mountbattens left for Delhi as the last Viceroy and Vicereine, "Everyone knows that the fourteen months' time limit is fatal to any orderly transference of power, and I am bound to say that the whole thing wears the aspect of an attempt by the Government"—it was Clement Attlee's by then—"to make use of brilliant war figures in order to cover up a melancholy and disastrous transaction." Mountbatten hustled the negotiations along as though the Viceroy's throne was the bridge of a destroyer. They were completed in five months, though he stayed on as governor-general for the rest of the allotted time. The Mountbattens had worked unceasingly. The unforgivable was their quitting in the middle of the horrors that followed independence and returning briefly to England for the wedding of his

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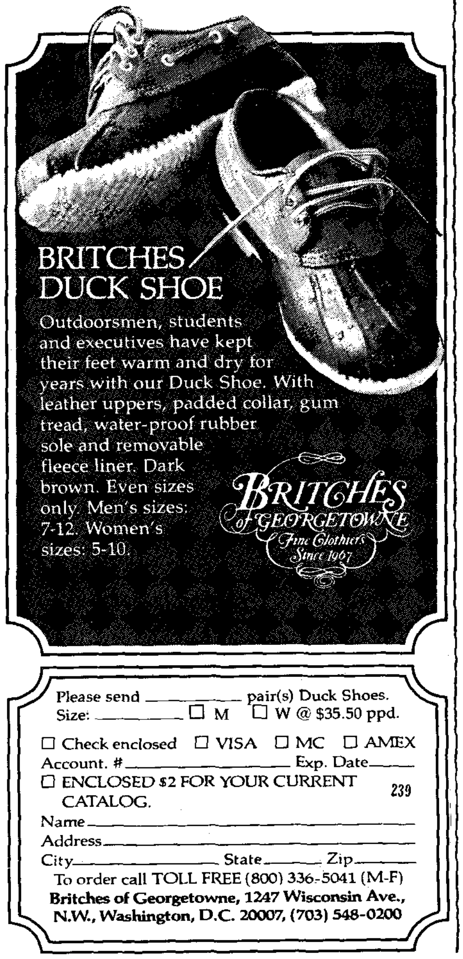
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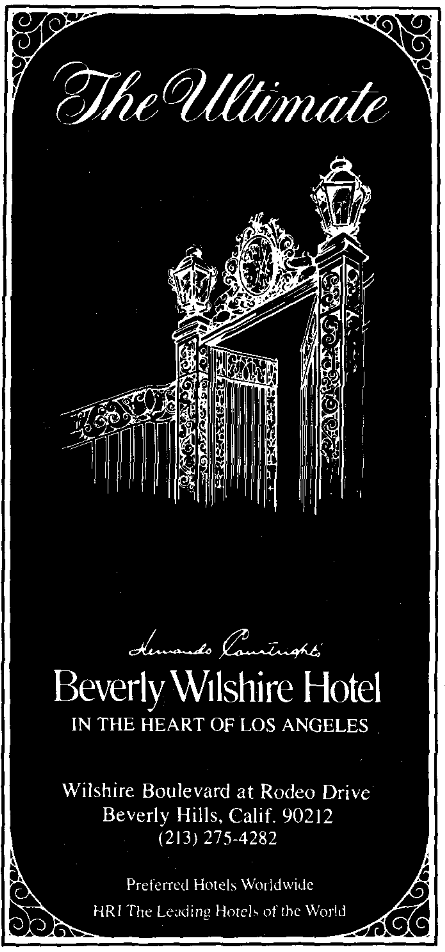
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nephew Philip to Princess Elizabeth. It was, to be sure, a moment of profound emotion for him. His sister's son had since childhood taken the place of a beloved substitute son in his all-women family. Now the name Mountbatten was firmly back in the royal line again, and we hear the familiar voice extolling the benefits it has conferred on the House of Windsor. "Prince Charles . . . is an absolute Mountbatten. The real intelligence in the royal family comes through my parents to Prince Philip and the children," he confides, adding that the Queen is, of course, "a marvellous person." Mr. Hough is in no doubt that his dash from Delhi to Westminster Abbey is a blot on the final, deeply satisfying entry to be made in "Relationship Tables." Churchill refused to speak to him for six years after he left India and returned to the Navy. Then there was a reunion of sorts. It had been Churchill, as the youthful First Lord of the Admiralty in 1914, who had reluctantly accepted the forced resignation of Mountbatten's father. It should have pleased his sense of the historic that in 1954 he was in his second term as Prime Minister, though with rapidly failing powers, when the vacancy for First Sea Lord came up. He tried to block Mountbatten's name for the appointment, and failed with tolerably good grace. Remembering the insincere congratulations he offered afterward, Mountbatten commented with amusement, "He really could be a very naughty boy"—an adjective he was fond of using to describe any obstructing behavior of Winston's which temporarily blocked his path. They understood each other with a blend of affectionate admiration and exasperation.

Mr. Hough's final balance sheet is carefully added up. Mountbatten was fated never to win a major battle, but he contributed enormously to winning the war. His often unorthodox preliminary planning when he was Chief of Combined Operations was the blueprint for the amphibious techniques for the invasions of Europe; shortly after D Day, he got a handsome congratulatory telegram signed by, among other leaders, Winston Churchill, George Marshall, Alan Brooke, and Jan Smuts, which told him so. His greatest quality was the gift of inspiring the men he commanded. He perfected the short, intimate, rousing talk, delivered from a soapbox, which would start with a crack or two, tell them what was happening "absolutely straight, without frills," and leave them feeling proud and comforted. He often drove hundreds of miles in his jeep to give these talks to men in scattered outposts in the Burma campaign. It was Shakespeare's little touch of Harry in the night, and they loved him for it. They would have echoed Harold Macmillan's tolerant verdict on the vanity which irritated so many people: "He boasted a lot. But that didn't matter. That wasn't important." They knew that he was vain of them, too.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SOLOMON'S DAUGHTER, by C. E. Poverman (Viking; $12.95). Teenage girls who sneer and rave at their parents and siblings are not a rare species, but Solomon's daughter bears an unusually big grudge for an unusually long time, and for unusually obscure reasons. Everything she does and says is calculated to hurt her relatives (especially her mother) and to prove that she does not deserve their admiration: she gives up voice lessons despite her teacher's praise; she smokes and drinks to make certain that her voice is ruined; she gets a nose job and changes her last name to seem less Jewish; and she marries an anti-Semitic boor. It is only after she bears two children that she betrays any tender feelings, and they are strictly maternal. Then a car accident that leaves her comatose for a while and paralyzed for life undoes the chance of further improvement: her mother's stubborn confidence in her eventual recovery only makes her rage and wail. This is a peculiarly bleak story, and pointlessly so—no more plausible than if the accident triggered some sort of spiritual regeneration.

LONG DAY AT SHILOH, by Don Bannister (Knopf; $11.95). The Battle of Shiloh (Church), near Pittsburg Landing, in southwestern Tennessee, was fought on April 6-7, 1862, between the armies commanded by U. S. Grant and A. S. Johnston; it was one of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War (Johnston was among the casualties) and one of the most cruelly fratricidal (Kentucky and Missouri regiments fought on both sides), and it ended pretty much a draw. Mr. Bannister here imagines the first day (when the Union forces

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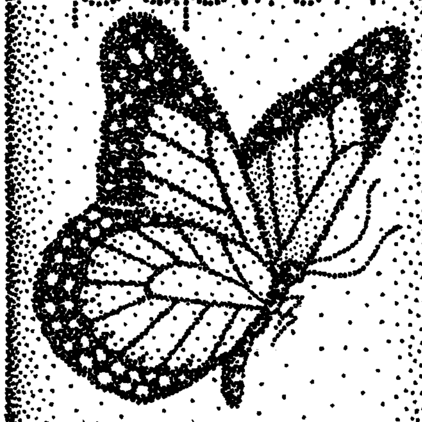

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were almost routed) as it was experienced by a large Union cast, including Grant himself. He gives his account in short, flat takes: "Lieutenant Colonel Edward F. W. Ellis of the Fifteenth Illinois sat cross-legged and naked in his tent, examining his underwear for lice." Grant, in Mr. Bannister's depiction, talks, thinks, fusses with his cigar, and emerges as a kind of Lincoln—wryly humorous, patient, unfailingly courteous. Many of the little scenes are finely done, but they are mostly too brief for more than a suggestion of emotion, and the only forward movement is the passage of time. Nevertheless, the result is an effective evocation of the confusion, the misery, and the self-revelation of battle.

GENERAL

WITHIN THE WHIRLWIND, by Eugenia Ginzburg (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $17.50). This is the second half of the author's life story, following "Journey Into the Whirlwind," in which she told of her arrest by Stalin's secret police in the great purges of 1937, and of how, although she was a thirty-one-year-old married teacher and a loyal Communist Party member, she was found guilty of "terrorism" (offense otherwise unspecified) and sentenced to ten years' servitude. This volume begins in Siberia, in the prison-province of Kolyma, where Miss Ginzburg was sent after two years in Yaroslavl, and where she was to spend sixteen years as a slave laborer and an exile; after the death of Stalin, she was permitted to go to Moscow, where she was "rehabilitated." She died in 1977. On its surface, the narrative is a re-creation of the cold frightfulness of prison-camp existence, but it is not Miss Ginzburg's carefully observed scenes of human degradation or her inspiring stories of the will to survive—wonderfully written as they are—that will make her book memorable. Rather, it is her telling description of the unravelling of belief in the absolutes of Communism, and her thoughtful reflection on the impossibility of finding a logical pattern in the philosophy of totalitarianism. Heinrich Böll, in an introduction, calls the book an analysis of the "archipelago of absurdity in an absurd land calling itself the U.S.S.R."

MINNESOTA RAG, by Fred W. Friendly (Random House; $12.95). An in-

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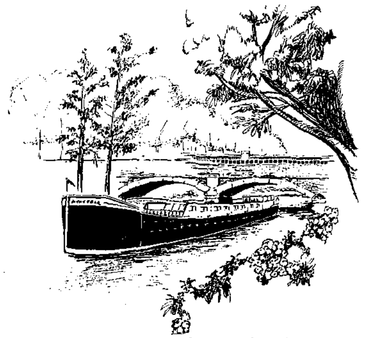

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formative and entertaining account of the variously comic, sordid, scandalous, and high-minded doings that culminated in Near v. Minnesota, a landmark case in the history of the freedom of the press, decided by the Supreme Court in 1931. The story starts in Duluth in 1917, when John L. Morrison began publishing the weekly *Rip-Saw*. Duluth was a wide-open mining town, and Morrison, a teetotalling Methodist, was a member of its moral minority. His paper assailed political corruption and in so doing also revealed the private sexual misdeeds of prominent individuals. In 1925, the Minnesota legislature, which included politicians who had been (and some who might be) injured by the paper, passed a law that permitted the closing down of any periodical that printed lewd, scandalous, or defamatory matter. Morrison died before the law could be tested, and its first victims were Howard Guilford and Jay M. Near, whose blackmailing (and truthtelling) publication the *Saturday Press*, of Minneapolis-St. Paul, was shut down in 1927. The American Civil Liberties Union, then small and poor, took up the case but was elbowed aside by the rich and powerful Colonel Robert R. McCormick, of the Chicago *Tribune*, who, almost alone among American publishers, appreciated that the legal issue was prior restraint and that retention of the Minnesota law would imperil freedom of the press in every community. McCormick paid for the appeal to the Supreme Court. The author offers excellent thumbnail sketches of the justices, their records, and their personalities, so that we understand all the reasons that led the Court, by a 5–4 decision, to hold the Minnesota law unconstitutional.

THE INTELLECTUAL RESISTANCE IN EUROPE, by James D. Wilkinson (Harvard; $20). A young American historian studies the role of French, Italian, and German writers and thinkers during and after the Second World War. The three countries, to be sure, stood in different relations to Nazism. The French, as Germany's defeated enemy, were occupied, so that resistance was a patriotic duty as well as an ideological gesture; the Italians, though their government was allied to the Nazis, *felt* occupied; and the Germans, as citizens of the evil power,

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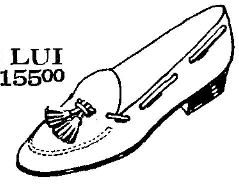

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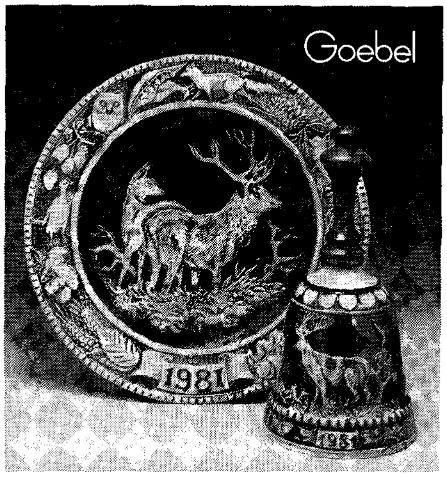
became traitors by opposing its leadership. However, all three nations' intellectuals shared a common shame or blame: they had expressed their contempt for parliamentary democracy and sneered at "bourgeois" culture, so that most Italian intellectuals did not resist Fascism for more than a decade after Mussolini came to power, while German intellectuals of every political persuasion derided and undermined the Weimar Republic, just as the French mocked their Third. Having thus helped pave the way for Fascist triumph, many were appalled at its savagery. During the war, the French intellectuals were the most active, the Germans the least, and the Italians in between. Though the Communists were extremely active in the resistance, the intellectual left grew away from Soviet models. Its common hope was to express (perforce clandestinely) a vision of internationalism and socialism. Mr. Wilkinson sympathetically tells us why the intellectuals were shunted aside politically by the end of the nineteen-forties. One reason was that they could not appreciate the strength of Europeans' concern with material well-being after the war's deprivations.

BAD BLOOD: THE TUSKEGEE SYPHILIS EXPERIMENT, by James H. Jones (Free Press; $14.95). This angry book offers a detailed account of a long-running "experiment" conducted from 1932 to 1972 by the United States Public Health Service. The program originated in a period when the American medical establishment believed that there were racial differences in susceptibility to disease and differences in the effects of the same disease on blacks and whites, and it took the form of a little medical cadre stationed in Tuskegee, Alabama, to follow the course of untreated syphilis in a selected group of black males, who were told that they were being treated for "bad blood." If the scheme was thoughtless in its origins, it was nefarious in execution. When it began, it was excused by the argument that the experiment left the subjects no worse off than they would have been without it, since the treatment then available to them was in private hands and beyond their financial reach. However, when public-health programs did come along in Alabama, the Public Health Service took steps to insure that the



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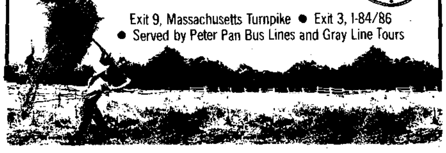

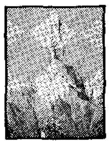

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men were excluded, and in the nineteen-fifties when penicillin was all but abolishing syphilis, the then managers of this program decided not to give it to their surviving subjects. The experiment was closed down only as a result of publicity and outside pressure, while the national-health bureaucrats defended the scheme as long as they could. Mr. Jones makes it clear why the project had practically no scientific value, but he cannot explain—nobody can—the inertia or callousness of several generations of physicians who permitted it to continue.

Roses in December: Edwardian Recollections, by Amy Stewart Fraser (Routledge & Kegan Paul; $19.95). With three volumes of memoirs about her long and happy life in the Scottish Highlands behind her, Mrs. Fraser takes the liberty, in this slim sequel, of delving into local lore as well as family history. The resulting hotch potch (to borrow a Scottish term) is delightful. There are discussions of the differences between Mrs. Beeton's notion of a picnic (not complete without cold lamb and lobster) and that of the Fraser family ("primitive in comparison, with lots of home-made scones and jam"), between gypsies and tinkers (often expert pipers as well as pot-menders), and between Greek and Scotch haggis; and there are a dozen stories of notable visitors to the region ("Treasure Island" was the product of a seven-week confinement, during a seven-week rainstorm, in a nearby cottage), and of notable natives, including the last traditional bucketmaker in all of Scotland. Wild flowers, sheep-shearings, horse-drawn caravans, peat fires, and nettle porridge may seem a diverse assortment of topics, but they all serve to fortify Mrs. Fraser's nostalgia; when she declares that a treacherous bend called the Devil's Elbow "has been bypassed by a fine new road," her enthusiasm sounds only half-hearted.

Best Seller: A Nostalgic Celebration of the Less-Than-Great Books You Have Always Been Afraid to Admit You Loved, by Geoffrey Bocca (Wyndham; $12.95). This astute and entertaining book discusses fifteen novels that do not rank as literature (e.g., "King Solomon's Mines") but that somehow manage to hold generations of readers in

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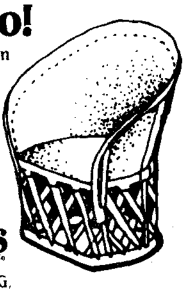

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thrall. One, "Eric, or Little by Little," by Frederic William Farrar, is probably not as well known in this country as it is in Great Britain, and R. C. Sherriff's "The Hopkins Manuscript" is not very well known anywhere, but most of these tales—Ouida's "Under Two Flags," say, and Wister's "The Virginian"—survive year after year. The author recalls when he first read the books (usually, but not always, in early adolescence), what he found in them then, and what rereading reveals; his survey may reassure readers addicted to junk literature.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE GLITTER DOME, by Joseph Wambaugh (Perigord/Morrow; $12.95). It is Mr. Wambaugh's interesting notion that "life imitates not art but melodrama," and in terms of that understanding his new novel about some of the more flamboyant members of the Los Angeles Police Department at work (and, once in a while, at play) is a most lifelike depiction. It centers on the seemingly senseless murder, in a suburban parking lot, of a notable film producer, and it involves the various talents of two high-calibre, best-friends homicide detectives, two giant and bloodthirsty patrolmen, and two narcs got up as pestilential Hell's Angels. Mr. Wambaugh, of course, knows his sickening scene as well as anybody alive, and he is a crafty storyteller, but his humor can be stifling: "So it was woe to the boulevard denizens for the next few weeks while Buckmore Phipps and Gibson Hand worked at exorcising the memory of their Waterloo at the hands of Jukebox Johnson and a future corpse who called himself Harvey H. Fairchild." The title refers to a bar frequented by L.A.P.D. cops.

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